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AERIAL VOYAGES.*

A FEW years ago a Frenchman, apostrophizing the Genius of Humanity as none but a Frenchman can do, took the liberty of reproaching that metaphorical being for its extreme backwardness in one department of duty. He called upon it to "march," an injunction which his countrymen are so fond of issuing that they sometimes forget to tell you where, or to state the reason why. The present age, he intimated, demanded this movement: the coming generations would be greatly disappointed if it were not accomplished. "One effort," said he encouragingly to the Genius, "and the future is thine (l'avenir l'appartient)!" The crooked places, he promised, should be made straight, and the rough ones delightfully smooth. There should be no more mountains (Pyrenees

or otherwise), and the valleys should become as level as the plains!

· And what does the reader suppose was the duty in respect of which the genius in question was so shamefully in arrear? It was, said M. Farcot, in the matter of aërostation. How is it, asked this individual, somewhat sharply, that man, who is so anxious to conquer everything and everybody (except, we might add, himself), should not have made greater exertion to subdue the sole element which continues in a state of rebellion? How is it that a being who has such magnificent forces at command, and can traverse the ocean with an ease and a rapidity which the fleetest denizens of the deep cannot surpass, should suffer himself to be outstripped in the air by an insignificant fly? M. Farcot could not comprehend it; M. Farcot would not submit to it. He therefore offered his services to mankind as the precursor of a new era, in which the balloon was to become the prominent figure,

^{*} Travels in the Air. By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., CAMILLE FLAMMARION, W. DE FON-VIELLE, and GASTON TISSANDIER. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S. With 125 illustra-tions. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1871.

and entreated the object of his invocation to wake up, and with a single bound to overleap the gulf that lay between it and

its greatest triumphs.

We are not in a position to state whether the genius in question listened favorably to M. Farcot's fervid appeal; but it is certain that his hopes have not yet been realized. The balloon has always appeared to possess such splendid capabilities that it is no wonder its admirers never weary of predicting a brilliant future for the machine. Considering the prominent part which Frenchmen have played in the history of aërostation, it will be readily understood that the apparatus commenced its career with a dash and élan which led mankind to anticipate that it would accomplish marvellous things, and become one of the foremost agents in the great work of civilization. Our lively neighbors, ever on the alert for glory until their recent misfortunes, and probably so still, were charmed with the idea of conquering a new region, though it contained nothing but clouds, and were by no means insensible to the vanity of riding in the air, though in most cases they went up, like their famous sovereign, simply to come down again.

Many years have elapsed-nearly a century-since Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes made their daring voyage into the atmosphere in the car of a fire-balloon, this being the first excursion ever attempted by living creatures, if we except three anonymous animals, a sheep, a duck, and a cock, which were sent up in the previous month, and returned in safety to the earth. But as yet, though the machine has rendered considerable service to science, and will doubtless assist in the solution of many interesting problems, it is a thing of promise rather than of performance. It is still in a rudimentary state, and should be received, says Mr. Glaisher, simply "as the first principle of some aërial instrument which remains to be suggested." Potentially, it may include the germ of some great invention, just as Hiero's eolipile and Lord Worcester's "water-commanding" engine contained a prophecy of the most masterly of human machines—the steam giants of Watt. But to apply the well-known metaphor of Franklin, when asked what was the use of a balloon, we may say that the "infant" has not grown up into a man.

Within the last twelve months, however, this largest of human toys—the plaything of pleasure-seekers, and the cynosure of all eyes at *fêtes* and tea-gardens—has been converted into a useful machine, though under the pressure of circumstances which every philanthropist must deeply deplore.

Of course, when the balloon was presented to mankind, one of the first thoughts which suggested itself to our combative race was this-"Can we turn it to any account in war? Will it assist us in killing our enemies, or capturing their fortresses?" And when we remember that the machine was reared amongst the most military people in Europe, can we doubt that as Napoleon's great question respecting the Simplon road was whether it would carry cannon, so the chief point with a Frenchman would be, whether a balloon could be rendered of any service in a battle? Not many years were suffered to elapse before regular experiments were instituted with this view. An aërostatic school was established at Meudon, a company of aëronauts, under the command of Colonel Coutelle, was formed, and a number of balloons constructed by Couté were distributed amongst the divisions of the French Army, not even forgetting the troops despatched to Egypt. At the sieges of Maubeuge, Charleroi, Mannheim, and Ehrenbreitstein the invention was found to be of some value for purposes of reconnoiting; and previous to the battle of Fleurus, Coutelle and an officer spent several hours in the air, studying the positions of the Austrians, and this with such effect that their information materially assisted General Jourdan in gaining the victory. The machine was, of course, held captive during the process, but its tether was easily extended by means of a windlass, and thus the occupants were enabled to soar above the enemy's fire.

More than once it has been proposed to build huge balloons, and freight them with shells and other missiles, which might be conveniently dropped down upon a hostile corps, or "plumped" into the midst of a beleaguered town. With a view to the demolition of the fortress of St. Juan de Ulloa, during the war between Mexico and the United States, Mr. Wise suggested the construction of an enormous air-ship, which was to carry up a quantity of bombs and torpedoes, and, whilst

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securely moored in the atmosphere by means of a cable several miles in length, it would be in a position to rain down death upon the devoted place. To its honor, however, the American Government declined the use of such an aërial battery.

Fortunately—we think we may say fortunately-for the interests of mankind, the balloon has not succeeded to any considerable extent as a military machine. Even the Jesuit Lana felt inclined to weep over his abortive project (he did pray over it) when he considered how easy it would be for warlike marauders to set the stoutest walls and ramparts at defiance, and to hurl destruction into any city they might select. Let us hope that the balloon is destined for more pacific The range of modern guns, purposes. and the difficulty of manœuvring so rudderless an apparatus, seem to cut it off from a career of glory. If employed for purposes of reconnoitring purely, and kept in a captive condition, it may occasionally render service by darting suddenly into the atmosphere, and taking a glimpse of the enemy's position or movements. But, then, a tethered balloon, as M. de Fonvielle intimates, belongs neither to the air nor the earth; it is a creature compelled to serve two masters, and therefore cannot do its duty to either; but, whilst attempting to obey the commands of its rulers below, it is forced to yield to the caprice of the breezes above. If free, asks M. Simonin, and if the wind were everything the aërial heroes could wish; if, moreover, the balloon, charged with the most formidable fulminates, were carried direct to the hostile camp, could they expect to find the enemy massed for a review or a manœuvre precisely at the spot over which they sailed, and could they time their discharges so beautifully, having due regard to the speed of the machine, that their projectiles should explode at the most fitting moment for damaging their foes? Happily, in neither of the two greatest struggles of recent times-how recent none need say, for the scent of blood is yet on the soil of Virginia, and the bones of Teuton and Gaul still lie blended on the fields of France-has the balloon brought itself into formidable confederacy with Krupp cannon or the murderous mitrailleuse.

War, however, the greatest of scourges, is sometimes compelled, in the good provi-

dence of God, to yield an incidental harvest of blessings. Liberty has often been intrusted to the keeping of the bayonet, and civilization has more than once depended upon the explosive virtues of charcoal and saltpetre. It is not impossible that the recent investment of Paris may ultimately lead to the development of aërial navigation on a scale which would gladden the heart of M. Farcot, and almost satisfy the expectations of some of the greatest enthusiasts in the art. We allude, of course, to the employment of the balloon for postal purposes. During the recent siege of that city- we mean, of course, by the Germans, and not by Frenchmen themselves—upwards of fifty of these aërial packets sailed from the beleaguered metropolis with despatches for the outer world. They conveyed about two and a half millions of letters, representing a total weight of about ten tons. Most of them took out a number of pigeons, which were intended to act as postmen from the provinces. One, called Le Général Faidherbe, was furnished with four shepherds' dogs, which it was hoped would break through the Prussian lines, carrying with them precious communications concealed under their collars. The greater number of these balloons were under the management of seamen, sometimes solitary ones, whose nautical training, it was naturally supposed, would qualify them more especially for the duties of aërial navigation. More than one fell into the hands of the enemy, having dropped down right amongst the Prussians. In some of these cases the crews were generally made prisoners, but in others they effected their escape; and more than once their despatches were preserved in a very remarkable way-in one instance being secreted in a dung-cart, and in another being rescued by a forester, and conveyed to Buffet, the aëronaut of the Archimede, who had been sent out in search of them, and had traversed the hostile lines on his errand. Many of these postal vessels were carried to a considerable distance, some landing in Belgium, Holland, or Bavaria; whilst one, La Ville d'Orléans, was swept into Norway, and came to anchor about 600 miles north of A few, unhappily, never landed at all. Le Jacquard, which left the Orleans railway station on the 28th November, with a bold sailor for its sole occupant, disappeared like many a gallant ship. It was last observed above Rochelle, and probably foundered at sea, as some of its papers were picked up in the Channel. Le Jules Favre (the second of that name), which set out two days subsequently, has arrived nowhere as yet; and one of the last of these mail-balloons, the Richard Wallace, is missing, as much as if it had sailed off the planet into infinite space. So long as these machines continued to be launched by day, they were exposed to a fusillade whilst traversing the girdle of the Prussian guns, the bullets whistling round them even at an elevation of 900 or 1,000 metres. To avoid this peril it became necessary to start them by night, although the disadvantages of nocturnal expeditions, in which no light could be carried, and consequently the barometer could not be duly read, were held by many to outweigh all the dangers attaching to German projectiles.

Let us now attempt an imaginary voyage through the air, availing ourselves as much as possible of the experience of the gentlemen whose excursions are chronicled in the work which heads this article. A more attractive volume cannot well be imagined. It is the production of one Englishman and three Frenchmen. Mr. Glaisher is well known, in companionship with Mr. Coxwell, as our greatest authority on the subject. All his visits to the clouds have been for scientific purposes, and if the question,

Quis crederet unquam Aerias hominem carpere posse vias?

could be put in reference to any man, it might surely be applied to him, for he has had the honor of ascending higher than any other mortal from Icarus to Gay-Lussac. MM. Flammarion, Fonvielle, and Tissandier are all enthusiasts in the matter of ballooning; the second of these gentlemen having expressed his willingness to be shot up into the air in connection with a sky-rocket, provided its projectile force could be duly regulated and a proper parachute were attached. In the narratives of their numerous ascents, there is necessarily some degree of sameness; but the whole are not only thoroughly readable, but thoroughly enjoyable to the last. The illustrations to the book are really superb. As a mere portfolio of sky-sketches, it is well worth

the price. Not unreasonably indeed, one of the writers expressed his hope that the work will form a kind of epoch in the history of the subject, "for it is the first time that artists have gone up in balloons for the purpose of familiarizing the eyes of the public with a series of aërial scenes." We have charts of triple texture, showing, first, the path of the machine through the air; secondly, the geography of the country over which it passed; and thirdly, the gradations of light and darkness during the expedition, these being so arranged as to answer point for point. We have also pictures in which the balloon is seen in almost every phase of adventuresweeping through the clouds, plodding through the falling snow, cruising amongst the stars by night, exploding in the sky, plunging into the sea, dragging on the ground, caught in the trees, stranded amongst the sheepfolds, or tumbling upon the coast and struggling madly to escape the pursuing billows. But we have also some gorgeous views of cloud-land, with its marvellous scenery; now silvered with the pale radiance of the moon or the stars, now drenched in the golden glories of the setting sun-at one time darkening into night under the gathering thunder-storm, at another fantastically illuminated with haloes and many-tinted spectra; and through all these wonderful fields of air, a tiny sphere, a mere bubble of the sky, with a bubble or two of human breath attached, may be seen pursuing its noiseless way as if it had escaped forever from this turbulent earth.

Before we start, however, the great question is, Dare we start at all? Well might the first aërial navigator, like the anonymous hero qui fragilem truci commisit pelago ratem primus, shudder at his own audacity as he launched his miserable vessel upon the untraversed deep. When it was first determined to send up some human beings to the clouds in a Montgolfier, it was by no means an unnatural suggestion that the experiment should be tried upon a couple of criminals; but French valor would not permit even French rascality to carry off the honor of the exploit, and Pilâtre de Rozier indignantly protested that vile malefactors ought not to have "the glory of being the first to rise in the air." Brave men, however, whose courage could not be impeached even in the fieriest hour of battle, have been known to shrink 1 2 0

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from a balloon when they would have calmly faced a battery. A gallant fieldmarshal, says Flammarion, "who had never hesitated to advance through the discharge of cannon and musketry," declared more than once that he would not, for a whole empire, ascend even in a captive On the other hand, it is relatmachine! ed of an old woman (who had been an inmate of Lambeth workhouse for forty years, and who, on losing her son at the age of seventy-five, exclaimed, "I felt sure I should never bring up that poor child!") that being asked on her hundredth birthday what treat she would like by way of celebrating the occasion, the ancient female decided upon an excursion in the great balloon then tethered at Chelsea. Her wish was granted, and she enjoyed a ride in the atmosphere at the foot of this huge floating gasometer, which was fettered to the earth by a cable two thousand The fair sex, indeed, have feet in length. never exhibited much timidity in dealing with balloons. Out of the seven hundred persons carried up in the air at various times by the veteran Green, not less than one hundred and twenty were females. "If," hinted he to Fonvielle, "you wish balloons to become popular in France, begin by taking women in them; men will be sure to follow!" Does not this accord to the letter with George Stephenson's dictum, that feminine influence would draw a man from the other side of the globe when nothing else would move him? Not that we think the advice was specially needed for France, for the first lady who made an ascent was a Frenchwoman, Mme. Thiblé; and the first lady who met her death on an aërial excursion was Mme. Blanchard, who belonged to the same nation.

First of all, then, we ought to see the balloon before it is inflated. There it lies, a vast expanse of varnished silk, or calico, or india-rubber cloth, enveloped in netting, and covering many a square yard of ground with its flabby, crumpled form. Nothing more lifeless and uninteresting can well be conceived than the huge shape which, in a short time, will lift itself by degrees from the soil, like a giant creeping gradually into consciousness, and then, standing erect in all the pride of its newly discovered powers, will expand into one of the most stately and picturesque machines ever invented by man. It is even

possible to sympathize with M. Flammarion in his heroics when he imagines an aëronaut addressing it in language of mingled insult and adulation:—

"Inert and formless thing, that I can now trample under my feet, that I can tear with my hands, here stretched dead upon the ground—my perfect slave—I am about to give thee life, that thou mayest become my sovereign! In the height of my generosity I shall make thee even greater than myself! O vile and powerless thing! I shall abandon myself to thy majesty, O creature of my hands, and thou shalt carry my kingdom unto thine own element, which I have created for thee; thou shalt fly off to the regions of storms and tempests, and I shall be forced to follow thee! I shall become thy plaything; thou shalt do what thou wilt with me, and forget that I gave thee life!"

For many reasons, carburetted hydrogen, or coal gas, is the agent employed to give levity to the machine. In the earlier days of aërostation, hydrogen presented strong temptations. It is the lightest of the gases, being upwards of fourteen times rarer than atmospheric air, and therefore it was naturally regarded as the element best fitted to do man's bidding, and to drag him nearest to the stars. But hydrogen is an expensive article, and needs an elaborate apparatus for its production, whereas coal gas is burnt in every civilized street, and may be obtained in any quantity by connecting a flexible tube with the nearest tap. In the still darker ages of aëronautic science, it is well known that heated air was the element employed; and, going back into yet more benighted times, we find that Father Lana proposed to give buoyancy to copper globes by filling them, as an Hibernian once remarked with a vacuum; whilst another worthy Père, Galien of Avignon, gravely suggest-ed that balloons should be inflated with attenuated air, brought down from mountain-tops in bags prepared for the purpose, in which case they would, of course, ascend to similar heights!

Let us now enter the car. The huge monster above us is swaying to and fro in the breeze, and struggling for freedom like some giant soul which has done its work on earth and is eager to reach its native skies. The cords which hold us captive are loosed, and, as if by instinct, we grasp the nearest rope, or hold fast to the wicker-work, to secure ourselves from the effects of our sudden translation—we

might almost say projection—through the air. But the first feeling is one of surprise. We find ourselves perfectly stationary, whilst, strange to say, the earth—the great solid globe on which we recently stood, with all its towers and temples, its gazing crowds and spreading landscapes—is seen shooting downwards in space with frightful velocity! Worse still, glancing upwards, the sky appears to be falling, as if the ceiling of the universe had given way; and yonder big dark cloud, which seemed to be motionless when we took our seat, is now tumbling headlong upon us, and will, infallibly, crush our balloon like a moth. It requires some little consideration to correct this delusion, and satisfy ourselves that here, as in many of the moral and social phenomena of life, the change is in us, and not in the world itself.

As we rise, the view below grows more expansive, but, at the same time, it appears to flatten. The hills are planed down, the valleys are filled up, and the rich undulations and inequalities which contribute so much to the picturesque are in a great measure lost to the aërial eye. We seem to be hovering over a huge, variegated ordnance map, tinted for the most part with green; its rivers looking like silver ribbons, its railways like ruled lines, its woods represented by patches of verdure, and its towns exhibiting grooves or gutters for streets, and kitchen areas for squares.

This effect is the more striking when we look perpendicularly down upon tall, slender objects like steeples, pillars, or elevated statues. The Monument of London becomes a mere gilded speck on the pavement. The hapless column in the Place Vendôme, now overthrown by the hands of Frenchmen themselves, was described by an aëronaut as a kind of "pin stuck head downwards in a cushion." A view of the statue of Napoleon, as seen from on high, is given by M. Flammarion, and presents a ludicrous picture, the figure being crushed into a sort of black amorphous lump, which would be utterly unintelligible were it not that the shadow exhibits something of the human form, and not inaptly suggests some strong reflections respecting the fallen fortunes of the imperial dynasty. In fact, the landscape seems to be flattened as if some great roller had passed over it, and ironed tire apparatus exactly balances an equal

out all the prominences in order to reduce it to one vast plain.

This appearance may be qualified by another, which, however, is not visible to every voyager. Without going so far as to imagine that the earth will display any portion of its convexity, we certainly should not expect it to assume a concave aspect to the eye. Yet, for the same reason that the sky above us looks like a great vault, and that the clouds overhead slope down towards the horizon, if sufficiently extended, the landscape beneath us should appear to be similarly hollowed were it surveyed from a corresponding elevation. In some degree, and to some susceptible minds, this curious impression is realized in a balloon. The central parts of the expanse below seem to sink and assume a dish-like form, so that, as M. Flammarion observes, we float between two vast concavities, the blue dome of heaven resting upon the green and shallow but inverted dome of earth.

But can we witness all this without a sensation of giddiness? Is not our enjoyment of the scene marred by a strong disposition to vertigo, such as is natural to human heads when raised to perilous altitudes? This tendency, however, is far less prevalent than might be expected in the car of a balloon. Professor Jacobi, who could not look down from a lofty building without dizziness, made his first, perhaps his only ascent without experiencing the least swimming of the brain. The chief feeling of an aëronaut, according to M. Simonin, is one of elation; his sense of individuality becoming so triumphant that he glances down upon the poor wretched globe he has left grovelling in its sins and sorrows, with a species of pity which is probably very much akin to contempt! But this sentiment, according to M. Flammarion, may be combined with another of a much more equivocal descrip. tion. "I also felt," says this gentleman, "a vague desire to throw myself out of the balloon. Though feeling convinced that it would be certain death, I was under the influence of a mild temptation to allow myself to fall, and my death became, for the moment, a matter of indifference to me."

We continue rising. The balloon will, of course, persist in doing so until the weight of the included gas and of the ena - soi- r ni, yt,

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bulk of the surrounding air. Starting from the earth with all its buoyant power in hand, it would soon acquire a considerable momentum were it not controlled by the resistance of the atmosphere, which reduces its motion to a steady, uniform ascent. This presumes, however, that nothing transpires to alter its gravity. The addition of a few rain-drops to the machine would infallibly slacken its speed, whilst the fall overboard of one of the passengers would convert it for the time into a runaway balloon. When Mr. Cocking severed his parachute from the great Nassau, the latter, huge as it was, bounded aloft with such swiftness that, whilst the poor fellow was descending to death, the two aëronauts seemed to be mounting to destruction, either by the Bursting of the balloon or the stifling emission of gas.

In another way, also, too rapid a start may lead to dangerous consequences. In 1850, MM. Bixio and Barral took their places in the car of a balloon inflated with pure hydrogen. Their object in using this lightest of all aërial fluids was to climb to an elevation of thirty or forty thousand feet; but, not having made due allowance for its buoyancy, the machine, when released, shot through the air like a ball from a gun. The envelope expanded so rapidly that it bulged down upon the aëronauts and shrouded them completely, the car being slung at too slight a distance below. Struggling like men beneath a fallen tent, one of them, in his endeavors to extricate himself, tore a hole in the great bag, from which the gas poured upon them, producing illness and threatening suffocation. Precipitately they began to sink, and it was only by tossing everything overboard that they succeeded in landing safely on the earth. They had traversed a bed of clouds 9,000 feet in thickness, reached a height of 19,000 feet, and then performed the return journey, all in the space of little more than three-quarters of an hour.

Higher and higher we mount. Shall not we knock our sublime heads against the stars, if we continue to ascend in this indefinite way? How rapidly we move, and what curious effects vertical travelling may involve, a single illustration will suggest. Aëronauts may enjoy a spectacle which, at the first mention, might almost recall the retrograde movement of the solar shadow on the dial of Ahaz—namely,

that of two sunsets in one day. An early balloonist, M. Charles, was very much impressed by this vision. When he left the earth for an evening excursion, the great luminary had just disappeared, but, said the Frenchman, proudly, "he rose again for me alone!" "I had the pleasure of seeing him set twice on the same day." Nor was the spectacle such as the dwellers on the soil may command, by permitting the orb to sink behind some elevation, and then mounting it so as to bring him again into view-thus playing at bo-peep with the lord of day. For, continued M. Charles, still more proudly, "I was the only illuminated object; all the rest of nature being plunged into shadow!"

But now, looking aloft, we observe a mass of clouds, towards which we are rapidly speeding. There are mountains of snow and great threatening rocks, against which it seems as if our fragile vessel would inevitably be dashed. The novice in aërial navigation almost instinctively holds his breath as he sees the distance narrowing between his frail skiff and these frowning piles, and awaits the awful collision. But they open as if by magic, and the balloon glides into the midst without a shock, or a tremor in its frame. We are then enveloped for a time in a sort of obscurity, but we have nothing to fear, for the machine might travel blindfold without dread of the slightest obstruction in these pathless expanses. Destitute of every object which could serve as a guide, we proceed until we emerge into sunshine once more, and then, looking down, we see the clouds through which we have entered closing like a trap-door after us, and shutting us out from the dear old world, where we lead such a life of charmed misery.

Sometimes, however, it seems impossible to rise above the "smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth."

In an ascent from Wolverton, in June, 1863, Mr. Glaisher passed through an extraordinary succession of fogs and showers and rain-clouds; and though he soared to a height of 23,000 feet, the balloon was unable to extricate itself from its earthly entanglements. Following a fine rain came a dry fog, which continued for some distance; this traversed, the aëronauts entered a wetting fog, and subsequently a dry one again. When three miles in

height, they imagined that they would certainly break through the clouds, but, to their great surprise, nebulous heaps lay above them, beneath them, and all around them. Up they clambered, but at an elevation of four miles dense masses still hung overhead as if to forbid any further progress, and two clouds with fringed edges specially attracted their attention, from the fact that they were unmistakably nimbi, although formations of this latter class are mostly creatures of the nether sky. On returning, a heavy rain fell pattering on the balloon at an altitude of three miles, and then, lower down, for a space of 5,000 feet, they passed through a curious snowy discharge, the air being full of icy crystals, though the season was high summer.

It is not often, however, that the atmosphere is in this nebulous condition throughout so large a portion of its depth. For days together terrestrials may be enveloped in fog and rain, and in that case must wait patiently until the clouds please to roll off, and drench some other locality; but if at such seasons we were to jump into a balloon, we might soon pass out of the watery zone and soar into the jocund sunshine. Continuing our ascent, therefore, through the dense tract of moisture we first entered, our machine at last lifts its head joyously above the surface, and, shaking off the cloudy spray, bounds into a new sphere, where the great giver of light glows with unadulterated ray. We are, in fact, in a new world. We are completely cut off from our native earth by a huge continent of vapor, which appears to have been suddenly petrified into rock.

"Above our heads," writes Mr. Glaisher, "rises a noble roof, a vast dome of the deepest blue. In the east may perhaps be seen the tints of a rainbow on the point of vanishing; in the west, the sun silvering the edges of broken clouds. Below these light vapours may rise a chain of mountains, the Alps of the sky, rearing themselves one above the other, mountain above mountain, till the highest peaks are colored by the setting sun. Some of these compact masses look as if ravaged by avalanches, or rent by the irresistible movement of glaciers. Some clouds seem built up of quartz, or even dia-monds: some, like immense cones, boldly rise upwards; others resemble pyramids whose sides are in rough outline. These whose sides are in rough outline. These scenes are so varied and beautiful that we feel we could remain forever to wander above these boundless plains."

As we ascend, however, a serious question comes into play. To the first adventurer we may suppose that it would present itself with alarming force. Shall we be able to breathe safely in yonder upper regions, where the air is so thin that the lungs must work "double shift," as it were, to procure their necessary supply? At the earth's surface, it is well known that the atmosphere presses upon every square inch with a force of from fourteen to fifteen pounds. A column of air forty miles in height, resting upon a man's hat, would, of course, crush it flat upon his head in a moment, were it not for an equal resistance within; and, but for the same cause (the equal diffusion of pressure at the same level), we should all go staggering along under our burden of thirty thousand pounds-such is our share of the atmospheric load-or, if laid prostrate, should find ourselves incapable of rising. But of course the pressure grows smaller as we ascend, for the simple reason that the height of the column above us continually decreases. Seeing, moreover, that we are adapted by our organization to existence at the bottom of this aërial ocean, it is natural to expect that at considerable elevations some sensible disturbance of our functions will ensue. the height of three miles and threequarters the barometer, which stands at about thirty inches at the level of the sea, has sunk to fifteen inches, exhibiting a pressure of some seven and a half pounds to the square inch, and showing that as much of the atmosphere in weight is below us as there is above. Reaching an elevation of between five and six miles, the mercury would be found to mark ten inches only, representing a pressure of five pounds to the square inch, and proving that two-thirds of the aërial ocean had been surmounted, leaving a thin third alone to be traversed. following table, as given by Mr. Glaisher, will, however, best express this decline of

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One indication of increasing rarity in the air is to be found in the lowering of the point at which water boils. On the surface of the earth ebullition takes place, as is well known, at 212° Fahr.; but at the top of a mountain like Mont Blanc, where the pressure is so much lightened, and the liquid therefore encounters so much less resistance to its vaporous propensities, it will pass into steam at a temperature of about 178°. At still greater elevations this point becomes so ridiculously reduced—if the expression may be employed-that we might plunge our hand into the fluid when in full simmer, or drink it in the form of tea when absolute-. ly boiling. Of course, under such circumstances, it would be impossible to extract the full flavor of that generous herb unless the process were carried on under artificial pressure, and therefore the most gentle and legitimate of all stimulants must lose much of its potency if decocted at 20,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Another little circumstance is very significant. In opening a flask of pure water at the earth's surface, we should not expect the cork to fly out with an explosion as if it were a flask of Clicquot's sprightliest champagne; but this is what occurs when we reach an altitude where the external pressure is slight compared with the spring of the imprisoned air. In dealing with a bottle of frisky porter or highly impatient soda-water, it may be well to act cautiously, lest the cork should go like a shot through the envelope of the balloon; and in drinking the contents it will be wise to wait till the effervescence has subsided, lest the same results should arise as those which were experienced by the Siamese king, when, instead of mixing his soda powders in his goblet, he put the acid and the alkali separately into his stomach, and left them to settle their affinities there.

Whilst urging his way aloft, therefore, the novice will probably call to mind some of the accounts he has read of poor animals which have been tormented and philosophically murdered in the receiver of an air-pump. He will remember how miserable butterflies and other insects have been unable to use their wings, and, after a few flutterings, have fallen motionless; or how helpless mice, after gasping for a time in hopeless distress, have expired, unwilling martyrs to science. And

can he enter such an attenuated atmosphere as the one above him without undergoing some of their agonies, though in a milder and less fatal form? For, on ascending a lofty mountain, the traveller is soon reminded that his lungs are dealing with a much thinner fluid than they inhaled below. Long before he reaches the summit he finds that his drafts upon the atmosphere are-increased in consequence of its tenuity, and that the requisite supply can only be obtained with much pulmonary toil. His head begins to ache, a feeling of nausea is frequently induced, and sometimes he experiences the taste of blood in the mouth, or the scent of the same fluid in the nostrils. With throbbing temples and tottering limbs, he drags himself to the peak, and then probably throws himself upon the rock utterly exhausted, his first sentiment being one of relief that the ascent is well over, and his next one of regret that the descent is not already accomplished.

But in estimating the results in such a case, we must remember the great physical exertion which has been incurred. Every traveller who plants himself upon the summit of the Dôme du Gouté must have lifted as many pounds avoirdupois as he weighs, to say nothing of his baggage and personal accoutrements, to a height of some 15,000 feet in the atmosphere by the sheer force of his own muscles. To carry one's own body about is scarcely regarded as porter's work, but what particularly stout man would ever dream of reaching the Grand Plateau, or even attempt to scale the Great Pyramid, without a troop of attendants to drag him to the top? In a balloon, however, all this expenditure of strength is spared. The aëronaut arrives at an elevation far higher than the tallest peak in Europe without squandering as much force as would be required to grind an ounce of Here, therefore, the influences of coffee. rarefied air may be tested without any of the complications arising from previous fatigue or present muscular exhaustion.

Now, the results, as noted by different voyagers, are by no means accordant. In his first ascent, Mr. Glaisher found his pulse throbbing at the rate of a hundred per minute, when he had reached a height of 18,844 feet. At 19,415 feet, his heart began to palpitate audibly. At 19,435, it was beating more vehemently; his pulse

had accelerated its pace, his hands and lips were dyed of a dark bluish hue, and it was with great difficulty that he could read his philosophical instruments. At 21,792 feet (upwards of four miles), he seemed to lose the power of making the requisite observations, and a feeling analogous to sea-sickness stole over him, though there was no heaving or rolling in the balloon. Of course, we may well suppose that different individuals will be differently affected. There are some terrestrials who suffer little from sea sickness, whilst there are others who can scarcely cross the bar of a river without incurring the agonies of that abominable complaint. But Mr. Glaisher seems to be of opinion that the balloon voyager may speedily master the maladie de l'air, and become quite at home at any elevation hitherto attained. It is a matter of simple acclimatization. In his own case, he found that he could breathe without inconvenience at a height of three or four miles, whereas his first sallies into that region, as we have seen, were productive of considerable discomfort; and though he regards an altitude of six or seven miles as the frontier line of natural respiration, with a possible reserve in favor of its extension, he hints that artificial appliances may, perhaps, be devised for freighting the aërostat with the fluid in suitable quantity, and so enlarging the sphere of atmospheric enterprise. We are not certain whether this hint has reference to an apparatus for condensing the air; but it is a pleasant fancy, whether practicable or not, to picture a couple of excursionists feeding their lungs by compressing the thin medium around them into pabulum of the needful density.

There is another enemy, however, to encounter, and it is probably to this more than to the attenuation of the air that the painful effects in question are attributable. We allude to the extreme cold of the upper skies. The atmosphere has its polar regions as well as the earth. There frost builds no solid barriers, it is true, but his invisible ramparts are a surer defence against intrusion than bulwarks of granite. Even at a height of three or four miles, explorers are apt to find their extremities benumbed, and their faces turning purple or blue. In a night ascent in 1804, Count Zambeccari, who subsequently met his death in consequence of his balloon taking fire, was so severely handled by

the frost that he lost the use of his fingers, and was compelled to have some of them amputated. On one occasion Mr. Coxwell, having laid hold of the grapnel with his naked hand, cried out in pain that he was scalded, which is precisely the punishment inflicted by metallic objects upon all who grasp them incautiously in arctic latitudes, when the temperature is exceedingly low.

Combining, therefore, these two causes, the rarefaction of the upper air, and the crushing influences of frost, we may readily understand why so many bold adventurers have been smitten with asphyxia when pushing their way into such untrodden solitudes. When Andreoli and Brioschi ascended from Padua, in 1808, to a prodigious height, the latter sank into a state of torpor, and shortly afterwards the former found that he had lost the use of his left arm. In the instance already alluded to, when Zambeccari was so mangled by the cold, he and Dr. Grassetti both became insensible, and their companion alone retained the control of his faculties.

On one memorable occasion, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell rose to a region which had certainly never been visited before, and most probably will not be speedily visited again. The precise elevation they reached could only be guessed, but it could scarcely be less than 35,000 feet, and might possibly extend to 37,000 feet, or seven miles. This famous ascent was made in 1862 from Wolverhampton. When the aëronauts had soared to a height of some 29,000 feet, about five-anda-half miles, Mr. Glaisher suddenly discovered that one arm was powerless, and when he tried to move the other, it proved to have been as suddenly stripped of its strength. He then endeavored to shake himself, but, strange to say, he seemed to possess no limbs. His head fell on his left shoulder, and on his struggling to place it erect, it reeled over to the right. Then his body sank backwards against the side of the car, whilst one ann hung helplessly downwards in the air. In a moment more, he found that all the muscular power which remained in his neck and back had deserted him at a stroke. He tried to speak to his companion, but the power of speech had departed as well. Sight still continued, though dimly; but this, too, speedily vanished, and darkness, as black

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as midnight, drowned his vision in an instant. Whether hearing survived, he could not tell, for there was no sound to break the silence of those lofty solitudes. Consciousness certainly remained; but the mind had ceased to control the body, and the reins of power seemed to have slipped forever from his grasp. Was this the way men died? And did one faculty after another desert the soul in its extremity, as servile courtiers steal away from the presence of royalty when its last hour has arrived? Soon afterwards consciousness itself disappeared.

Fortunately, this insensibility was not of long duration. He was roused by Mr. Coxwell, but, at first, could only hear a voice exhorting him to "try." Not a word could he speak, not an object could he see, not a limb could he move. In a while, however, sight returned; shortly afterwards he rose from his seat, and then found sufficient tongue to exclaim, "I have been insensible!"—"You have," was the reply; "and I too, very nearly!"

At the time Mr. Glaisher was smitten with paralysis Mr. Coxwell had climbed up to the ring of the balloon, in order to free the valve-rope, which had become entangled. There, his hands were so frozen that he lost the use of them, and was compelled to drop down into the car. fingers were not simply blue, but positively black with cold, and it became necessary to pour brandy over them to restore the circulation. Observing on his return that Mr. Glaisher's countenance was devoid of animation, he spoke to him, but, receiving no reply, at once drew the conclusion that his companion was in a state of utter He unconsciousness. endeavored to approach, but found that he himself was lapsing into the same condition. With wonderful presence of mind, however, he attempted to open the valve of the balloon, in order that they might escape as fast as possible from this deadly region, but his hands were too much benumbed to pull the rope. In this fearful extremity, he seized the rope with his teeth, dipped his head downwards two or three times, and found to his relief that the machine was rapidly descending into a more genial sphere. Fortunately, the voyagers reached the ground in safety, without feeling any lasting mischief from their audacious excursion; but it would be difficult to invent a scene better calculated to make the nervous shudder than that of a balloon floating at a height of nearly seven miles, with its occupants awaking from a state of insensibility to discover that their limbs were utterly powerless, that the rope which might enable them to descend was dangling beyond their reach, and that there they must remain until the cold, which had turned every drop of water into ice, should eat away the feeble relics of vitality from their frames.

We are now cruising in We proceed. the full glare of the sun. The rays of that luminary beat upon us with scorching force; but whilst the head seems to be in the Sahara, the feet may be in Spitzbergen. For here, as on the top of a snow-clad mountain, the temperature of the air is one thing, the direct heat of the sun quite another. The difference may amount to thirty or forty degrees in an ordinary ascent, and, of course, becomes more noticeable the higher the flight. The thin air and scanty vapor of the upper regions furnish us with flimsy clothing; whilst in the nether world we wrap the dense medium round us like a mantle, and keep our caloric within our frames.

Is there any law, however, by which the decrease of temperature can be expressed? Seeing that the atmosphere is divided, as it were, into various stories, these being formed of changing currents, or fugitive strata of clouds, each with its peculiar charge of heat, is it possible that any fixed principle of decline can be detected?

Take a few results. On leaving the ground, where the temperature was 50° (in the afternoon of the 31st of March, 1863), the thermometer indicated 33½° at one mile, 26° at two miles, 14° at three miles, 8° at 3½ miles, where a bed of air heated to 12° was entered, and then, at an elevation of 4½ miles, the instrument had fallen to zero. In descending, the temperature rose to 11° at about three miles in height, it sank to 7° in passing a cold layer, afterwards increased to 18½° at two miles, to 25½° at one mile, and finally settled at 42° on the ground.

Again, on starting (17th July, 1862), the temperature at the surface was 59°, at 4,000 feet it was 45°, and at 10,000 it had sunk to 26°. For the next 3,000 feet it remained stationary, during which time the aëronauts donned additional clothing, in anticipation of a severe interview with the Frost King;

but, to their great surprise, the thermometer rose to 31° at 15,500 feet, and to 42° at 19,500 feet, by which time they found it necessary to divest themselves of their winter habiliments. Sometimes, indeed, the changes of temperature experienced are startling and unaccountable. At an elevation of 20,000 feet, Barral and Bixio, whilst enveloped in a cloud, found their thermometer at 15° Fahr. Above this cloud, at a height of 23,127 feet, the instrument had sunk to 38° below zero, making a difference of not less than 54° of heat between the two points. Judging from this observation, might we not expect to find all the moisture at those cheerless altitudes curdled into ice? and if our globe is sheathed in an envelope of frozen particles, is the fact wholly without meaning in reference to the aurora and other meteorological phenomena?

From such capricious data, it would seem impossible to extract any definite law; but it has been assumed by many that, taking all things into account, the temperature decreases one degree for every three hundred feet of elevation. Putting the matter more exactly, there is, according to Flammarion, a mean abatement of one degree for every 345 feet where the sky is clear, and of one degree for every 354 feet when the heavens are overcast; the decline being quicker when the day is hot than when it is cold, and in the evening than in the morning. Mr. Glaisher, however, feels himself compelled to repudiate this theory of a steady, constant diminution of heat. The results of all his mid-day experiments amounted to

"The change from the ground to 1,000 feet high was 4° 5' with a cloudy sky, and 6°2' with a clear sky. At 10,000 feet high it was 2° 2' with a cloudy sky, and 2° with a clear sky. At 20,000 feet high the decline of temperature was 1° 1' with a cloudy sky, and 1° 2' with a clear sky. At 30,000 feet the whole decline of temperature was found to be 62°. Within the first 1,000 feet the average space passed through for 1° was 223 feet with a cloudy sky, and 162 feet with a clear sky. At 10,000 feet the space passed through for a like decline was 455 feet for the former, and 417 feet for the latter; and above 20,000 feet high the space with both states of the sky was 1,000 feet nearly for a decline of 1°. As regards the law just indicated, it is far more natural and far more consistent than that of a uniform rate of decrease."

It should be carefully observed that these conclusions refer to ascents by day; and that by night the temperature augments within certain limits, as Marcet showed, and as numerous experiments have confirmed.

Scarcely less interesting is the question as to the moisture in the atmosphere. Does it decline according to any graduated law? From a large number of observations it has been concluded that the watery vapor increases up to a certain elevation (varying with the season of the year, the hour of the day, and the condition of the sky), and then, having reached this maximum, we find that the air grows continually drier the further we climb. Upon this simple fact much of the physical happiness of our globe depends, for it is the moisture in the lower regions which arrests the efflux of caloric, preserves it for home consumption, and assists the earth in the kindly production of its fruits.

Meanwhile the rays of the sun, playing with unchecked fervor upon the balloon, have been heating and expanding the gas. Lightened also by the dissipation of the moisture contracted in a cloudier portion of the ascent, it probably occurs to the voyager, particularly if he is prone to take alarming views of events, that as the machine rises into a rarer atmosphere the envelope may distend until it actually bursts. Nor is this apprehension, however painful to the nerves, wholly without foundation. Looking up at the flimsy globe above his head, he will observe that it is now fully inflated, though purposely left somewhat flaccid when the journey commenced; and, possibly, he may observe signs of the sun's action on its sides, as if it were blistering under the solar beams. Brioschi, the Neapolitan astronomer, wishing to soar higher than Gay-Lussac, who had reached 23,000 feet on his way to the stars, was stopped on his ambitious flight, as Icarus had been before him, by getting too near the sun. He had no wings to melt, it is true, but he had a balloon to rupture; the swollen tissue accordingly gave way, though, happily, without involving him in the fate of the presumptuous youth. Will it be credited, however, that any aeronaut could deliberately make an ascent with the express intention of bursting his balloon himself? Yet this has been done without pre-engaging a coroner, and withec.,

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out the slightest wish to commit scientific The individual by whom this perilous experiment was performed was Mr. Wise, the American. He argued that if the explosion were neatly managed, the collapsing envelope would act as a sort of parachute, the lower part retreating into the upper, and forming a concavity which would present sufficient resistance to insure a safe and steady descent. Nor were his expectations wholly disappointed. Having risen through a thunderstorm to a height of 13,000 feet, he fired his magazine of hydrogen gas. The car rushed down with awful rapidity, supported, however, by the relics, like a torn umbrella, and alighted upon the ground without inflicting any great violence upon the daring Not many weeks afterwards navigator. he repeated the exploit, if such it may be called, and in exploding the gas tore the silk receptacle from top to bottom; but, with equal good fortune, he arrived at the earth without a broken limb, the machine having taken a spiral course in falling, which enabled him to descend with uniform velocity.

Having now reached the highest point to which our aërostat will mount so long as its weight continues unchanged, we surrender ourselves to the guidance of the current in which we are involved. rising to a moderate elevation, a balloon will sometimes shoot through more than Mr. Foster one of these aërial streams. detected the existence of four distinct currents in one experiment, namely, from the E.N.E., N., S.W., and S.S.E., and on the following day found there were three, namely, from the E.N.E., S.E., and S.S. W. Sometimes an upper and an under current may move in opposite directions. Had it not been for this fact, M. Tissandier's début in the clouds might have terminated in his death in the ocean. Ascending with M. Duruof from Calais under somewhat rash and defiant circumstances, their balloon was borne out to sea, not towards the English coast, which might, perhaps, have been reached, but right up the North Sea, where they would probably have perished. Fortunately, after proceeding some distance they observed a fleet of cumuli steering for Calais at a depth of some 3,000 feet below, and by dropping into this counter-stream they were floated back to land.

There is no subject of greater moment

to aëronauts than the determination of the atmospheric currents. Upon this question in a great measure depends the utility of ballooning as an art. We should certainly consider that ocean navigation was in a despicable condition if the utmost we could do for a vessel was to commit it, preciously freighted with our own persons, to the wind and waves, without a sail to propel it or a rudder to guide it in any particular direction. Yet this is pretty much the state of aërial seamanship, except for purposes of vertical travelling. If it could be ascertained that streams flowed to different quarters at different elevations-river rolling over river-then it might be easy to book our balloon for some special point of the compass. But the atmosphere is comparatively unexplored in this respect, and it will require long study before any definite conclusion can be formed, even if such should be ever re-

That there is some degree of certainty in air currents may be indicated by a curious fact mentioned by Flammarion, namely, that the traces of his various voyages are all represented by lines which had a tendency to curve in one and the same general direction. "Thus," says he, "on the 23d June, 1867, the balloon started with a north wind directly towards the southsouth-west, and, after a while, due southwest, when we descended. A similar result was observed in every excursion, and the fact led me to believe that above the soil of France the currents of the atmosphere are constantly deviated circularly, and in a south-west-north-east-south direction."

Still more curious is a fact which Mr. Glaisher may be said to have discovered.

We are accustomed to talk much of the Gulf Stream. It is as popular a marine phenomenon as the Great Sea Serpent. For some time it has figured in meteorology as the subtle agent to which all climatic eccentricities, and not a few climatic advantages, are ascribed; but what shall we say to a genuine "aërial Gulf Stream?" What, to a stream flowing through the atmosphere in kindly correspondence with the beneficent current which sweeps through the Atlantic below?

On the 12th January, 1864, Mr. Glaisher left the earth, where a south east wind was prevailing. At a height of 1,300 feet he was surprised to enter a warm cur-

rent, 3,000 feet in thickness, which was flowing from the south-west, that is, in the direction of the Gulf Stream itself. At the elevation in question the temperature, according to the usual calculation, should have been 4° or 5° lower than that at the ground, whereas it was 3½° higher. In the region above, cold reigned, for finely-powdered snow was falling into this atmospheric river. Here, therefore, was a stream of heated air previously unsuspected, which, if its course is steady, as it appears to be during winter, constitutes a prodigious accession to our resources, and adds another to the many meteorological blessings the world enjoys.

"The meeting with this south-west current (writes Mr. Glaisher) is of the highest importance, for it goes far to explain why England possesses a winter temperature so much higher than our northern latitudes. Our high winter temperature has hitherto been mostly referred to the influence of the Gulf Stream. Without doubting the influence of this natural agent, it is necessary to add the effect of a parallel atmospheric current to the oceanic current coming from the same regions—a true aerial Gulf Stream. This great energetic current meets with no obstruction in coming to us, or to Norway, but passes over the level Atlantic without interruption from mountains. It cannot, however, reach France without crossing Spain and the lofty range of the Pyrenees, and the effect of these cold mountains in reducing its temperature is so great that the former country derives but little warmth from it."

The velocity of these atmospheric streams must, of course, differ considerably; but, however rapid may be their motion, the balloonist will not fail to notice the feeling of personal immobility which gives such a peculiar character to aërial travelling. We can hardly realize the idea of being transported, say, from London to Dover, without experiencing sundry jars of the muscles or tremors of the nerves, even if we escape, as is by no means certain, the chances of a collision; but M. Flammarion remarks, in reference to one of his journeys, that the distance accomplished was a hundred and twenty miles, "during the whole of which time we never felt ourselves in motion at all." No better illustration of this exemption from the jerks and joltings of terrestrial locomotion could be given than a sim-ple experiment. A tumbler was filled with water till the liquid stood bulging over the brim. The balloon was travel-

ling with the velocity of a railway train, and sometimes rising, sometimes falling, through hundreds of feet at a time, yet not a single drop of the fluid was swung

out of the glass! Striking as the fact is, it would be still more surprising if it were otherwise; for, having once entered a current of air, and surrendered our machine to its guidance, we become, as it were, part of the medium The balloon in which we are immersed. has no longer any will of its own, or of its occupants, except for purposes of ascent or descent. It glides along with the stream, and, coming athwart no obstructions, it knows none of the bumpings to which more grovelling vehicles are exposed. Hence results another consequence which will scarcely escape attention, namely, that here, in the very place of winds, we ex-perience no wind whatever. You may sit in the car of a bailoon without undergoing much danger from draughts. There are no fierce gales to encounter, and therefore there are no weather-beaten mariners aloft. If we come to a spot where two breezes meet in battle, or if two currents of differing directions were so sharply defined that the upper part of the machine could emerge into the superior stream whilst the lower part was in the keeping of the inferior, then very unpleasant results might ensue; but these are not events which aërial navigators have frequently to record in the serener regions aloft.

And as all motion seems to have ceased, except what is due to the rotatory action of the balloon, so all sound appears to have expired. On earth we have nothing to compare with the awful stillness of these airy solitudes. Some noise-be it the sighing of the wind, the pattering of the rain, the fall of a crumbling particle of rock-will break the tranquillity of the vale, the loneliest wilderness, the loftiest peak. But here nature appears to be voiceless, and silence, "the prelude of that which reigns in the interplanetary space," seems to be a consecrated thing, as if it were destined to remain uninterrupted until the Trumpet of Judgment shall wake the world.

But did we say we were in absolute solitude? If so, imagine the startled look of an aëronaut when, on issuing from a cloud, he sees before him, at the distance of some thirty or forty yards, the figure of another balloon! If a feeling of horror creeps

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over him at the sight, he might well be pardoned, for his first thought would doubtless be that it was some phantom of the air sent to lure him to destruction. as the Flying Dutchman is reported to do with mariners at sea. One remarkable feature, however, instantly attracts his attention. The car of the stranger is placed in the centre of a huge disc, consisting of several concentric circles-the interior one being yellowish white, the next pale blue, the third yellow, followed by a ring of grayish red, and, finally, by one of light violet. That car, too, is occupied. Its tenants are engaged in returning the scrutiny, and their attitudes express equal surprise. By-and-by, one of them lifts his hand; but that is just what one of the aëronauts has done. Another motion is made, and this is imitated to the letter. A laugh from the living voyagers follows. They have discovered that the stranger is an optical apparition, for on examination it is found to correspond with their own machine, line for line, rope for rope, and man for man, except that they, the living ones, are not surrounded by a glory as if they were resplendent saints.

This beautiful phenomenon is due to the reflection or diffraction of light from the little vesicles of vapor, and must not be confounded with the ordinary shadow of the balloon, which, under fitting conditions, and in a more or less elongated form, generally appears to accompany us like some spectral shark in pitiless pursuit of an infected ship.

It is now time, however, to commence our homeward voyage. In other words, we must tumble perpendicularly to the earth, but so regulate our fall that no bones shall be broken, and no concussion, if possible, sustained. To do this from an elevation of three or four miles must strike us as a vastly more dangerous problem than the ascent to a similar height. The valve at the top of the balloon affords us the means of diminishing its relative levity by a gradual discharge of the gas. But this process must be cautiously performed, otherwise the machine may start off like a steed which is suddenly inspired with a new life when its face is turned towards its home. Hence the necessity of retaining a proper amount of ballast to control its impatient descent. If it should sink too rapidly, the emptying of a bag or two will check its pace, and even give it an upward turn for the time, so that the aëronauts, in rising again, will sometimes hear a pattering upon the balloon, which proves to be the very shower of sand they have just ejected.

So delicately, indeed, does the machine respond to any alteration in its weight, that once, when M. Tissandier threw out the bone of a chicken he had been assisting to consume, his companion gravely reproved him, and on consulting the barometer, he was compelled to admit that this small act of imprudence had caused them "to rise from twenty to thirty yards!"

Not unfrequently it happens that a balloon has to dive through such heavy clouds, or through such a rainy region, that its weight is considerably increased by the deposited moisture. In passing through a dense stratum, 8,000 feet in thickness, Mr. Coxwell's aërostat, on one occasion, became so loaded that, though he had reserved a large amount of ballast, which was hurled overboard as fast as possible, the machine sped to the earth with a shock which fractured nearly all the instruments.

Lunardi, having ascended from Liverpool in July, 1785, found himself without ballast, and in a balloon insufficiently in-He was carried out to sea, retaining of course the power of sinking, which, however, he did not wish to exercise, as he was almost without the means of ris-To lighten the machine, he tossed off his hat, and even this insignificant article afforded him some relief. Soon afterwards, he removed his coat, and this enabled him to mount a little higher, and bear away towards the land. To escape a thunder-cloud, he subsequently divested himself of his waistcoat, and finally succeeded in grappling the earth in a cornfield near Liverpool, spite of his improvidence in the matter of ballast.

It is under such circumstances, however, that we discover the value of the long rope suspended from the car, and which may be let out to the depth of some hundreds of feet. It is a clever substitute for ballast, with this great advantage, that it is retained, not lost; and that it may also be used as a kind of flexible buffer to break the force of the descent. When the balloon is sinking, every inch of the rope which rests upon the ground relieves it of an equivalent portion of its weight: the process is tantamount to the discharge of so

much ballast, and, therefore, the rapidity of the descent is not only lessened, but possibly the downward course of the machine may be arrested some time before it reaches the soil; should it mount again, every coil of the cable lifted from the earth adds to its gravity. In cases where the aëronaut has from any cause lost the mastery of his vessel, this self-manipulating agency may preserve him from a fatal reception, whilst, on the other hand, he has it in his power, by letting out gas when the balloon is balanced in the air, to lower himself (other conditions being favorable) as peaceably as he chooses.

The Géant of Nadar, with a weight of 7,000 to 8,000 lbs., in descending on one occasion, after all the ballast had been exhausted, rushed down towards the earth with the speed of an ordinary railway train, and yet, thanks to the guide-rope, no serious accident occurred, though the instruments were all broken, and a few contusions were sustained. This admirable contrivance was introduced by that "ancient mariner" of the air, Mr. Green.

In returning to our native soil, however, one of the most dangerous conditions which can arise is the prevalence of a thick fog, or the necessity for ploughing our way through a dense cloud. Under such circumstances, how do we know where the earth lies? Not that we are likely to miss it—the great fear is that we may hit it too soon, and too forcibly. It is then that the value of the barometer is most fully appreciated. This instrument does for the aëronaut what the compass does for the sailor. But the observer must be prompt and careful in his reading, for if the descent is rapid, the least inattention may result in a fractured collarbone, or a couple of shattered bodies.

Presuming, however, that, as we sink through the cloudy trap door by which we entered the upper sky, we find all clear below, the old familiar earth again bursts upon our view. For a few moments the planet appears to be shooting upwards with considerable velocity. It is like a huge rock which has been aimed at our little balloon, or a star which has shot madly from its sphere, and is hastening to crush us on our return from our sacrilegious voyage. By throwing out a quantity of ballast, however, as if in defiance, we seem to check it in its course, and if it continues to approach, it does so with

moderate speed. But we soon discover the deceit, and learn (probably to our chagrin) that it is not the world which is troubling itself to meet us, but we who are doing obeisance in our own puniness to its irresistible will.

In one sense, indeed, the appearance of a balloon in the sky is always the signal for a certain amount of commotion. Dogs begin to bark furiously, poultry begin to run to and fro in evident alarm, whilst cattle stand gazing in astonishment or scamper off in terror, as people used to do -so we suppose-when hippogriffs were in the habit of alighting at their doors. One French aëronaut remarks very drily that the best mode of obtaining a correct estimate of the population of any district is to approach it in a balloon, for then every individual rushes out of doors to look at the visitor, and so "the people can be counted like marbles." Another states that in passing over Calais the only figure that did not lift its head to gaze at the travellers was the Duc de Guise, whose bust in the Place d'Armes was incapable, for good reasons, of paying them that act of homage.

Other things being duly considered, the chief business of a balloonist in descending is to select an open and unencumbered locality. To plump down upon a cathedral, or impale his car upon the top of a spire; to allow it to alight amongst the clashing trees of a forest, or to attempt to ground it amongst the chimneys and gables of a crowded town, would be pretty much the same as for a sailor to run his vessel amongst the breakers, or to drive it full tilt against the nearest lighthouse. The experienced navigator knows where to throw out his grapnel, and this, digging into the soil or catching in the rocks, or laying hold of any object from a tree to a tombstone, will bring the big air-ship to anchor, and enable the crew, with a little management, to disembark.

But having landed, what kind of a reception shall we encounter? That is a question of some little consequence. There are two ways of dealing with aëronauts: the first is to invite them to dinner and offer them beds for the night; the other is to make an extortionate claim for damages, or carry them before the magistrate as trespassers. The latter practice is much in vogue in rustic regions. You have scarcely leaped out of the car than

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up there comes an angry farmer, vociferating loudly, gesticulating frantically, and when he sees his fences broken down, and his crops trampled under foot by a crowd of villagers who rush to the spot to inspect the stranger from the clouds, his wrath rises to the boiling point (far below 212° Fah.), and the brute threatens immediate arrest, or appears to be on the eve of inflicting personal chastisement. In some instances, attempts have been made to distrain upon the balloon, damage feasant, as lawyers would say, though it would have puzzled the bumpkins to determine how such an unmanageable object could be safely lodged in the village pound.

When the first hydrogen balloon fell at Gonesse near Paris (1783), a most extraordinary scene was witnessed. The inhabitants of the village were struck with terror upon seeing an unknown monster descending from the sky. A genuine dragon could not have excited more consternation. Was it some fabulous animal realized in the flesh, or was it the great fiend in proper (or improper) person? On all sides they fled. Many sought an asylum at the house of the curé, who thought that the wisest mode of dealing with the intruder was to subject it exorcism. Under his guidance they proceeded falteringly to the spot where it lay heaving with strange contortions. They waited to see what effect the good man's presence would produce, but the creature seemed to be utterly insensible to his fulminations. At length one of the crowd, more intrepid than the rest, took aim with his fowlingpiece, and tore it so severely with the shot that it began to collapse rapidly; whereupon the rest summoning up courage, darted forward and battered it with flails or gashed it with pitchforks. The outrush of gas was so great that they were driven back for the time, but when the dying monster appeared exhausted, the peasants fastened it to the tail of a horse and drove it along until the carcass was utterly dismembered.

The rustics who witnessed the first descent in England—Lunardi's, in Hertfordshire—shrank from the aeronaut as a very equivocal personage, because he had arrived on what they called the "devil's horse." Nor are these terrors wholly extinct in the present day, for Flammarion gives a description (with the pencil as well as the pen) of a descent in which men

appear to be flying, children screaming, and animals scampering, whilst the balloon with its flags and streamers, waving fantastically on each side like long arms or tentaculæ, is regarded by them as some formidable being coming from the clouds. "It is the devil himself!" they exclaim.

But having anchored, and escaped all the perils due to chimney-tops or infuriated farmers, the first question we put will doubtless be-Where are we? A more unfortunate query could scarcely be propounded. It expresses the greatest of all the infirmities under which the balloon labors-namely, that no mortal can tell us beforehand where we shall alight. Would it not be rather inconvenient if a traveller, on setting out from Derby, were unable to say whether he should land at Liverpool or at Hull, at Brighton or at Berwick-upon-Tweed? For aught we know, we might find ourselves, after ascending from the most central part of England, hovering over the Irish Sea or the English Channel, with simple power to rise into the clouds or plunge into the waves, but with none to choose any horizontal path or enter any particular port. Whilst drifting tranquilly along in a current, we could hardly fail to ask whether no means could be adopted for propelling balloons in the air as is the case with vessels on the water. Put out our oars? Unhappily they would do little to assist our progress, for, however broad their blades, they would meet with small resistance from the thin medium into which they were dipped. Rely upon paddle-wheels? Just as bad! There is no dense fluid like water to grip, and the floats would spin round almost as vainly as if they were worked in the receiver of an air-pump. Besides, the inflated globe with its suspended car does not constitute a rigid and inflexible whole, and if it did, the attempt to drive it against or athwart a current, in its present form, would be like rowing a man-of-war, with all its canvas stretched, right in the teeth of a gale.

It would be impossible in an article like this to glance at the innumerable schemes which have been propounded for the guidance and propulsion of balloons. Wonderful ingenuity has been expended upon the subject. In one project, for example, the waste gas, instead of being idly discharged, was to be conveyed into an apparatus from which it would issue with a

centrifugal force capable—so it was fondly supposed-of urging the aerostat in any given direction. In another, the balloon itself was to be converted into a kind of screw, so that when turned by means of a small engine, it should advance at each motion through a space proportioned to the distance between the threads of this monster spiral. M. Farcot gives us a description, in a little treatise on Atmospheric Navigation, of a petit navire aerien de plaisance, framed like a flying whale, 100 yards in length, with an extensive gallery slung below, and fitted up with fins or wings, by means of which it is to be propelled. The picture of this marvellous structures is so enchanting, that we feel an irrepressible desire to mingle with the passengers who seem to be lounging luxuriously over the balcony, and who are evidently as much at home as if they were taking a pleasure excursion in a steamer on Windermere or the Lake of Geneva. M. Dupuy de Dôme not long since received a grant from the French Government to enable him to construct a fishlike machine to be worked by a screw, and assisted by a sort of swimming bladder. Indeed, a large number of persons, either doubting or despairing of man's power to master the balloon in its ordinary form, rest their hopes upon the construction of machines which, whether lighter or heavier than the air, shall be driven through the atmosphere by brute force, if it may be so called. Mr. Glaisher does not, of course, share in these views. He tells us that he has attempted no improvement in the management of the balloon, that he found it was wholly at the mercy of the winds, and that he saw no probability of any method of steering it being ever discovered. Fonvielle and Tissandier, on the other hand, whilst admitting that the machine is still in its infantile stage, complain that the engineers have not yet brought all their resources to bear upon the subject, and entertain some vague notion that what has been done for locomotives, for steamboats, and ordinary sailing vessels, will surely be done for the ships of the air, forgetting that the problem to be solved is not exactly how you shall skim the surface of the water in a boat, but rather how you could drive a frigate through the fluid with its sails set when sunk to a depth of many feet, and this with the whole body of water in motion in

a different direction. M. Flammarion remarks that a bird is much heavier than its bulk of air, yet the eagle and the condor, massive as they are, soar with ease to the tops of the tallest rocks; and shall man, he inquires (especially a Frenchman, to whom the empire of the air properly belongs), be beaten by a bird? M. Flammarion declines. M. Farcot positively refuses.

For all purposes of aerial travelling, however, the painful fact remains, which may, perhaps, be most summarily expressed by saying that there is no Bradshaw for balloons. When the day comes in which it can be announced that "highflyers" or "great aerials" will leave Trafalgar-square for Paris or Dublin, weather permitting, at a certain hour; or that balloon trains will regularly ply between Hull and Hamburg, or, better still, that a Cunard or Collins line of atmospheric steamers has been established between London and New York, then the apparatus will be admitted into the noble army of machines which, like the ship, the locomotive, the steam-engine, the spinning jenny, the telescope, the mariner's compass, the electric telegraph, and many others, have rendered such splendid service to mankind.

Some dozen years ago, indeed, an aerial ship, intended to traverse the Atlantic, was announced as in course of construction in America, by Mr. Lowe. Weighing from three to four tons in itself, it was to possess an ascending power equal to twenty-two tons. Its capacity was to be five times larger than that of any previous machine. Fifteen miles of cord were to be employed in the net-work alone. Beneath the car a boat thirty feet in length was to be slung, and this skiff was to be fitted up with masts, sails, and paddlewheels, in order that the crew might take to the water in case their balloon failed them at sea. Copper condensers were to be attached, in order that additional gas might be driven into the globe, or surplus gas abstracted, as occasion de-manded; the object of this contrivance being to enable the navigators to raise or lower themselves without wasting any precious material. The ship was to be directed by an apparatus containing a fan like that of a winnowing machine, and this was to be worked by an Ericsson's caloric engine of four-horse power. Various ingenious appliances, amongst others a

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sounding line one mile in length to show the course of the atmospheric currents, were to be adopted, and it was confidently hoped that this *Great Eastern* of the atmosphere, which was to be styled the *City of New York*, would cross the Atlantic in not less than three days, and possibly in two! We regret to say that it has not yet put into any European port, though its arrival would be hailed with more satisfaction than the first steamship, the *Sirius*, was in America.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the balloon, even in its present rudimentary condition, is available for frivolous or exceptional purposes alone-for the former, when it is used as a brilliant supplement to some display of fireworks; for the latter, when we happen to be locked up in some steel-begirded city. For scientific objects it may be difficult to overrate its value as a "floating observatory," and we cannot refrain from sharing in M. Fonvielle's chagrin when he tells us how, on one occasion, after preparing to view an eclipse from a lofty elevation, he found that his aeronaut was not ready to set out until the eclipse was over; or how on another, when all had been arranged to make a sally amongst the November meteors on one of their grand gala nights, he found, on arriving at the spot, that the workmen had taken to flight in consequence of the escape of the gas, and that his only chance was to go up the "day after the fair." Many uses also may be found for captive balloons. Half in jest, M. Flammarion inquires, whether these might not be pleasantly employed in traversing the deserts where camels or dromedaries constitute the ordinary means of conveyance. How uncomfortable is a seat upon the back of one of these bruteswhat patience it requires to endure the tearing, jerking motion of these ships of the wilderness-most wanderers in the East well know, and perhaps painfully remember. Suppose, then, that an aerostat were harnessed to a dromedary and drawn peacefully along, whilst the traveller sat softly in the car-reading, smoking, sleeping, dreaming-without a single jolt to mar his enjoyment, would not this be a blessed improvement in locomotion? Half in jest, too, we might carry the idea a little further, and ask whether, if balloons occupied by delicate voyagers were attached to steamers, and allowed to float

at a sufficient height, so as to reduce the see-saw motion of the vessels to an imperceptible quantity, the pains of that abhorrent malady, sea-sickness, might not be avoided in crossing the Channel, or making small marine excursions?

So, many homely uses for captive balloons might be imagined. A traveller in Russia gives an account of a church at St. Petersburg with a lofty spire crowned with a large globe, upon which stood an angel supporting a cross. The figure began to bend, and great fears were entertained lest it should come down with a terrible crash. How could it be repaired was the question? To erect a proper scaffold would involve a formidable expense, and yet to reach the object without it seemed utterly impracticable, for the spire was covered with gilded copper, and looked more unscalable than the Matterhorn. A workman, however, undertook the task. The plates of metal had been attached by nails which were left projecting. Furnished with short pieces of cord, looped at both extremites, he slung one end over a nail, and placing his feet in the other, raised himself a short distance: this enabled him to reach a little higher and fasten another loop over another nail, and so by repeating the process, and mounting from stirrup to stirrup, he crawled up, until by a still more daring manœuvre he threw a cord over the globe, and then finally clambered to the side of the figure. A ladder of ropes was next drawn up, and the rest of the work became comparatively easy of execution; but with a captive balloon the needful materials might have been sent up, and the angel put in repair, without costing an anxious thought, or jeopardizing either life or limb.

How far it is possible to employ a balloon for purposes of exploration in quarters which are naturally inaccessible, or at any rate difficult of approach, must be a question dependent in no small degree upon the power of replenishing the machine with gas or heated air. It would, doubtless, be a fine thing if men could thus sail over all the obstructions which fence in the two poles, and pry into the Antarctic continent, or solve the problem of a hidden Arctic sea. Many years ago Mr. Hampton designed, and we believe completed, a big Montgolfier, which was to be employed in the search after Sir John Franklin. The machine was to be inthe agency of a great stove; but, if the necessity for a supply of the ordinary gas was thus avoided, the demand for fuel in regions where neither timber nor coal could be had (blubber, indeed, might perhaps have been procured), must have proved an insuperable difficulty, and the enterprise would probably have terminated in leaving the aeronauts stranded on some icy waste, without any better means of return than were possessed by the poor lost ones themselves.

Let us not part from this subject, however, without informing the reader that if M. Flammarion's views are correct, it is the most important topic under the sun. "For," says he, with the look of a prophet and the tone of a poet, "when the conquest of the air shall have been achieved, universal fraternity will be established upon the earth, everlasting peace will punction.

flated by means of hot air produced by descend to us from heaven, and the last links which divide men and nations will be severed." Without laying any stress upon the oracular form of this prediction -and the indefinite "when" may conceal some sly reference to the Greek Kalends we regret to say that we cannot join in his jubilant conclusion. Our firm persuasion is, that in the present state of affairs, seeing that so large a portion of the world's revenue is squandered upon fighting purposes, one of the first steps which would be taken in case the "conquest of the air" were perfected to-morrow, would be to fit out a fleet of war-balloons, to raise a standing army of aeronauts, to add a new and afflictive department to our annual estimates, and to encourage the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make another assault upon the match-sellers, and probably to double our income tax without com-

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A MAHOMETAN REVIVAL.

MR. W. W. HUNTER, in his curious and interesting volume called Our Indian Mussulmans; are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?-which, by the way, as written by the author of the Annals of Rural Bengal, scarcely requires the advertisement of its rather startling title-tells the story of what, under its religious aspect, must be called a Revival among the Mahometans of India. The movement has a very serious political aspect, which we will notice presently: but it is primarily and pre-eminently religious, and it has all the characteristics of the periodical outbursts of enthusiasm familiar to the sects of Protestant Christians which are least under sacerdotal influence. There are certain vague general resemblances between the great religions of India and the great divisions of Western Christianity. It would be offensive and unjust to find any strong similarity between Hindooism and Roman Catholicism; yet the Hindoo system is not so very unlike that debased Italian Christianity upon which Conyers Middleton fastened: there is the same inordinate ceremonialism, and the same unquestioning acceptance of the principle of vicarious mediation; and there are the same overwhelming proofs that the system has absorbed and assimilated to itself an older heathenism. The various local gods of the Hindoos are as obviously idols or fetishes of immemorial antiquity, taken up into the Hindoo religion by the simple expedient of calling them incarnations of Vishnu or Siva, as many of the local Italian saints are the Latin deities of the neighborhood, each baptized with the name of a Christian martyr. Nor can it be denied that Mahometanism has an air of Puritan Christianity. The entire absence of a priesthood; the simple forms of worship; the deference to the letter of the sacred volume; and, we may add, the strained interpretations of it indulged in by preacher and commentator, are all points of resemblance which cannot be passed over. Most English visitors to an Eastern mosque are conscious of a queer impression that they have seen something like it at home. In the more splendid edifices of the kind the marble carved into delicate lace-work destroys all associations with Ebenezer or Bethel; but in humbler buildings the pulpit or reading-desk, the pavement divided into squares reserved to the several worshippers, the stern suppression of symbolic ornament, the sort of pew which (as Captain Burton has noticed) the wealthy family of the neighborhood is sometimes allowed to occupy, almost in-

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variably give the feeling that one has strayed into a "place of worship" not very far from one's own parish church. Moreover, Mahometanism shares with the more popularly governed Protestant sects a liability to periodical revivals of religion. A time comes when all the historical glosses and interpretations which have incrusted the sacred text seem to break away, and when all the compromises by which the principles of the faith have been reconciled to existing facts, begin to excite repugnance or horror. An enthusiasm, almost invariably beginning with some one person, spreads like a contagion among believers; and it is nearly invariably an enthusiasm for restoring the simple literal rule as it appears in the text of the Sacred The radical difference between Mahometanism and Christianity shows itself, not in the process of recurrence to first principles, which is much the same in both cases, but in the character of the principles which it is sought to apply in their integrity. This may be illustrated by the example of Quakerism, the most thorough and famous, and nearly the oldest of Protestant Christian revivals. The peculiar dress of the Quakers, and the fashions of speech for which they found imperative directions in the Bible, have no more interest than the interdiction of tobacco, which the Mahometan Revivalists see clearly written in certain texts of the Koran; but nothing can be more striking than the distinction between the great cardinal rule which the enthusiasts believed themselves in the two cases to have discovered in God's Word. However true it may have been that, as a matter of fact, Christianity was destined to bring into the world not peace, but a sword, nobody can wonder that the Quakers extracted from the text of the New Testament the principle of peace among men. It is quite as natural that the new Mahometan sect should have found among their authorities a positive exhortation to make war under certain cicumstances. The absolute duty of sacred war-of what Sir Herbert Edwardes taught Indian officials to call a Crescentade-is in fact the great article of the renovated Mahometan creed.

The contagious enthusiasm of religious revivals is almost always, as we have said, originally generated in some one individual. He is often a person whom it is

nearly impossible to respect. It has been rather a trial to modern sentimental admirers of Quakerism that its founder was unquestionably a very vulgar and illiterate fellow. Syud Ahmed, the originator of the Mahometan revival in India, appears to have been-and the contrast with Fox is significant—a very perfect specimen of the violent Oriental blackguard. "He began life," says Mr. Hunter, "as a horsesoldier in the service of a celebrated freebooter, who harried the rich opium-growing villages of Malwa;" but, when the trade of a bandit became dangerous and unprofitable, through the stern order which the great Sikh adventurer and chief, Runjeet Singh, imposed on his Mussulman neighbors, Syud Ahmed "suited himself to the times, gave up robbery, and, about 1816, went to study the sacred law under a doctor of high repute at Delhi." A reputation for devoutness is not, however, quite as easily obtained among Mahometans as in some Christian communities, and Syud Ahmed had to make a pilgrimage to Mecca-about as formidable an undertaking to a native of Upper India as can be well conceived. At Mecca he came under the influences which gave its singularity to his subsequent Indian career. The sacred city had been only lately recovered by the arms of Mehemet Ali of Egypt from the dominion of that strange sect of reformed Mahometans-the Wahabees-which had been formed a hundred years earlier by the preaching of Abdul Wahab of Nejd. Violently suppressed by a combined effort on the part of all orthodox Islam, they revived after a time sufficiently to form the little Arabián State which attracted so much interest a year or two since through the description of it given by Mr. Palgrave. Still more recently, the advances of this warlike power towards the principalities protected by the English on the Persian Gulf had to be carefully watched by the Indian Government, and at this very moment it is understood to be making a desperate resistance to the flower of the army which the Turkish Sultan has restored to efficiency through the money he has borrowed wholesale in Europe. The peculiar religious doctrines of the Wahabees must have lingered at Mecca when Syud Ahmed was there, for he came back to India not merely invested with the stately spiritual dignity of a returned Mahometan pilgrim,

but animated with the fanaticism of a Wahabee propagandist. Immediately after his landing at Bombay he is said to have begun preaching on the special articles of the reformed faith. Among the most striking of these tenets were a rejection of all mediatory agency between God and man, so absolute as even to exclude the mediation of Mahomet himself; a new and professedly more literal interpretation of the text of the Koran; the repudiation of the comparatively few ceremonies and observances which have grown up within the pale of Mahometanism, including the practice of erecting the beautiful tombs which charm the Eastern traveller; and a constant waiting and looking for the appearance of the new Prophet who is to lead the Faithful to victory. With these doctrines, which are made respectable to us by our own religious associations, the original Wahabees coupled a long string of childish and vexatious prohibitions. But, in the preaching of the Indian apostle, all the new opinions, respectable or ridiculous, were practically subordinated to one great article of belief. This was the imperative duty of sacred war against infidel rulers. Nearly all India was under the government of Christians or Hindoos. Of the mighty Mahometan empire, which had once covered the whole country with its shadow, only two considerable fragments remained,-the state governed by the prince called the Nizam in the south, and the kingdom of Oudh in the north, the latter ruled, indeed, by a Mahometan sovereign, but a sovereign who belonged to an heretical sect. No assumption is more distinctly made by the original records of Islam than that, wherever there are Mahometans, they govern the country. There are plenty of texts to regulate the relations between Mahometan rulers and unbelieving subjects; none whatever to define the duty of Mahometan subjects towards an infidel government. A reformer who sought to revive the principles of Mahomet's tendency in their primitive purity, had his attention fixed by the necessity of the case on the great anomaly before his eyes. Mahometans were obeying Christians and Hindoos, and holding their religious privileges by the unholy tenure of infidel toleration or favor. This was the crying sin and shame which Syud Ahmed and his followers set themselves to denounce. The teaching of the Waha-

bee missionaries in India came thus to consist in placing an alternative before the faithful—either fight or emigrate. The literal duty of fighting may sometimes be postponed by paying tithes out of your substance to support armies which are being levied for sacred war; but, if you cannot subscribe, you must send your sons to the camp. Mr. Hunter quotes from Wahabee compositions some remarkable passages setting forth the alternative blessings of war or emigration. "Holy war" -it is written in one of these-"sends copious showers at seasonable times, abundant supplies of vegetable produce, good times, so that people are void of care and free from calamities, whilst their property increases in value and there is an increase in the number of learned men, the justness of judges, the conscientiousness of suitors, and the liberality of the rich. blessings, increased a hundred-fold, are granted when the dignity of the Mahometan religion is upheld, and Mahometan kings, possessing powerful armies, become exalted and promulgate and enforce the Mahometan law in all countries." therefore, the Holy War succeeds, there will be no more famines in India, no more judicial corruption, no more fraudulent or unjust litigation. The spiritual advantages of the other branch of the alternative -emigration to an orthodox country-are illustrated by a striking apologue which Mr. Hunter gives at length. An Israelite, after committing the most awful crimes, was warned by a holy man that his lot would be eternal punishment unless he sincerely repented and departed from the land of the infidel. He began his journey, but did not live to complete it, and the Angels of Mercy and Punishment had a contest for his soul. The point in dispute between them was decided by actual measurement. It was found that one foot of the penitent Israelite had crossed the boundary of a kingdom of Islam; and so the dead man was saved.

A good many obscure local disturbances which took place in British India, and particularly in the North-Eastern Provinces, between 1820 and 1850, have now been clearly traced to Wahabee agitation and propagandism, but it was not the British Indian Empire which had to bear the first serious shock from the new religious movement. The system of States united in a compact despotic monarchy by

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Runjeet Singh was the first object of Syud Ahmed's agressions. Here, if anywhere, the Mahometans had what, with our ideas, we should call a real grievance. The Sikhs, a body of Hindoo sectaries, had imbibed a stern fanaticism of their own from religious reform, and they dealt out to the Mahometans who dwelt among them pretty much the same treatment which Hindoos had occasionally received in Mahometan States under specially bigoted sovereigns. The Call to Prayer was forbidden, the killing of cows was severely punished. The Mahometans of the Punjab have indeed at this hour the peculiar submissive look of a long-oppressed and down trodden community. Partly in order to have a base for his operations against the great Sikh chief, and partly, doubtless, to give a point and meaning to the exhortations of his Indian emissaries on the subject of emigration to the territory of Islam, the Prophet fixed his residence among the mountaineers of the hills on the western side of the Indus. The descriptions of the Scottish Highlanders in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which we owe to the genius of Macaulay and Walter Scott, would be absolutely true of these wild Pathan tribes, but for one great feature of difference. Their religion always sat very lightly on the Highlandmen: the tribes of the trans-Indus mountains are furiously bigoted to Mahometanism. This zeal for religion does little to heal the "blood-feuds" of the Pathan clans, the state of permanent inter-tribal warfare which they have inherited from quarrels and jealousies of immemorial date; but for the purpose of combining them against a common infidel enemy, it may be turned into a temporary bond of union far stronger than the common devotion to the House of Stuart or common hatred of the House of Argyll, which, from time to time, animated the great Highland confederacies. The new Prophet inflamed the tribes to madness by his preaching. "Their avarice," says Mr. Hunter, "was enlisted by splendid promises of plunder; their religion by the assurance that he was divinely commissioned to extirpate the whole infidel world, from the Sikhs even unto the Chinese." Some of the raids which he organized into the dominions of Runjeet Singh, which lay below the mountains, assumed the proportions of military expeditions, and on

one occasion he even captured Peshawur, the western capital of the Sikh prince. On the whole, however, the advantage remained with the stubborn and warlike race whom Suyd Ahmed was attacking, disciplined as they now were by European military adventurers in the pay of Runjeet The prophet was surprised by the Singh. Sikhs in 1831, and killed in battle. the succession to his office continued. One of his lieutenants, with signal ingenuity, turned to his own purposes both the fanaticism and the quarrelsomeness of the North-Western hill tribes. He acquired their veneration as a hermit and ascetic, and obtained from them a grant of lands which were to be neutral ground forever, whither the man with the avenger of blood behind him might always flee for refuge. Here was founded Sitana, the fanatical colony, famous in the recent military history of India. Long before the British Government came into direct conflict with the fanatics through the annexation of the Puniab, much of their activity and occasional success would have been unintelligible, but for the influences which radiated backwards and forwards between British India and this settlement. The emissaries of the prophet had in fact organized a system of religious and rebellious propagandism among the Mahometans of the richest and most populous provinces of the British Indian Empire. Money was constantly flowing from our dominions to Sitana, and, unless fed by money, the fanaticism of the mountaineers is a flame which blazes and burns out. The more ardent or poorer devotees of the Wahabee cause went themselves or sent their sons to the sacred settlement. The subscription of money was only a temporary compromise allowed until the actual Jehad or Holy War should break out, but emigration to a land of Islam was an alternative clearly permitted by the Prophet, and Sitana belonged pre-eminently to Islam. The soldiers of the faith thus recruited were by no means of the best military material which India affords; it is somewhat singular that the Wahabee fanaticism prevails nearly exclusively among the least warlike races of the country. But the emigrants had their whole heart in the cause; for it they were capable of the utmost self-denial; and thus they formed a nucleus of association peculiarly valuaable when the bulk of the confederacy

had to consist of fickle and avaricious Pathan Highlanders.

The British conquest of the Punjab, provoked by the wanton aggression of the Sikh captains, brought the Indian Government face to face with the fanatics of Sitana and their allies. The mountaineers of the North-Western hills became our next-door neighbors. If the special Wahabee hatred of infidel rulers depended in any way on such grievances as civilized men can recognize (and our sole complaint against Mr. Hunter is that he sometimes seems to assume a real connection between the two), the hostility of the fanatics ought to have been signally moderated by the policy now pursued in the territories close to them. The new governors of the Punjab began to treat the Mahometans on precisely the same footing as the The Call to Prayer was again heard, and the killing of the cow for beef, a privilege valued by Mahometans in proportion to its odiousness in the eyes of their Hindoo fellow-countrymen, was again permitted. Even as we write, the news comes to England that the British authorities in the Punjab have just had to suppress a sanguinary riot in the great commerical city of Umritsur, arising out of an attack of the Sikh populace on the shops of the hateful Mahometan butchers. Yet the colony at Sitana has stirred up just as many coalitions of the tribes against our power as ever it did against our oppressive Sikh predecessors. It would be hardly exaggeration to say that we have been at perpetual war with these mountaineers ever since our conquest. At least two regular campaigns have been undertaken against them, of which the story is very clearly and vividly told in the volume before us. One of them, still remembered as the Umbeyla campaign, very nearly ended in a serious disaster. It was ill-planned, though probably the mistakes of conception were unavoidable, so imperfect is our knowledge of the marvellously difficult country occupied by the clans, and so hard is it to judge at any given time what amount of combination among the tribes is at the back of a particular movement. The troops were completely brought to a check in a most dangerous position, and still more unfortunately the difficulty occurred just when the Indian Government was partially dislocated by the sudden death of the Vice-

roy, Lord Elgin. But a few days of hesitation were followed by a vigorous advance, a panic spread among the confederates, and they finally agreed to expel the fanatics and dismantle Sitana. This occurred in 1863, but again in 1868 a large force had to occupy the Black Mountain, a fragment of the same highland country which lies on the east bank of the Indus, and the troops, who practically met on this occasion with no resistance, were able just before they retired to catch a sight of the fanatical emigrants moving on the opposite bank of the great river. Mr. Hunter sums up the force which has had on various occasions to move out against the fanatics and their allies. The aggregate is very considerable, though it is a little dwarfed by the enormous totals to which the latest European wars have accustomed us. If indeed we were to count the cost in money, the result would fairly bear comparison with the military expenditure of European powers. All war and all waiting for war are in India enormously expensive, and, putting the cost of suppressing the Sepoy Mutiny aside, the great cause of military outlay has of late years been the control of the North-Western frontier. In fact, when we speak of the military occupation of India we mean in reality the military occupation of the parts of the Punjab adjacent to this boundary. Here the great bulk of our troops are collected. Here alone in India the soldier finds excitement to vary the dull monotony of peace. Here is the school in which some of the best of our military officers have been trained-Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Sandhurst, Sir Sidney Cotton, and Sir Neville Chamberlain; and here Lord Lawrence acquired his rare aptitude for the civil side of military administration. The truth is, that India is in very much the same state in which Great Britian would be if the Highlands had remained to our day without change since the years before 1745. To complete the parallel, however, we must suppose the Highlanders to be animated with all the devotion to Rome and all the detestation of Protestantism which characterize the Celts of Ireland, and we must conceive trials of Jacobites for treason to be still occurring, and Jacobite squires in the south of England to be constantly remitting subsidies to a Papal legate somewhere in the Grampians for the use of the Camerons, the SI-

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mhe Frasers, or the Macgregors. Mr. Hunter devotes a great deal of his space to a description of the mechanism of conspiracy organized for almost half a century in North-Eastern India, and he illustrates it very completely by comparing it to the Fenian distribution of functions between Head-Centres and District-Centres in the United States. Patna, in Behar, has been to the Wahabee fanatics.what New York has been to the Fenians, and the various local depositaries of the secret are now known to have corresponded with one another, with their chiefs, and with the exiles at Sitana in a sort of ciphered language, borrowed from the ordinary transactions of Indian trade. In their letters and messages, a battle became a "law-suit," God was the "Law-agent;" remittances for Sitana in gold mohurs were spoken of as rosaries of red beads, and remittances in money as the price of books and merchandise; drafts or money orders became white stones, the amount being intimated by the number of white beads on a rosary. During the last few years, the Indian Government has more and more got its eye and hand on these subaltern intrigues; nor, in our opinion, is there the least ground for misgiving as to its power of protecting itself against them. The one great danger to the British Indian Empire is ignorance of facts; once alive to these, its rulers are much too ably and energetically served for any conspiracy to have appreciable chances of success. We must own with some shame that the chief difficulties of the Indian Government in dealing with the Wahabee movement have been created by Englishmen. On the whole, it has treated the detected conspirators with singular leniency. Only two of them have been brought to trial, and the one last prosecuted would probably never have been tried at all but for an outcry got up among the Englishmen of Calcutta against the proceedings in his The man, a rich Mahometan, who owed his fortune to the English Government, but was afterwards shown to have been all his life a centre of conspiracy against it, was arrested in Calcutta, and detained near it in honorable custody under some special powers conferred by law on the Governor-General, which seem to us a marvel of moderation and considerateness by the side of those given to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the West-

meath and Peace Preservation Acts. Nobody, however, who knows what Englishmen are all over the world can wonder that a writ of habeas corpus was moved for in the local tribunal, or that it should have been argued that the British Constitution had been violated by the confinement of an Oriental fanatic debauched by religious principles imparted from Central Arabia. Still, it might have been at least expected that, in a country in which to be vituperated is to be weak, the advocates for this Wahabee sectary would refrain from speaking of the Government which represented the British race in language about equally colored with animosity and contempt. Nobody, however, profited less by these proceedings than the Mahometan conspirator himself. The Indian Government appears to have felt itself compelled to bring him to regular trial; he was convicted the other day on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to trans-

portation for life. The Indian Mahometans have recently had their numbers increased to some extent by successful proselytism in Eastern Bengal, but they are undoubtedly, on the whole, a sinking and decaying community. Nobody who knows what their government of India was can regret it, or regret that our own Government, which has succeeded it, is, in the main, a government in the interest of the Hindoos, or, in other words, of the enormous majority of the population. Still, among thirty millions of men, which is the total roughly assigned to the Mahometans of India, there will be great numbers too sensible, too comfortable, or too timid to be ready to engage in a vulgar, fanatical, and now very dangerous, conspiracy. This is the class of Indian Mahometans on whose behalf Mr. Hunter asks, on his title-page, the question, "Are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?" The exhortations and denunciations of the Wahabee missionaries have caused them a discomfort which we, with our Western ideas, have the greatest difficulty in understanding. For the most part, we receive with the utmost equanimity the imputation of theological or political error. That men of the same race, country, and religion as ourselves should consider us to be in the wrong on a number of vital points, we take to be a matter of course, and we are generally ready to let them keep their opinions, leaving to us our own; but, on the principles of Mahometan faith, there is no distinction between secular and religious life, between orthodoxy on the one hand, and good manners and good morals on the other. If a professed Mahometan, carrying about him the evidences of earnestness and devotion, tells another Mahometan that he is dishonoring the Prophet and the Book because he abstains from overt acts of treason, the charge cannot be met with mere ridicule or contempt -it most probably rankles in the conscience, and causes the acutest suffering. The well-to-do landowner or banker, the easy-going Government official, feels that he has no vocation for conspiracy; yet to be told that he is a heretic gives him a strong sensation of losing respectability, even if it does not raise those terrible fears of future punishment, which torment all Orientals to whom a hell is an article of faith. If we can suppose a proud and devout protestant of Ulster charged by a co-religionist with some strange heresy just after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, we shall have a feeble notion of the disgust caused to the great majority of Mahometans by the upbraidings of the Wahabees. The classes, therefore, among them who are well-affected to the British Government, or who despair of overturning it, have spared no pains to obtain an authoritative condemnation of the Wahabee doctrine. Since Mahometanism has neither priesthood nor presbytery, it is not quite easy to understand at first sight how the disputed points are to be decided; but the complete identification of religious with secular rule under the Mahometan theory carries with it the remarkable consequence that a Mahometan may obtain an opinion on a case of conscience bearing a very close analogy to the opinion of counsel in England on a question of law. Certain doctors of mixed law and theology are placed, by the general consent of Mahometans, on very much the same eminent footing as certain barristers in this country; and the Mussulman who has got an opinion from them may act on it with as much confidence as an Englishman on the opinion of Sir Roundell Palmer or Sir John Coleridge. A variety of these opinions have been obtained by the wellaffected Mahometans in India; and it is satisfactory to find that, though Mr. Huner raises objections to some of them

which we will afterwards mention, they have, on the whole, given comfort and consolation to the persons who sought them. We will quote from Mr. Hunter's Appendix two curious examples of cases stated to great Mahometan authorities, followed by their opinions on the cases. In order to comprehend them it must be understood that, in the view of religious Mahometans, the whole world is distributed into Kingdoms of the Faithful and Kingdoms of the Enemy, and that the first proposition with which the Wahabees start is that India, after having been a Kingdom of the Faithful, has, by passing under the rule of Christians and Hindoos, become a Kingdom of the Enemy. first of these documents contains the question put to the law doctors at Mecca, the heads of the three great Mahometan sects, and their joint reply :-

"Q. What is your opinion (may your greatness continue forever) on the question, Whether the country of Hindostan—the rulers of which are Christians, and who do not interfere with all the injunctions of Islam, such as the ordinary daily prayers, the prayers of the two I'ds, etc.; but do authorize departure from a few of the injunctions of Islam, such as the permission to inherit the property of his Mahometan ancestor to one who changes his religion (being that of his ancestors) and becomes a Christian—is Darul-Islam or not? Answer the above, for which God will reward you."

"A. All praises are due to the Almighty, who is the lord of all the Creation.

"O Almigthy, increase my knowledge!

"As long as even some of the peculiar observances of Islam prevail in it, it is Dar-ul-

"The Almighty is Omniscient, Pure, and

High!
"This is the order passed by one who hopes for the secret favor of the Almighty, who praises God, and prays for blessings and peace on his Prophet.

"JAMAL IBN-I-ABDALLAH SHEIKH UMAR-UL-HANAPI,
"The present Musti of Mecca, the Honored.
"May God favor him and his father."

We omit two other answers to the same effect. The second case was laid before the law doctors of Northern India:—

"What is your decision, O men of learning and expounders of the law of Islam, in the following?—

"Whether a Jehad (or religious rising) is lawful in India, a country formerly held by a Mahometan ruler, and now held under the sway of a Christian Government, where the said Christian ruler does in no way interfere ec.,

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with his Mahometan subjects in the rites prescribed by their religion, such as praying, fasting, pilgrimage, zakut, family prayer, and jama'at, and gives them the fullest protection and liberty in the above respects, in the same way that a Mahometan ruler would do, and where the Mahometan subjects have no strength and means to fight with their rulers; on the contrary, there is every chance of the war, if waged, ending with a defeat, and thereby causing an indignity to Islam."

"Fatwah dated 17th Rabeeoossanes, year 1287 of the Hedjira (17th July, 1870)."

"The Mussulmans here are protected by Christians, and there is no Jehad in a country where protection is afforded, as the absence of protection and liberty between Mussulmans and Infidels is essential to a religious war, and that condition does not exist here. Besides, it is necessary that there should be a probability of victory to the Mussulmans and glory to Islam. If there be no such probability, the Jehad is unlawful."

Mr. Hunter is not equally satisfied with these decisions. He points out that the Mecca opinion, while it declares that India has not ceased to be a kingdom of the Faithful, refrains from negativing the duty of religious rebellion. The answer, however, seems to be that the doctors of the law consulted stuck, like lawyers, to They were not asked for an their point. opinion on the duty of religious war. The law doctors of Northern India, on the other hand, are considered by Mr. Hunter to agree impliedly with the Wahabees, that India has become a country of the Enemy; but, unlike the Wahabees, they affirm rebellion to be unlawful unless it is sure to succeed. Mr. Hunter holds this last doctrine to be the safer of the two, from the English point of view. His argument appears to be that, if India be a kingdom of Islam, the extreme duties of the Mahometan code will always be more or less incumbent on all the faithful in that country; whereas, if India has become a country of the Enemy, its condition need no more trouble the conscience of believers all over the world than the condition of We should be inclined ourselves to draw the exactly opposite conclusion; but it would be idle for us to assign our reasons. Time is never more completely wasted than by ingenious persons who, though not believing in a particular faith, attempt to dictate, to those who do believe, the courses of reasoning they should follow.

If the well-disposed Mahometans in India are comforted by opinions which, on being subjected to the analysis of an Englishman, appear to involve contradictions, the fact that they derive consolation ought nevertheless, we think, to be sufficient. It is no new phenomenon in the history of religion that sects should reach the same conclusion from irreconcilable premises; particularly if the conclusion is a welcome one. No religious theories can be more hopelessly contradictory than those of the Christian Calvinists and of the Christian Arminians, than the doctrine of universal reprobation and the doctrine of universal or qualified acceptance; yet, if some dangerous opinion or principle, akin perhaps to those of the Anabaptists, were suddenly to take its rise among the English dissenters, it would be ungrateful to criticise the grounds on which the Wesleyans and the Congregationalists alike condemned it. For our part, we can quite understand how it is that both the decisions balanced against one another by Mr. Hunter, are deemed satisfactory by the Indian Mahometans. If India has become a country of the Enemy, the conclusion is immediately drawn that the overwhelming strength of the British Government does away with the obligation of rebellion. If India is still a kingdom of the Faithful, the leading proposition of the Wahabees is directly negatived, and the issue they have themselves tendered is decided against them. Mr. Hunter's great interest in his subject seems to us to make him every now and then more Mahometan than the Mahome-The reader who follows his earnest tans. argumentation on the opinions from Mecca and Northern India is occasionally surprised that an accomplished European gentleman, without a particle of faith in the Koran, should think it worth while to assign all sorts of reasons for his inability to concur in a conclusion which has admittedly brought comfort to large numbers of sincere Mahometans.

The discontent of a great religious community seems at first sight to Englishmen a phenomenon with which they are exceedingly familiar. The bulk of the Mahometans, if they look upon the British Government of India with no great affection, are, nevertheless, inclined to acquiesce in it, provided only they are let alone by a small knot of "irreconcilable" agitators. The parallel seems complete,

and Englishmen are at once led by their practical instinct to ask what is the "message of peace" which can be sent to the Mahometans. How can the agitators be disarmed? What are the real grievances of the Mahometans? are they remediable? and how? We are afraid it must be answered that the experience of Englishmen is here at fault. In the first place, the Mahometans are not, like the Irish Roman Catholics, a majority of the people. Almost all Indian statistics of population are worthless; only the other day it was publicly stated in the Legislative Council of Lower Bengal that the Lieutenant-Governor of that province did not know within ten millions what number of persons were under his administration. The figures, however, which are usually given, assign to the Mahometans of India thirty millions of souls, and to the Hindoos not less than a hundred and fifty millions. The people of India consists, therefore, practically of Hindoos, who, without possibly any very warm loyalty to the British Empire, have, nevertheless, accepted it for good or for evil, and who unreservedly acknowledge that their present Government is much the best they have ever had. Under such circumstances, all that the English rulers of the country can manifestly do, is to observe strict impartiality between the sections of the population, to secure to all equal civil rights, and to hold itself aloof from the religious organization of all, and from their religious concerns. Unfortunately, it is exactly this policy of indifference and non-intervention which constitutes the general grievance of the Mahometans. Their complaints are not those of the Irish Roman Catholic majority; they are those of the Protestant minority, with the singular difference, however, that the Mahometans have no historical claim on the consideration of the English, and, so far from affecting to form the bulwark of their empire, openly admit it to be a religious duty to overthrow it whenever they can. They consider it the bitterest of wrongs to be placed on an equality with Hindoos. "Hindooism," says Mr. Hunter, who, as a modified philo-Mahometan, feels himself compelled to express his dissent from the opinion, "is, to the Mahometans, the mystery of abominations, a system of devil-worship and idolatry unbroken by a single gleam of the knowledge of the One God." In this

spirit, the Mahometans resent the principle of what is called "disestablishment" as applied to themselves; although in their case it is not coupled with disendowment. Though they are bound by their religion to desire the destruction of our Government, they nevertheless profess to be unable to do without its help in their religious affairs. Such a state of feeling and opinion puts almost insuperable difficulties in the way of the redress of grievances by the British Government, fettered as it is by moral restrictions growing out of the civilization from which it has issued. Mr. Hunter, indeed, has convinced himself that the Mahometans of India have two specific grounds of reasonable complaint, and is more doubtfully persuaded that they have a third. We are sorry to say that his examples of genuine grievances seem to us to do little more than illustrate the difficulties of Indian Government. It would certainly be possible to apply a remedy to the first and smallest of them, but the process would amount to an equivocal and retrograde step. Another of them cannot possibly be touched without the grossest injustice to the Hindoos, and the redress of the third would, in our judgment, be a grave injury to the Mahometans them-

The first wrong which the Mahometans are alleged by Mr. Hunter to have suffered, suggests some singular reflections. The Indian Government has, for nearly ten years, ceased to appoint certain functionaries called Kazees. There is no priesthood for Islam, but, as we have more than once observed, there is no distinction between religious and secular law, and these Kazees, the "depositaries and the administrators of the domestic law of Islam," as Mr. Hunter calls them, discharge duties for Mahometans closely akin to priestly offices. For many years the Government kept in its hands the appointment of the Kazees, just as it provided for the maintenance and services of certain Hindoo temples. But, after the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny, the cry arose in England that the English in India where "ashamed of their Christianity." In deference to the feeling which at that time animated every English newspaper and almost every sermon, the Indian Government, at the same time that it promised, through a proclamation issued in the name of the Queen, scrupulously to respect the usages and customs of the natives, adopted a series of measures intended to serve the modified connection it had hitherto maintained with the native religions. In pursuance of this policy, it caused the endowments of Hindoo temples, which had hitherto been retained in its treasuries or administered by its officers, to be transferred to native trustees, and it discontinued the appointment of Mahometan Kazees. The Hindoos have repeatedly protested against the first measure, on the ground that they have no confidence in trustees of their own religion; but the Mahometans, according to Mr. Hunter, object to the second for a much more remarkable reason. They declare that their own religious theory requires the Kazees to be appointed, not by themselves, but by the Government. This view, if it be a sound one, can only be explained by the fundamental assumption of Mahometan theology, that all Mahometans live under Mahometan sovereigns; but no more paradoxical position can be conceived than that in which it places the existing Indian Government. It does not believe in the Koran, and its Mahometan subjects are perplexed with the question whether loyalty to it does not savor of sin; yet these last are said to declare that they have no religious organization of their own which can supply them with Kazees, and to make it a grievance that these semi-religious officers are no longer appointed by their infidel rulers. The measure of 1863 can doubtless be reversed, if only the English religious world will avert its eyes and hold its tongue; and from the purely political point of view, it will be a very simple matter to resume the nomination of Kazees. Yet we should like to be informed on a point on which we gather little from Mr. Hunter's pages. Will the resumption touch the real grievance? We have a strong suspicion that what a certain class of Mahometans resent is the practice, now universal with the Indian courts of justice, of going for themselves to the actual sources of Hindoo and Mahometan jurisprudence, instead of consulting certain persons who used, so to speak, to be official depositaries of native law. But to revert to the old fashion of taking the law from law officers would be to oppress the litigant and to remove one great security against corruption. The whole native public believe these functionaries to be open to bribes, and even if the opinion were unjust, the constructions of law which the courts were bound, under the old system, to accept, were in the highest degree unintelligent. A great part of the Mahometan law of succession, as interpreted by official expositors, was neither more nor less than an elaborate mystification of a

simple arithmetical problem.

A MAHOMETAN REVIVAL.

The next grievance of the Indian Mahometans noticed by Mr. Hunter is, according to English ideas, at once extremely natural and nearly irremediable. They are being superseded by the Hindoos in the ranks of the public service. The Mahometan sovereigns, to whom the English have succeeded, occasionally employed Hindoo Ministers, out of regard to their wonderful dexterity in squeezing their own countrymen and co-religionists, but the great bulk of the functionaries employed in carrying out an elaborate administrative system were naturally Mahometans. Nearly all the highest posts in the Indian public service are now occupied by Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen; but a multitude of minor offices have natives of the country for their incumbents, and from these the Mahometans are being gradually, but completely, expelled by the Hindoos. It does not, by any means, seem to the Mahometans a great or unnatural injury that they should be kept out of the higher grades of employment by men of the conquering race; and, indeed, if Englishmen abandoned the largest part of the offices which they now occupy to natives of India, the gain, under the English system of appointment, would be not with the Mahometans, but with the Hindoos. The wrong bitterly resented by the Mahometan malcontents is the promotion over their heads of vile infidels, whose religion (to repeat Mr. Hunter's energetic phrase) is a "mystery of abomination;" who were always somebody's slaves, and who, less than a century ago, were the slaves of the faithful. Yet the causes of the substitution of Hindoos for Mahometans have only to be stated, and it will be seen to be inevitable. In the first place, the Hindoos vastly outnumber the Mahometans; in a fair competition, more public servants will be chosen out of 150 millions of men than out of thirty millions. Again, the Hindoos are greed-

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hich ews-Inthat sued ily absorbing the new Western knowledge which the English have introduced, and therefore, for a government of the Western type, they are far more efficient servants. The Mahometans, on the other hand, stand almost wholly aloof from the English schools and colleges. Mr. Hunter analyzes at much length, and with no small sympathy, the causes of their distaste for education on Western principles; vet there is no reason to believe that the feeling which is strongest with them is less dislike for the new learning than reluctance to shake themselves free from the vast burden of the old. "How can we possibly compete with the Hindoos?" said a highly-placed Mahometan functionary to a friend of ours. "If we would be thought gentlemen, we must speak and write Persian; if we would be considered religious men, we must read Arabic; for purposes of communication with the greatest part of our Indian co-religionists, we must write and speak Hindustani; if we would converse with our wives, we must talk Bengali; for purposes of business, we must at least know some English. But these Hindoos continue to speak unblushingly the patois of the district in which they were born, and the whole of their mind and of their energies they give to your language, your science, and your literature. How can we, staggering under the weight of all these languages, and of all the religious and secular learning which goes with them, have the smallest chance of winning in a race in which success comes by knowledge of English, or at least by sympathy with English ideas?" We believe this to be a substantially true account of the Mahometan difficulties, and they result from the democratic character of Mahometanism. Hindooism, too, has at its back a difficult classical language, and a vast mass of false science and useless learning; but the burden weighs on a priestly aristocracy, and not on the multitude, which is left to imbibe what knowledge it pleases. A Hindoo of one of the lower castes commits a deadly sin if he reads the Vedas; but every Mahometan ought in strictness to know more or less of the Koran, and the whole community of the faithful is encouraged by every influence to master as much as possible of the law, literature, and philosophy of Mahometanism.

There is much to command sympathy

in Mr. Hunter's complaints of the indirect discouragement by the British Government of the learning so dear to its Mahometan subjects. Yet we must, in fairness, recollect that this grievance of the Mahometans is not consistent with the other; and that, if the Mahometans are elbowed out of the public service, it would be a singular remedy to give them more of the learning which keeps them out of it. If they were a majority of the natives of India, there might be strong reason for dealing tenderly with their prejudices; but they are a minority: and it would be grossly unjust to let the skill in Persian poetry and Arabian theology, which they love to cultivate, be counted as a qualification for the public service equivalent to the positive knowledge of the Hindoos. It must further be remembered that these are, after all, the grievances of only a small fraction of the Mahometans-the lettered and learned class, with whom the writer of the volume before us may be supposed to have principally associated. If they were redressed to the utmost, the Wahabees would still preach as actively as ever; for, in truth, the fibre which most promptly responds to the pernicious exhortations of these fanatics lies deep in a very different part of the body social of India. We have ourselves no doubt that the true grievance to which the Wahabee preachers address themselves with advantage is neither educational nor official, but agrarian. We, too, like Mr. Hunter, have seen Wahabee documents and notes of Wahabee sermons. They, of course, contained much which Mr. Hunter has found in them; but they contained something else, on which he places comparatively slight stress. They certainly spoke of the danger and dishonor of living under an infidel government. They called for a sacred war, and predicted its success. The "kingdom of Heaven is at hand," they said; but then they added, "in that kingdom there will be neither landlord nor tenant." That strange blunder, the Cornwallis settlement of Bengal, which placed a peasantry with ancient rights under an extemporized landed proprietary, is the real root of this dangerous movement. The Wahabees have their chief success in Eastern Bengal, simply through the accidental circumstance that in Eastern Bengal a Mahometan peasantry is at the mercy of Hindoo landlords. This is

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not the proper place for discussing one of the most difficult of Indian problems; but it is important to observe that the only serious grievance of the Mahometans has no special nor distinctive character, but is shared by a multitude of Hindoos.

The author of Village Communities in the East and West has recently said, "When we have to some extent succeeded in freeing ourselves from that limited conception of the world and mankind, beyond which the most civilized societies and (I will add) some of the greatest thinkers do not always rise; when we gain something like an adequate idea of the vastness and variety of the phenomena of human society; when, in particular, we have learned not to exclude from our view of earth and man those great and unexplored regions which we vaguely term the East: we find it to be not wholly a conceit or a paradox to say that the distinction between the Present and the Past disappears. Sometimes the Past is the Present." Those who can read under the lines of Mr. Hunter's wonderfully interesting pages may see, if they please, the European life of many different centuries flowing on in one and the same current. Once again, the stalwart barbarians of a hungry country treat the rich lands of their civilized neighbors as their natural prey; once more the wandering devotee exhorts to the Crusade, and rebukes princes for their godless sloth; again the Highland chiefs meet in conclave, compromise an infinity of disputes and rivalries, and burst at last upon the plains below; Rob Roy alternately musters his men on their native hills, and slinks in disguise through the Lowland cities; comfortable Jacobite gentlemen get tired of conspiracy, and seek excuses for making their peace with Government; Wesley and Whitfield preach to excited multitudes; the detective of the day outdoes the exploits attributed to him in the latest sensational novel.

In the midst, the British Government keeps the peace, administers justice with a purity rare in the West and absolutely foreign to the East, legislates on the principles of Bentham, and maintains neutrality between rival religions with something like the tolerant disdain of a Roman Proconsul. No book illustrates more vividly than that before us the difficulties of that most extraordinary of experiments, the British Empire in India. So far as they here appear, they may be summed up in the remark that the Anglo-Indian Government is bound, by the moral conditions of its existence, to apply the modern principle of equality, in all its various forms, to the people of India—equality between religions, equality between races, equality between individuals in the eye of the law. But it has to make this application among a collection of men (a community they can hardly be called) to whom the very idea of equality is unknown or All Mahometans are, indeed, hateful. equal theoretically among themselves, but their equality has for its indispensable basis the absolute subjection of everybody else. What Hindoos think of equality among men will best be gathered from an anecdote. A Brahmin lawyer in great practice was a year or two ago seeking to establish himself in the good graces of an Anglo-Indian functionary by enlarging on the value of Bentham's philosophy, in so far as it placed the standard of law and morals in the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Englishman expressed some surprise that the principle should be so much applauded in a country like India. "No doubt," rejoined the high-caste Hindoo after a glance round the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot-"No doubt it is one difficulty that, according to my religion, a Brahmin is entitled to exactly five-andtwenty times as much happiness as anybody else !"

Blackwood's Magazine.

AMERICAN BOOKS.

THE lighter literature of America has hitherto confined itself within a very narnow sphere. Its nationality has been only the nationality of a limited circle—it has had nothing in it of the wider air of a great continent. The opinion of a village,

the habits of a town, have been the most we have been able to learn that was novel or characteristic. Its tone, in short, has been local and not national. Except in the works of Mrs. Stowe—or, to speak more to the letter, in her first work—and in those of Mr. Hawthorne, there has been nothing like the beginning of a new litera-The books have been middle-class books, domestic in tone and narrow in treatment, and evidently written for the young people, who alone in a busy community have time to read. Women, of course, are the great novel-readers everywhere, and a great majority of such books must at all times take their tone from the mild tastes and home interests of the gentle reader, whose leisure permits her to go contentedly through hundreds of pages of unexciting dialogue. We have learned from these works that young ladies have a different code of manners in New York or Boston from that which is current in Lon-We have acquired wonderful scraps of information about the toilette and expenses of an American beauty, and the easy manner in which she treats her lovers; and on the other hand, we know how they make cakes in a New England farmsteading, and how well literature and the fine arts may thrive in conjunction with washing and scrubbing. This sort of thing is amusing enough, and even those who are not acquainted with the society it portrays may generally make out with tolerable distinctness which part of it is true to fact, and which is colored by the hopes and theories of an enthusiastic fancy. But in all this there is nothing new, nothing of the energy of youthful forces, and not much beyond mere imitation of the English model upon which the school has been formed. Of late years, however, this flatness and dead level have begun to break up, and the impulse of new life makes itself visible to us in the hands of two very different classes. The one which is the most healthy and vigorous is that which comes from the lawless outskirts of the world, from California and the wilds, and is represented to the English reader chiefly by the little volume called "The Luck of Roaring Camp" *a book which has been visible about the railway bookstalls for some time past, with a revolting green-and-yellow picture of a furious virago of the lowest class on its boards-by way, apparently, of keeping it out of the hands of readers with any regard for their character. The other class is of a very different type, and is

also to be found about the bookstalls in verý slim and cheap, and apparently very * popular, little volumes. It is feminine in tone, but so far different from the merely domestic ideal as to open up to us a new school of thought and feeling, such as we have but few specimens of in England. This class of books may be represented by the tiny production called "Gates Ajar." Here are two ways newly opened up into the mind of the great continent, which are worthy a little consideration. They represent the world which is beneath conventionalities, beyond the sway of anything but the roughest and widest principles of life, on the one hand, and the world which is making an effort to break through the banal laws of flat, respectable, middleclass existence on the other. The first is rude and wild, and though sufficiently pure in tone, yet dealing with many questions and introducing many personages in a calm historical fashion, without praise or blame, which are not often mentioned in the domestic circle; the other is apt to be fantastic in its spiritual yearnings, and will not please the orthodox. The one is all fact, rough, terrible, unusual, sometimes touching, sometimes revolting; the other is all theory, aspiration, fancy. Both are tentative efforts towards something better-chaotic heavings of untrained intellect, and power which has not quite learned to know itself and its strength. But on that very account they are full of interest; their irregularity and imperfections giving evidence of the working of new life. America, as it is in New York drawing-rooms, is something considerably more artificial, conventional, and untrue, than even life in London,-we speak, let us premise, not from personal knowledge, but from the pictures in American books; the New England villages are very much better and more original, yet they are also limited by all the pettiness of a fully established and unchanging life. But very different is the wild existence among the diggings, the chaotic beginning of new empires. In California the Pilgrim Fathers are not the founders, neither are old laws of an old world the foundation upon which the new State is to be built. It is founded rather upon conquest, not of old civilization, but of older nature, and represents to us more nearly what primitive settlements must have been, how Nimrod and Tubal-Cain may have started their new

^{*}The Luck of Roaring Camp; and other Sketches. By Bret Harte. Hotton: London.

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kingdoms, than any more stately impulse of colonization. It is to be hoped that the patriarchs were more innocent in their ways than the diggers, and less skilled in evil; but in their case, as in that of this last embryo of human power, life went first in its rudest principles, and worked itself into law and shape. The shape has scarcely come yet in California, but the life is there, fierce, unruly, and untrainedabounding in evil elements, with nothing beyond some spark of constitutional kindness for the weak and awe of the unknown to represent religion in it-but yet natural, vigorous, and new.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is but one very brief tale out of a dozen. It is a narrative of a short life-that of a baby in one of those curious colonies of golddiggers. It bears every evidence of being true to the life, as a picture studied from the life might be expected to be. It is full of rude figures, without a pretence at civilization even, much less refinement men without conscience or restraint, careless in body and in mind, and rough as the rocks they work among; yet it is long since we have read anything so touching. Here in some dozen pages the whole wild, rude, unlovely life is set before us, utterly denuded of anything elevating or beautiful, unteachable, uncontrollable, and yet with a heart that can be touched, and is still capable of the very simplicity of tenderness in its uncouth way. We are introduced to the camp at a moment of high excitement. A wonderful event has just happened in it. The one wretched woman in the place, an abandoned creature, for whom no one pretends to have either respect or regard, dies in giving birth to a child, and the child is received by the diggers with a wondering reverence, curiosity, and sense of proprietorship, which have the strangest effects upon them. Here is Roaring Camp as it appeared while this event was taking place :-

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of them were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminals, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the noblest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft

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voice, and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term 'rough' applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. haps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient; but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had lost three fingers on his right hand;

the best shot had but one eye.

"Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail on the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. . . . A fire of withered pine-boughs added sociality to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. . . . In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if nature had stopped to listen

"The camp rose to its feet as one man."

When the next step in the story comes, and the loungers are admitted to see the new-born creature, cradled in a candlebox, and placed upon the table, while its mother lies dead, and decently covered over in a corner, the scene is not less characteristic. The dead woman has little or no pity from them, but the new life is wonderful and strange, filling them with curiosity and a sentiment which they do not understand. A hat is placed for contributions for the maintenance of the baby beside its uncouth cradle, and into this all kinds of extraordinary gifts are put -"a silver tobacco-box, a doubloon, a navy revolver, silver-mounted-a gold specimen, a diamond breast-pin, a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he saw that pin, and went two diamonds better),"-all this comes pouring into the hat, while the men pass in a line staring at the infant. The first man who entered had taken off his hat, "and in such communities good and bad actions are catching," and the whole camp thus uncovered to the child, who had been given to it, a novel responsibility and privilege.

"Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box, half-curiously, the child turned, and, in a spaam of pain, caught at his groping finger and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed; something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. 'The d—d little cuss!' he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it—'He rastled with my finger,' he remarked to Tipton, holding up the mem-

ber : 'd-d little cuss !

"It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new-comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust imputation of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused, and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. 'How goes it?' said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy towards the candle-box. 'All serene, repli-ed Stumpy; 'anything up?' 'Nothing.' There was a pause—an embarrassing one
—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy—'Rastled with it, the d—d little cuss!' he said, and retired."

In this amusing, affecting way does the rude economy of the diggers' life,-their profanity, and the touches of feeling of which they are at first ashamed, -become apparent to us. Nothing is softened in the picture—there is no sentiment—nobody is reminded of the innocence of his own cradle in words, as so many moralisthumorists would take pleasure in reminding him. The Camp is not changed at once into a nursery Bethel. But nevertheless, the whole community, in which there is not a single woman left, gets gradually absorbed in the child, and with a shamefaced submission to the soft new yoke which is thus put upon its neck, it knows not how, grows a little cleaner, a little quieter, a little kinder, with a clumsy

surprise at itself which is perfectly well rendered and thoroughly natural. Stormy discussions are held over the best manner of rearing the little orphan; and the whole camp rises herce and unanimous to resist the suggestion of sending the child away to be nursed. When the difficulty is solved by means of ass's milk, they send to Sacramento for baby-clothes with the wildest liberality. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hands, "the best that can be got-lace, you know, and filigree work, and frills,-d-n the cost !" The christening of the baby furnishes another most characteristic scene. One of the wild crew, "a noted wag," had prepared a burlesque of the Church service, which was expected to afford unbounded amusement to the community. Two days were spent in getting up this mock ceremonial, training the choir and making ready all requisites for the fun.

"But after the procession had marched to the grove, with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before the mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the impatient crowd. 'It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys,' said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him; 'but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. . . But,' said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, 'we're here for a christening, and will have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California; so help me God.' It was the first time the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp."

The child thus strangely born and christened became "the Luck" of the wild little colony, and gradually worked the strangest change in his rough subjects. They grew careful of the outer man, in order to be permitted to hold the baby in their unaccustomed arms. The shouting and yelling which procured the camp its name were put down, not to interfere with his slumbers; and by-and-by there might be seen of evenings the strangest scene-the child in the arms of a musical sailor, whose great performance was the ballad of "The Arethusa," ninety stanzas long, which he sang with lugubrious faithfulness, rocking the baby in his arms-"while the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp." During the day the child was carried down with them to "the gulch," from whence the gold was taken, and was placed on a blanket canopied over with a flowery and leafy network of branches done by the hands of his rough nurses, to grow and mature like any other flower in the fresh air-which he did, rewarding them by wonderful instances of sagacity and cleverness. Nothing can be more curious than this picture of the jealous band, shut up among their mountains, receiving no visits from the outside world and permitting none, watching over their mines with angry eyes and prompt revolvers, and hearing of the outside universe only by means of the express-man who brought a rosewood cradle for the Luck, "packed eighty miles by mule," and whose report of them was-" They've a street up there in Roaring that would lay even with any in Red Dog [the next settlement]. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Injin baby." The baby's work of civilization was not, however, destined to go on long. This was how it came to an end.

"The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-tribes. The snow lay deep on the sierras, and every mountain-creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse, that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees, and scat-tering its drifts and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. 'Water put the gold into them gulches,' said Stumpy. 'It's been here once, and will be here again.' And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp. In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had dis-appeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them. It was a relief-boat from down the

river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and

did they belong here?

"It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely-assorted pair, they saw the child was cold and pulseless. 'He is dead,' said one. 'Dead?' he repeated. feebly. 'Yes, my man; and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. 'Dying!' he repeated; 'he's a-taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now.' And the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea."

This sketch, slight and brief as it is, answers the highest and noblest purpose There is more in it than in scores of three-volume novels. It opens to us a whole new and strange world, showing not one man but a crowd of men, sadly abandoned of everything that is lovely and of good report, yet still made in God's image and possessing such qualities, hidden under the crust of profanity and reckless sinfulness, as make us pause and tremble ere we condemn. We venture to say that there are few readers of the "Luck of Roaring Camp" who will not think wistfully and pitifully ever after of the wild and half-savage gold-diggers, with all their terrible ways; and many who will learn from this little tale the wholesome doctrine that now, as eighteen hundred years ago, the publicans and sinners have their day, and are wooed back to the fold by means of which we know nothing, in ways which we are not called upon to judge of. Nothing can be more rude or less lovely than the life here portrayed-nothing can be more simply true than the narrative. Here nothing is hidden, nothing excluded, no false gloss put on; and yet the heart is touched, the mind elevated by the strange tale. There is neither condemnation nor horror of vice in it-vice being a matter of course in the community; yet its tendency is more than virtuous, it is lofty and pure. The reader laughs, but it is with a tear in his eye, which is one of the highest luxuries of feeling; his heart melts over all those rough fellows lying about half dressed, with pistols at their belts, and every kind

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of fierce and terrible recollection in their minds, smoking under the trees, watching the sailor rock and sing to the child, and " entertaining an indistinct idea" that this was "pastoral happiness." There never was a more vivid, never a more affecting picture, drawn in fewer words. It is terse as a drama ought to be, full of light and darkness and atmosphere as a picture, instinct at once with humor and tenderness. Whether Mr. Bret Harte will ever carry out the promise contained in these dozen pages, it is very hard to predict; for he has a gift in another kind, which the blind world is equally ready, or perhaps more ready, to applaud, and which will lead his genius to destruction rather than to full development; but if he were to build upon this real and firm foundation, he might be such a national bard as has not yet arisen in America, -a true exponent of her chaotic youth, her wild vigor of adolescence-the qualities that will ripen, not those which must die.

None of the other short stories in the volume are equal to "Roaring Camp," though "Tennessee's Partner," the "Man of no Account," and the "Idyll of Red Gulch," are all very striking, and show the writer's power of bringing out true human nature, tenderness, and moral beauty out of the saddest wrecks and fragments of humanity. We cannot refrain from quoting an unsuccessful attempt on the part of Tennessee's partner to rescue his principal from the hands of Judge Lynch, who had caught and convicted him of aggravated highway robbery, and was about to hang the culprit. The partner is admitted to the extempore court of justice, on the ground of having something to say for the prisoner; and, coming in with a heavy carpet-bag, shakes hands, "with laborious politeness," with every one in the room.

"'I was passin' by,' he began, by way of apology, 'and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gettin' on with Tennessee thar, my pardner. It's a hot night, I disremember any sich weather before on the har'

"He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological annotation, he again had recourse to his handkerchief, and for some time mopped his face diligently.

"' Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?' said the judge, fiercely. "' That's it,' said Tennessee's partner, in a tone of relief; 'I came yar as Tennessee's pardner, known' him nigh on four years, off

and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allus my ways, but thar ain't any pints in that young man, there ain't any liveliness he's been up to as I don't know. And you say to me, sez you—confidential like, and between man and man—sez you, Do you know anything in his behalf? and I sez to you, sez I—confidential like, as between man and man—What should a man know of his pardner?'

"'Is this all you have to say?' said the judge impatiently, feeling perhaps that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning

to humanize the court.

"'That's so,' continued Tennessee's partner; 'it ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case! Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for him, and you fetches him—and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, being a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen all, as far-minded men, if this isn't so?'

"'Prisoner,' said the judge, interrupting, have you any questions to ask this man?"
"'No, no,' continued Tennessee's partner, hastily. 'I play this yar hand alone. To come down to the bedrock, it's just this: Tennessee thar has played it putty rough and expensive like on a stranger and on this yar camp. And now what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold, and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square?" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

"For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet; several hands groped for hidden weapons; and a suggestion to 'throw him from the window' was only over-ridden by a gesture from the judge. Tennessee laughed; and Tennessee's partner, apparently oblivious of the excitement, improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief."

This curious and slavish, yet tender and lofty devotion, is most touchingly drawn, without an attempt to add any false refinement to the picture. The poor fellow returns his gold dully to his bag, when he finds that he has done more harm than good by this attempt to corrupt the incorruptible Lynch. "This yer is a lone hand played alone and without my pardner," he says as he withdraws—a comical, quaint, pathetic figure, with no sense of right or wrong in him. His speech and his circumstances are alike quaint and strange to us; but it requires no wizard's sight to recognize them as affecting and true.

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We do not pretend to admire in the same way the ballad by the same hand, entitled "The Heathen Chinee." * The profound satire in it is probably too fine to be appreciated in the society from which it sprang: and though there is great humor in the picture, it is not of an attractive kind. The quiet undertone of incredulous surprise and outraged moral feeling, however, with which the Yankee gambler discovers that the mild-looking Coolie is as great a rogue and cheat as himself, is very amusing. The verses are dated Table Mountain, 1870, and no doubt sprang naturally from some scene which caught the wandering humorist's

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The fine strain of moral indignation speaks for itself. We fear that the satire, however, is likely to be more appreciated in spheres where the distinction between the gambling digger and the heathen Chinee is not very apparent, than it is likely to be where its lesson could be of serious use—a danger to which all satire of the finer kind is always subject. We refrain, lest we should shock the delicate ear of the refined reader, from quoting the strange ballads published along with the one above quoted, and in many respects superior to it. But they are simple doggerel, though they are full of truth and nature. The story of "Jim," for instance, is the most absurd travesty of poetry; yet through the tattered vail of its rude verse, the ruder real man, profane and fierce, and ready with blow or revolver, without either morals or manners, but with a heart thrilling through his big frame, and tears that make his eyes dim, stands out clear as any picture. The story called "Dow's Flat" is equally It is still doggerel, but full characteristic. of the quaintest touches of pathetic humor. Here we find the old woman who "did washing, and took on when no one was nigh;" and the unfortunate miner, whose luck was so "powerful mean," that everything went badly with him, until in digging for water he found gold-

"He kinder got that Through sheer contrairines For 'twas water the darned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

We do not profess to admire doggerel in general, or to give it a high place as a vehicle of artistic expression; but shiploads of the smooth English verses with which the earlier poets of America have favored us, would not make up for the life and reality of these strings of irregular words; the fact of such a revelation indeed is true poetry, however rugged the expression may be. Let not Mr. Bret Harte be deluded. His powers of making fun are as nothing in comparison with this power which so few men possess. We have no doubt it is very clever to parody sensation novels, and to win a cheap fame from the follies of others; but the "Luck of Roaring Camp" is worth all the parodies that ever were written. It is such a picture as Young America may hang up in her biggest national gallery when she gets one. It expands our world, and swells our heart with a genuine pity, sympathy, admiration tinctured with sorrow. for those pioneers of the generations who are doing the world's roughest work, and getting sadly soiled in the operation. When the paths of civilization shall have been made over their bones, over the rocks and cairns on their graves, it will be good for posterity to know that some good was in these rude forefathers, as it is for us to have this lamp of clear and brilliant illumination throwing its sudden glare upon camp and gulch. The works of Mr. Bret Harte give, we are convinced, better promise of a true original influence in literature for America than anything we have yet seen from the other side of the Atlantic. The older names in American letters are a hundred times more refined, write better English (though Mr. Harte's narrative style is often most vigorous and pure English), and are more generally admirable personages; but they all form themselves on European models, and have a distant as well as a near audience in their eye. Mr. Harte has had the daring to write what he knows without regard to models; and if he but retains the native force of his beginning, without hankering after those elegances which appear so doubly tempting to the American soul, he will, we do not doubt, win the gratitude of his country, and gain for himself a lasting name.

Another volume of the same class lies before us, but not so clear nor so true. The "Songs of the Sierras" * are, it is evi-

^{*} Printed in the ECLECTIC for June, 1870.

Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. Longmans: 1871.

dent, a genuine native production of those glowing and wealthy wilds of which we know so little. They contain a curious, crude, sometimes almost splendid, promise of original poetry, all colored and fragrant with the brightness and lavish flowery riches of the land it comes from; but this promise is unfortunately smothered too often in what, we trust, is the exuberance of youth, and that tendency to maunder and lose itself in its own abundance, which is so great a drawback to poetry. is a fault which may, and we trust will, mend with experience, and when the first delight of production has calmed down a little; and it is curious to find, in the hasty, impetuous, yet never unrefined poetry of Mr. Miller, the same scenes, the same characters, something of the same sentiment, which pervades the vigorous prose and the animated doggerel of Mr. Harte. The latter is much less dignified, though more graphic; but the former has also gleams of human life in it, like the fireflies in those gorgeous woods. It is worth while to quote the modest and manly preface with which this little volume comes into the world. Mr. Miller throws himself upon the truth as well as upon the sympathy of critics, and makes an impetuous appeal to us to tell him what his career is

"These lines," he says, "were written on the rough edges of the frontier amid the scenes described, where I have spent all but the last few months of my life. There, walled from the world by seas on one hand, and the Sierra Nevada Mountains in savage grandeur on the other, the heart would sometimes hunger after a gentler life, and the soul go out after the sweet ideal—a dove on the waters-and bring back dreams, and with them clothe facts and tales taken from the lips of mountain-men as they sat and told them round their camp and cabin fires, Of such creations are these songs. The city of Mexico was my Mecca, and San Francisco to me a marvel of magnificence and civiliza-I hesitate to confess these facts, lest the clever critic and reader might, on the principle that no good thing can come out of Nazareth, look no further than this admission; and they who only seek a safe opportunity to condemn, do so at once. But feeling that the book, under the circumstances, must have crudities apparent to the cultivated, but which I cannot now correct, I think it due. It must go from my pen to the public without the advantage of criticism before publication. Where this was written, rhyming is considered a mild type of insanity; while here" (New York) "the reading of manuscript to a stranger is very properly deemed an assault with wilful

intent to do bodily harm. "I almost feel that an apology is due for the bold act of a nameless young man leaving the woods of the Great West and seeking the capital of the world" (still meaning New York) * "to publish, and am very doubtful as I write this. I think how much better it might be for me, to say nothing of the reader, to be subduing the land, digging the gold, and moulding the politics of the plastic New World, instead of vexing the brain with fancies, and perhaps courting crucifixion in a strange land. But poetry with me is a passion that defies reason; so I have counted the cost, and will be true to my love. I bring this rough quartz specimen, torn from the outcropping of the ledge, to those who know gold from grosser metal. I am very much in earnest, and invite a correct assay. It would be wrong to let me spoil a good mountaineer to make a bad poet, however much it might please me."

This address prepossesses the critic, and lends him favorable spectacles with which to discern the virtues of the verse; but, after all, though the youthful poet has a natural confidence in our verdict-at least when given in his favor—the matter is not one to be settled by the critic. No criticism, however careful or correct, will mend either poet or man of his errors unless the culprit takes the matter into his own hands. We warn Mr. Miller at once that poetry is a poor trade, except at its very highest flight, and even then, until the poet, by long fighting and slow progress, has vanquished his public; therefore, in heaven's name, let him not spoil a good mountaineer on the chance. That he has struck a new vein of daring, glowing, and real verse, is not to say that he will ever write his name among the stars, or justify that abandonment of common earth for the slippery slopes of Olympus, which has cost so many broken hearts. We do not know enough of him to be able to say whether Wordsworth or Tennyson had done as much at his stage of development, but even that is a fallacious mode of argument; for there are men upon whom fame drops unawares in middle age, as well as those who have taken her temple by storm in the ardor of youth. What we can say is, that there is unbounded fervor, and a great deal of force and

^{*} This is a mistake. The reference throughout is to London.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

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wealth of diction, in several of his poems, and that he has indeed a new world-a virgin land-to draw his imagery and his incidents from; an advantage fully counterbalancing the disadvantage of being walled in by sea and mountains from knowledge of our old, old world, which has crooned out all its miseries and delights into song, and spent its wealth without thought of the future for thousands of lingering

The first poem in the volume is called "Arazonian," we suppose, from the tribe of the Indian girl who shares his cabin with the gold-digger, a lonely nest in the wilderness, thus described :-

"The pines bowed over, the stream bent under, The cabin covered with thatches of palm, Down in a cafion so deep, the wonder Was what it could know in its clime but calm. Down in a cañon so cleft asunder By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime, It looked as if broken by bolts of thunder, Riven and driven by turbulent time."

Here the lawless miner toils, torturing his hapless brown companion with the knowledge that it is not for her but for another that he works and hoards. His contemptuous hardness and her passion are rendered with considerable force and truth :

"She stood in the shadows as the sun went down, Fretting her curls with her fingers brown, As tall as the silk-tipped tasselled corn—
Stood strangely watching as I weighed the gold
We had washed that day where the river rolled; And her proud lip curled with a sun-clime scorn, As she asked, 'Is she better or fairer than I?— She, that blonde in the land beyond, Where the sun is hid and the seas are high-That you gather in gold as the years go on, And hoard and hide it away for her As a squirrel burrows the black-pine burr?'

Now the gold weighed well, but was lighter of weight

Than we two had taken for days of late, So I was fretted, and, brow a-frown, I said, 'She is fairer, and I loved her first, And shall love her last, come the worst to worst.' Now her eyes were black, and her skin was brown, But her lips grew livid, and her eyes afire As I said this thing: and higher and higher The hot words ran, when the booming thunder Pealed in the crags and the pine-tops under; While up by the cliff in the murky skies It looked as the clouds had caught the fire— The flash and fire of her wonderful eyes,

She turned from the door, and down to the river, And mirrored her face in the whimsical tide; Then threw back her hair, as if throwing a quiver; As an Indian throws it back far from his side, And free from his hands, swinging fast to the

When rushing to battle; and, rising, she sighed, And shook and shivered as aspens shiver.

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I lay in my hammock: the air was heavy And hot and threat'ning; the very heaven Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr, As I peered down by the path for her; She stood like a bronze bent over the river, The proud eyes fixed, the passion unspoken, When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken. Then, ere I fairly had time to give her A shout of warning, a rushing of wind And the rolling of cloud with a deafening din, And a darkness that had been black to the blind, Came down as I shouted, 'Come in! come in! Come under the roof, come up from the river, As up from a grave—come now, or come never! The tasselled tops of the pines were as weeds, The red woods rocked like to lake-side reeds And the world seemed darkened and drowned for-

One time in the night as the black wind shifted, And a flash of lightning stretched over the stream, I seemed to see her with her brown hands lifted-Only seemed to see, as one sees in a dream-With her eyes wide wild and her pale lips pressed, And the blood from her brow and the flood to her breast;

When the flood caught her hair as the flax in the wheel

And wheeling and whirling her round like a reel, Laughed loud her despair, then leapt long like a

Holding tight to her hair, folding fast to her heel, Laughing fierce, leaping far, as if spurred to its

Now mind, I tell you all this did but seem-Was seen as you see fearful scenes in a dream, For what the devil could the lightning show In a night like that, I should like to know?"

After this terrible scene the man cannot rest quiet in his lonely cabin. He complains with a pitiful repetition that he was not to blame :-

"Now mind, I tell you I cried, 'Come in! Come in to the house, come out from the hollow, Come out of the storm, come up from the river! Cried, and called, in that desolate din, Though I did not rush out, and in plain words

give her A wordy warning of the flood to follow, Word by word, and letter by letter,— But she knew it as well as I, and better."

This attempt at self-exculpation he goes over again and again, -asking, Is it fair, then, that something should follow him up and down everywhere?

"Dimly limning in each fair place The full fixed eyes and the sad brown face."

He gathers his hoards together, and sets out for the distant place in which dwells the "blonde" who has, he fondly hopes, been waiting his return, "waking by night and watching by day," for more years than he cares to reckon. All at once he comes upon her, standing with her pitchers at "the town-pump" (we would have said village-well—but why think of conventional phrases? Mr. Miller in his headlong tale has time only to be true), as she had been used to do before they parted. The man is stunned at the sight of her, "marvellous young and wondrous fair," as fresh, and lovely, and unfaded as when he left her. Why does that "sad proud figure begin to swim" before his eyes, as he gazes on the first and last possessor of his heart? Why should it rise between him and his love now? "I had called to her twice 'Come in, come in,'" he cries once more, and reasons with him-

"I said then to myself, and I say it again, Gainsay it you, gainsay it who will, I shall say it over and over still, And will say it ever, for I know it true, That I did all that a man could do (Some good men's doings are done in vain) To save that passionate child of the sun;

And all I did,
As often happens, was done in vain;
So there is no bit of her blood on me."

Thus endeavoring to comfort himself, he draws nearer, wondering and gazing at the girl at the well; asking himself in amazement how it is that no change has come to pass in her, when so many come to him: The reader, of course, will divine the conclusion.

" How wonderful young !' I lifted my fingers And fell to counting the round years over That I had dwelt where the sun goes down, Four full hands and a finger over. She does not know me, her truant lover, I said to myself, for her brow was a-frown As I stepped still nearer, with my head held down All abashed and in blushes my brown face over; She does not know me, her long-lost lover, For my beard's so long and my skin's so brown, That I well might pass myself for another. So I lifted my voice and I spoke aloud: Annette, my darling ! Annette Macleod? She started, she stopped, she turned, amazed; She stood all wonder with her eyes wild-wide Then turned in terror down the dusky wayside And cried, as she fled, 'The man is crazed, And cails the maiden name of my mother !' "

This poem is full of wild power, and has enough of dramatic interest to carry the reader on; the subtle self-defence of the man which runs all through it,—his uneasy sense of guilt, and consciousness of a good plea, an excuse which must be

heard; his indignation and appeal against the brown sad face which pursues him, notwithstanding that he had called her to come in, and done all a man could do; and the vehement misery, sinking to despair, of the end,—are traced with an unfaltering hand. The reader is not called to sympathize, but only to look on as the wild heart and life are turned out for his inspection with all their wrongs and wounds:—

"I have no one to love me, now not one, In a world as full as a world can hold!"

he cries, with a half-furious, half-despairing sense of all that he has lost; and then he takes up the strain with which he began:—

"Go down, go down to the fields of clover,
Down with the kine in the pastures fine,
And give no thought, or care, or labor,
For maid or man, good woman or neighbor,
For I have given, and what have I?
Given all my youth, my years, and labor,
And a love as warm as the world is cold,
For a beautiful, bright, and delusive lie;
Gave youth, gave years, gave love for gold;
Giving and getting, yet what have I
But an empty palm, and a face forgotten,
And a hope that's dead, and a heart that's rotten?"

Thus the story, commenced in glowing love and storm, in selfish hope for himself and indifference to others, finishes amid a misanthropical despair. No doubt such tales have been told many a day by the camp-fires and among the mountains, and the rush and passion of the strain accord with the character of the subject. This is Mr. Miller's best poem. In the others he either loses himself among the tropical forests or in the equally tropical passions which he paints; in these, however, we may add, there is nothing to revolt the reader, though there may be an unnecessary dwelling now and then upon lips and limbs, and "veins that throb, and swell, and work." "With Walker in Nicaragua" is full of the same irresistible warmth and force, and almost headlong motion. The chief is not one whose name is held in high honor among us; but this young Southern, with his blood boiling in his veins, and fire in his heart, does not profess to be guided by our laws. The filibuster chief is to him a demigod :-

> "A piercing eye, a princely air, A presence like a chevalier— Half angel and half Lucifer,"

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"I simply say he was my friend," he adds-defying the world to say what it will of his dead chief-with the fervor of hot partisanship made hotter by grief, We quote from this poem what appears to us a very remarkable description of a Mexican forest.

"How wound we through the solid wood, With all its broad boughs hung in green, With lichen mosses trailed between ! How waked the spotted beasts of prey, Deep sleeping from the face of day, And dashed them, like a troubled flood, Down some defile and denser wood!

And snakes—long, lithe, and beautiful, As green and graceful-boughed bamboo-Did twist and twine them through and through The boughs, that hung red-fruited full.

The trees shook hands high overhead, And bowed and intertwined across The narrow way; while leaves and moss, And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red, Through the cool canopy of green, Let not one sunshaft shoot between,

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red, Or drooped in curved lines dreamily— Rainbows reversed from tree to tree; Or sang, low-hanging overhead -Sang low, as if they sang and slept, Sang faint, like some far waterfall, And took no note of us at all, Though ripe nuts crushed at every step.

Wild lilies, tall as maidens are, As sweet of breath, as pearly fair, As fair as faith, as pure as truth, Fell thick before our every tread, As in a sacrifice to ruth; And all the air with perfume filled, More sweet than ever man distilled; The ripened fruit a fragrance shed, And hung, in hand-reach overhead, In nest of blossoms on the shoot, The bending shoot that bore the fruit.

How ran the monkeys through the leaves, How rush'd they through, brown-clad and blue! Like shuttles hurried through and through The threads a hasty weaver weaves,

How quick they cast us fruits of gold, Then loosened hand and all-foothold, And hung limp, limber, as if dead-Hung low and listless overhead ! And all the time, with half-oped eyes Bent full on us in mute surprise, Looked wisely too, as-wise hens do, That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through, from blossomed trees, There came the sweet song of sweet bees, With chorus tones of cockatoo, That slid his beak along the bough, And walked and talked, and hung and swung,

In crown of gold and coat of blue-The wisest fool that ever sung, Or had a crown, or held a tongue."

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All this warmth and glow of diction, and the almost wild force of realism in it, seems to us another proof that it is a new spring which has bubbled up with a rush in the somewhat flat and tame plains of literature in America. It is imperfect and uncertain as yet; but we cannot but hope that its maturing tide will produce worthy

There is another series of American ballads, recently published, which seem to demand notice, at once from their popularity and from their unlikeness to those which we have just discussed. "The Breitmann Ballads" * do not reach within a thousand miles of Bret Harte. His productions may be doggerel; but these are jargon, and throughout there is nothing in them beyond the most conventional farce and vulgar travesty of nature. The habitues of a New York lager-beer establishment may be interesting in their way, just as the people who frequent a London music-hall may be interesting; but we avow that to ourselves the pursuit of knowledge in such regions is not attractive. The renowned poem beginning "Hans Breitmann gife a barty," though, as we are told in the preface to the English edition, "these words have actually passed into a proverbial expression," proves but too clearly that the music-hall public has become a large one, and is likely to initiate a literature of its own. It has nothing really comic in it save the jargon, which provokes a laugh by the poorest means-means of which the Ethiopian minstrel has already taken full possession. Why these verses should have been honored by serious criticism as they have been, we are at a loss to discover. That the reader may judge for himself, we quote one of the very best-the description of Breitmann's return to Sherman's camp after a captivity among the Southerners. This incident is said to be a matter of fact. It was preceded by a feat which General Sherman is said with some humor to have commented on as follows :-

"Der Shinral he ootered no hymn and no poalm, But opened his lips, and he priefly say d-n!

^{*} The Breitmann Ballada, London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

Breitmann's return happens after a captivity of three weeks, and great lamentation among his devoted followers, who at his first appearance take him for a ghost.

⁶⁶ Und ve looks und ve sees, und ve tremples mit tread,

For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

Vas Johannes der Breitman, der war es, bei Gott!

Coom ridin' to oosward, right shtraight to de shoot.

All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oopshoompin' hearts,

For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz, Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say, 'Ave Morie!

Braise Gott all good shpirids py land und py sea !'

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose, Und be mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his clothes,

For he seemed like a generalissimus drest In a vlamin' new coat and magnificent vest. Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he wore, Und a cold-mounted swordt like a Kaisar he

bore;
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt or votever he pe,
Moost have proken some panks on his vay to de

'Id is he!' Und er lebt noch, he lifes, ve all say,

Der Breitman—Oldt Breitman—Hans Breitman
—Herr Je!

Und ve roosh to emprace him, and shtill more ve find

Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding behind. In bofe of his poots dere was porte-moneys cram-

Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,

In his bockets cold dollars were shinglin' deir dooms,

Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen shpoons, Und dwo silber teapods for makin' his dea, Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, en route to de

Mit goot sweed botatoes und doorkies und rice, Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice; Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, alle svie ein.

cin,
Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.
Den 'tvas 'Here's to you, Breitman, Alt Schwed'-

bist zurtick, Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights

veek?'
Und ve holds von shtupendous und derriple shpree,

For choy dat der Breitman has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitman hat peen,

Vot he tid, vot he pass droo, or vot he might seen?

Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,

Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea pods and shpoons?

For to all of dem queeries he only reblies, If you dells me no quesdions I ashks you no lies!"

Few things could be more odd than the transition from these wild narratives of lawless life to the curious set of books which open up the feminine side of American character in its newest phase-from the "Luck of Roaring Camp" to "Gates Ajar;" * and yet perhaps the difference is not so great as it seems. The gold-diggers, in their utter lawlessness and indifference to God and man, are touched to the very heart by the strange and sudden coming into their rude hands of a little germ of human life, an infant wrapped in the mysterious silence and holy seclusion of babyhood. That strange sense of the unseen about and around them, which Wordsworth, in the noblest of odes, considers as an intimation of immortality, suddenly comes into the midst of the Californian camp in the form of this child, and every heart bows down to that unexplainable, irresistible power. Conventional piety, or even the purest religion in its formal shape, would probably have affected only to ridicule and profanity the band which fell prostrate before that little messenger of God. It is the same idea which struggles to get expression, through harder mediums, in the "Gates Ajar." Those gates are the gates of heaven; and the shadowy beings of the tale, impatient of all the conventional interpretations of common religiousness, are straining on tiptoe for just such a glimmer of insight into the unseen which their baby missionary suffices to give to the unspiritual dig-The one scene is wildly primitive, -dealing with the very elements and chaotic undeveloped forces of humanity; the other is but too much instructed, struggling to escape from the deadening of all the faculties consequent upon familiarity with sacred subjects, and to find for itself some crevice in the skies to let the glory through. The wonderful success of the "Gates Ajar" is of itself one of the most touching facts in literature. The book is not very good. It is an agonized straining after an impossibility—one of those attempts made so often by the doubting and unhappy to console themselves and strengthen their faith by means of arguments which they endeavor to give force to by saying over and over again that they are strong. The process is a

^{*} Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Sampson Low & Co.

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very common one; and everybody knows how often he is called upon to receive arguments of this kind-pleas for patience, encouragements to faith, and explanations of God's dealing with man-as overwhelmingly convincing, when to him they have no significance nor point at all. But the fact that there are always thousands of people (Miss Phelps's little book sold, we believe, as many as a hundred thousand copies) whose hearts are wrung by anxious longings to see, if it were ever so small a way, within those gates which are ajar indeed, but veiled by their brightness as much as any gloom could veil themis as affecting as anything can well be. The story of "Gates Ajar" is a very simple one. It is that of a young woman in an American village-one of those little places now so well known to us, where the minister and Deacon Quirk inquire very closely into everybody's spiritual affairs, and the whole community is interested in ascertaining whether or not a sufferer bears his or her grief as he or she ought. This solitary girl receives suddenly the news of her only brother's death, and, while half crazed with grief, is driven wild altogether by the consolations addressed to her, which are made cheerful by the assurance that probably spiritualminded persons will recognize each other in heaven, and that their occupation there will be to stand up with golden harps and sing praises forever-an occupation for which poor Mary does not feel herself fitted, and which seems to her to part her forever from all her old loving intercourse with her brother. Suddenly there arises upon the scene, full of sweet and pious wisdom, a certain Aunt Winifred, who makes everything plain. "You don't suppose," cries poor Mary, struggling with her old notions and startled by a sense of profanity, though longing to accept the consolation held out to her-"you don't suppose that people talk in heaven?"

"'I don't suppose anything else. Are we to spend ages of joy a company of mutes to-gether? Why not talk?

"' I suppose we should sing; but-"'Why not talk as well as sing? does not song involve the faculty of speech? unless you would like to make canaries of us!"

"'Ye-es-why, yes; and you mean to

say-"
"I mean to say that if there is such a thing as common-sense, you will talk with Roy as you talked with him here—only not

as you talked with him here, because there will be no trouble nor sins, no anxieties or cares, to talk about; no ugly shade of cross words or little quarrels to be made up, no fearful looking for of separation.

"I laid my head upon her shoulder, and could hardly speak for the comfort that she gave me.

" 'Yes; I believe we shall talk, and laugh, and joke, and play-

"'Laugh and joke in heaven?'
"'Why not?'

" But it seems so-so-why, so wicked and irreverent, and all that, you know.'
"Iust then Faith . . . laughed out like

a little wave ; the sound came in at the open door, and we stopped to listen till it had rip-

"'There,' said her mother, 'put that child this very minute, with all her little sins forgiven, into one of our dear Lord's many mansions, and do you suppose that she would be any the less holy or less reverent for a laugh like that? I expect that you will hear some of Roy's very old jokes, see the sparkle in his eye, listen to his laughing voice lighten up the happy days as gleefully as you may choose.'

"I wonder if Roy has seen the President. Aunt Winifred says she does not doubt it. She thinks that all the soldiers must have crowded up to meet him, and 'Oh,' she says, what a sight to see !"

This is the kind of argument which restores peace and happiness to the bosom of the bereaved sister. The cheerful view of heaven here set forth is carried on to further details; and the opinion of Aunt Winifred, who confides to her pupil her own speculations as to the kind of house she shall live in, the flowers she shall have under her windows, and the mountains and trees which shall be visible from them, in that one of the "many mansions" which shall be allotted to her, is contrasted with many other views of heaven, as held by the community of Homer, the town in which they live. One of the girls in Aunt Winifred's class at the Sundayschool, for instance, is asked, "What sort of a place she supposed heaven was going to be?"

"'Oh!' she said, with a dreary sigh, 'I never think about it when I can help it; I suppose we shall all just stand there."
"'And you?' I asked of the next, a

bright girl with snapping eyes.

"Do you want me to talk good or tell the truth?" she answered me. Having been given to understand that she was not expect-ed to 'talk good' in my class, she said,

with an approving decided nod, 'Well, then, I don't think it's going to be anything nice, anyhow—no, I don't! I told my last teacher so, and she looked just as shocked, and said I never should go there so long as I felt so. That made me mad, and I told her I didn't see but I should be as well off in one place as another, except for the fire.'

"A silent girl in the corner began at this point to look interested. 'I always supposed,' she said, 'that you just floated round in heaven, you know, all together-something like jujube paste!""

Deacon Quirk's opinion is more orthodox. He is clear upon the subject of the white robes and the palm in his hand, which he expects to carry; but, on being questioned as to how he would feel if suddenly taken from the potato-field in which he is working, and put into this heavenly existence, answers candidly that "I can't say that I shouldn't wonder a moment maybe how Abinadab would ever get those potates hoed without me" It is, however, unnecessary to pursue either the narrative or the argument. It is an argument, of course, just as little satisfactory and as easily upset—and, indeed, as contrary to the true hope of humanity, which does not really look for an easy repetition of this life in the life to comeas is the old vague theory which this book so triumphantly puts down. But our business is not with the force of the argument, but with the fact of its existence. curious little book, full from beginning to end of such reasoning, with much less than usual of quaint village fun to enliven it, rose to the very height of popularity by reason of its subject. This throws a very strange light upon that seething continent, in which so many different elements are mingling. Miss Phelps has written two books since, both distinctly superior in point of art, but neither half so popular as her first production. Thus, by the side of the wild world of rude and carnal life, spreads this other world of eager spiritual curiosity which crowds round the gates of the unseen, eager to gain a glimpse not afforded to the common mass; and whether it be by absorbing thought and speculation, or by intervention of spiritual help, gives itself up to the search after things invisible, the elucidation of those problems which are between God and man. The domestic school of novels everywhere, and especially in America, is always pious; but this is something more

than piety. It is spiritual exploration, the heat of spiritual adventure; a determination to know more and see more clearly than it is given to man to see or to know.

Of the same class is a novel called Hitherto,"* which is brimful of this strange consciousness of the unseen. It is a peculiar book-not likely, perhaps, to acquire any great popularity among soberminded people; and full of quaint vulgarities and that funny admiration for the commonest refinements of life which crops up even in the best class of American novels, as if the writers were unaccustomed to them-which cannot possibly be the case with all. The story is of a dreamy poetical girl living in a mist of fancy, who does all but alienate from her the affections of her honest and tender-hearted husband, but who fortunately is brought at last to see the error of her ways: and of a wonderful and perfect creature called Hope Devine, who starts from a workhouse, and, through the easy stages of domestic service in a farmhouse, blossoms into an accomplished lady. This, the reader will think, is sufficiently miraculous: but it is done with a great deal of natural grace, and somehow does not seem so out of the question, on reading, as at the first glance it looks. It is, however, its spiritual side—the extraordinary pressure of the unseen everywhere, without, however, any relapse into the vulgar supernatural—which is the charm of the book. It is too long, too dreamy and meditative, and its peculiar beliefs are too much woven in with the story, to permit of quotation; but though it is quite different from "Gates Ajar," it is an illustration of the same state of feeling. The gates are ajar, too, in Mrs. Whitney's book; but the revelation, or fancied revelation of strange light which shines through them, concerns not the dead but the living. The whole of existence is wrapped in that veil, which gives meaning and mystery to its slightest incidents. Here is an instance of this constant reference to spiritual things, in one of the many monologues of Hope Devine :-

"It's enough to be close to things," she said; "it's only really to concern yourself with them. You haven't time to live them all and every one for youself. To know all

^{*} Hitherto: A Story of Yesterday. By Mrs. Whitney.

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about anything is to have it—the good of it. I think it's easy for the angels to be happy so—they know, you see. It's easiest of all for God. Perhaps He shows us things sometimes, and puts them away again for us, to give us by-and-by, when we are bigger; as mothers do with children's playthings that are too beautiful for them to have right off."

Hope is the seer of the book. She sees no uncanny sights,—she is no medium nor priestess of so-called spiritualism; but she is a spiritual interpreter of that unseen which seems to press upon all the personages in the little drama with a force and nearness which demand explanation. She shuts her eyes, when a child, and sees, filling up the stories in her story-books with infinite details. "I think hard, and then I see 'em," she says; and when her matter-offact companion objects, "When you shut your eyes you ain't really there," Hope replies quickly with the most irresistible of arguments, "You can't see anything that isn't." Her dreams, her fancies, the things she wishes and hopes for, all are in a way-if not now, hereafter-if not for her, for some one else. They are part of the great invisible life of which she is but a little piece—a corner broken off. this subtle spiritual sense-if we may use such a word—this consciousnesss of the unseen, embraces the visible world all round about, appearing at every chink in a suppressed yet unquenchable glow of light.

Miss Phelps's two later books have not been, as we have said, nearly so popular as the "Gates Ajar," but they are better as stories, and of a higher class in art. The little volume entitled "Hedged In" is the story of a poor little city girl, brought up among vice and wretchedness, who "fell at a very early age"-if anything could be called falling in such a condition of incipient evil as the lives of so many wretched children must begin and end in-and who struggled into a better life, and redeemed herself by indomitable energy and the help of one of those miraculous good women who are to be found in some women's books, and notably in the books of Americans. Perhaps these wonderful purities and sanctities-who are so stainless that they are above public opinion, and so courageous that they are capable of picking a beggar off the streets, and of restoring the Madalene by the process of admitting her into the society of

their own women-children-may be more common in America than elsewhere. We hope so; yet cannot but think the writer is here drawing upon imagination rather than experience. The search of the poor little guilty and outcast girl for some means of "living honest" is, however, wonderfully pathetic. Her conviction "that there must be somewheres, and there must be folks" who will take her in and help; her dull conventional consciousness that she must have been wicked, yet honest sense, after all, that she is not a bad girl, and that with all her heart she desires to "stay honest;" her wondering question to herself whether God has not any "folks" who would help her; and the gradual stupefying despair which closes over her,are all most simply and truly drawn. There is no exaggeration in the picture no high-flown remorse nor indignation. Her consience is not awake, poor child (for she is not sixteen), and yet she has a dull sense that her sufferings, and the hardness of the "folks" who turn her from their doors, are natural and to be expected. Nixy, however, is much less true when she is restored and cherished into life-when she becomes Eunice, and a very clever and accomplished young woman. Such a transformation of course may be; but there is no particular reason that we can make out for endowing a girl with a specially fine mind and sensitive feelings because she has been brought up in misery and degradation, and has had everything against her. Neither is it well to conduct her through so painful a process of training, and bring her successfully over all her trials, only to kill her at the last. This is balking the whole argument, which is intended to prove the possibility of escape and rehabilitation even for a fallen woman. Nor is it just to make a helpless victim like this the type of a fallen woman. The world is very hard and evil-judging, but it is not, at its worst, so hard yet as to keep up against a poor little girl of sixteen, without training or possibility of innocence, the stigma due to conscious impurity. It is perhaps necessary to the scrupulous whiteness of the feminine ideal that poor Nixy should be so young and ignorant that her sin is reduced to the minimun of guilt; and that, not-withstanding, she should develop into something so ethereally pure that the ghost of this sin haunting her thoughts should eventually kill her, after all its evil consequences had been surmounted; but this is not a lesson which will be of much advantage to the race—which would fain see a way of redeeming commonplace sinners out of the horrible pit without hoping to make saints of them, or expecting to receive a new gospel of ethereal purity from

their repentant lips.

The "Silent Partner" * is such an illustration of social life as it is painful to receive from a country which we still insist upon calling the New World. Alas! it is evidently a world in which the old miseries have soon made for themselves a home, and in which some of the sharpest of our social problems have presented themselves for solution, with all the pertinacity and difficulty they display in the most ancient surroundings. This book is a story of factorylife in the United States, as discovered, to her wonder and horror, by the heroine, who is made by her father's sudden death the "Silent Partner" in a great cotton-mill. Chance leads her to make acquaintance, in the midst of her luxury and the pleasantness of her yonth, with a mill-girl of her own age-one of those high-minded, deep-thinking, and imaginative mill-girls, more common (perhaps fortunately) in books than out of them, whose reflections and observations are all conveyed in language which we have no doubt is thoroughly true and genuine-it has all the ring of a real dialect-but with an intelligence and insight which are somewhat doubtful in the circumstances. This girl reveals to the young lady the foundations on which her wealth is built-such a mass of misery and suffering as it is terrible to contemplate. It may have happened to some reader, as it did to ourselves a long time ago-more years than one cares to count-to see a certain curious volume, made up of very fine little essays and stories on the model of the old annuals, entitled the "Lowell Offering," which was written and published by the mill-girls at Lowell. This book, we remember well, was the wonder and admiration of our own youthful mind. The mill-girls, as represented in it, were highly educated and extremely literary young women, many of them the daughters of poor gentlefolks, who had taken up-some out of a high-minded desire for independence, some to help in the education of a brother, or maintenance of a fatherless family—a life of honest work, in which no loss of position or self-respect was involved. It was bewildering-but we were assured it was true; and Mr. Dickens, in his "American Notes" vouched for the existence of this Utopian factory-town, with all its laborious young ladies-wonderful rosetinted personages, who worked in the mill all day, and wrote lovely little stories signed Araminta or Clotilda at night. Alas! either Lowell was a dream, or it has become so. Miss Phelps's cotton-spinning town of Five Falls is something very different. The misery and despair of the spinners is perhaps, though we are not told so, aggravated by the general prosperity of the country round them, and by the sight of comfort and well-being that they cannot share. And perhaps in a cotton town of Lancashire it might be too easy to produce parallels to poor old Bijah Mudge, to the Mell family, and to the unhappy Catty, a victim to cotton before she was born. But all this comes upon us by surprise after the pretty romance, if it was a romance, about the young ladies who were factory-girls at Lowell, and in face of our conviction that whatever else may be deficient, bread and comfort are almost too plentiful in America. Here is what Bijah Mudge says, who is fond of raving of "Ten-Hours Bills," and who has been one of the witnesses before a Committee of the State, and has thus got himself dismissed from the factory at which he worked :-

"No, marm, I'm not out of my head; I'm only a troublesome character out of work in a free country. . . . If I'd been'a younger man, I'd not have took it quite so hard, mebbe. A younger man might set his hand to this and that; but I've worked to factories fifty-six years, and I was very old to get my notice unexpected, I'm sixty-six years old. ... Now this is what I had to say; in the name of the State of Massachusetts, this is what I've got to say. I've worked to fac-tories fifty-six years. I haven't got drunk not since I was fifteen years old. I've been about as healthy, take it off and on, as most folks, and I guess about as smart. I'm a moral man; and I used to be a Methodist class-teacher. I've worked to factories fiftysix years steady, and I'm sixty-six years old, and in the poor-us.

"I don't know what the boys would say if they see me in the poor-us. "It kind o' bothers me, off and on, what

[•] The Silent Partner. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Sampson Low & Co. London: 1871.

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the boys would say. . . . 1've worked fiftysix years, and I've earned my bread and butter, and my shoes and hats, and I give the boys a trade, and I give 'em hansome coffins; and now, I'm sixty-six years old and in the poor-us."

What could the most wretched Lancashire "hand" say more? And this is America—the land of plenty and of promise! We have no space, however, to follow the discoveries made by the heroine in her anxious search; nor the somewhat visionary and fantastic means she takes to soothe the wounded spirits, notably by little tea parties, at which they are asked to meet her fashionable and astonished friends-a most truly American and young-lady-like way of making the spinners happy. Neither can we do more than note the equally characteristic decision of both the heroines of the book against marriage—a decision which, for our own part, does not alarm us about the future fate of the American nation as it does some credulous good people. The obstinate celibates are not likely, we believe, ever to be in anything but a very small minority.

We have left ourselves no room to consider the crowd of other slim, and, on the whole, pleasant volumes which lie before us. For instance, the works of Miss Alcott, the first of which, "An Old-Fash-

ioned Girl," is a protest against the extraordinary rôle of young-ladyhood in America, where girls are engaged to little lovers at six or seven, and where dress, jewelry, and flirtation begin in the nursery. "Little Women" and "Little Men" are moral stories of the same class, where the dialect is all very choice American, and the amount of absolute goodness and Christian virtue revealed to us is enough to save a great many Sodoms, and is, we trust, as true to fact as it is agreeable to read of. The "Old-Fashioned Girl" affords us, besides, a very queer sketch of the manners and habits of the young women of art and literature who have set up for themselves to live a jolly and independent life on the model of their "brothers," the artist and journalist class, which we should have liked to quote. There is the most amusing and conscious air of sham in the whole proceeding, which makes the importance with which it is produced, and the weight the author attaches to it, as a picture of the new and higher life, infinitely funny, and proves how curiously capable the inexperienced mind is of placing, without knowing it, a bit of utter unreality in the heart of a picture full of uncompromising realism. To such a writer, what she sees is safe ground; but what she imagines, very doubtful indeed.

Macmillan's Magazine.

CENTENARIANISM.

THE somewhat unwieldy word standing at the head of this page is coined in order to take the place of that much-abused term "longevity," which is often made to do duty in a restricted sense, to its detriment. Longevity simply means "length of life;" and it can serve no good purpose to limit its application to those cases of length of life which are beyond the normal period among men: it is required for more general use; and hence we may, with advantage, speak of old people who reach or exceed one hundred years of age as examples of centenarianism, instead of calling them examples of longevity. Every now and then, with more frequency and regularity than is presented by perhaps any other periodic topic, centenarianism excites the public interest. Another case is announced of an individual having exceeded one hundred years of age; paragraphs go the round of the newspapers, the medical journals report on the case, Sir George Cornewall Lewis is declared to be refuted, and the subject drops. It is a little strange at first sight, this interest which is manifested in monstrosities of life-duration. The men and women who have so far distinguished themselves among their fellow-creatures as to exceed greatly the average height, have never attracted so much attention as have the long-livers; and yet it is probably as rare for a man to exceed eight feet in height as to live beyond the hundredth year, -indeed, we believe much rarer. No one asks the details of the life of an eight-foot gianthow much pudding he took as a boy in order to attain his astounding dimensions

-apparently because nobody believes that any administration of pudding or its correlatives would make a boy, who was going to be five foot four, into a man of larger size. Possibly, moreover, not very many persons are greatly anxious to attain large dimensions. It is not so, however, with long-livers: even to-day all classes of society take an interest, which is something profound, in the details of life of a long-liver; they would fain imitate the centenarian, and by copying his mode of living inherit his years. Even where there is no intention of pursuing a system of diet and manner of life, people seem to like to know how they could, if they chose, lengthen their years. There is a relic of the old times, of the search for the elixir vita, in this kind of thing: that great enthusiasm of past days, which served an important part in opening for us the door of science, is still alive. Clearly the people who take more interest in the lesson to be learned from the diary of a centenarian than from the report of a Registrar-General or a medical officer of health, are yet mediæval in their views of life and death. The real fact seems to be that the man who exceeds one hundred years of life has no more to teach us than the man who exceeds eight feet in height: both are monstrosities, and attain their special distinction by no particular behavior on their part. A certain amount of care will produce its due effect on the longevity of any individual; but there is a set limit beyond which it cannot be extended. In some individuals this limit is at a greater distance than it is in the most of mankind, and if they escape the accidents of disease and violence they live longer than other men: the cases of these men must be looked upon as distinctly abnormal; they are to be held as freaks of nature, monsters-giants of age; just as we have converse cases recorded of dwarfs of age-human beings who become old after twelve years of life, and began to exhibit senile decay at a time when ordinary men are still growing children.

Longevity, as we have elsewhere pointed out,* is of several kinds, which need to be distinguished. There is the longevity characteristic of species of plants and animals, men included,—that is to say, the

age which each individual of the species born may be expected to reach; this is average specific longevity, and is a very low figure indeed as compared with other kinds of longevity. For Europeans it does not appear to be above forty years. This average longevity is brought to so low a figure by the great amount of death in the first years of life. By an excess of deaths in early life the average longevity of a species or of any given group of individuals might be brought down to a year or two, though the individuals which did survive might, some of them, enjoy a century of life. This brings us to a second kind of longevity also characterizing species-that which agrees with what has been called "the lease of life," and which we call potential specific longevity. The age to which a creature would attain, supposing it to escape all the dangers of youth, the diseases and accidents which are lurking about the life-way, and to die simply of old age, would represent the "potential longevity" of that kind of plant or animal. Very few beings ever manage to exhibit this-certainly very few men; but men are sufficiently anxious about the matter, and many have taken so much pains to live long, by avoiding all dangers, that we have good ground to suppose that the lease of life of the present race of men is normally something between seventy and one hundred years. Care may enable a man to expend very nearly his full lease; but nothing which he can do, no power under heaven, can enable him to add a day to that term, any more than by taking thought a cubit may be added to his stature. And now we see the relations which centenarians hold to other men in this matter. They are not persons who have taken more care than the less rare but equally admirable octogenarians; they have simply been born with a greater potential longevity—a longer lease of life-and they have had the good or bad luck to remain tenants for very nearly as long as the lease was good. It is impossible to guess how many, but doubtless thousands of possible centenarians die before they are a year old, and thousands more at all ages: had they got by the one fatal corner where they fell, the whole road would have been clear for a hundred years.

Regarding then, as we do, centenarians as instances of extreme or "abnormated as instances of extreme or "abnormated as instances" and the second as the sec

^{* &}quot;Comparative Longevity in Man and Animals," Macmillan. 1870.

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longevity," of which it is worth remarking we have two forms, the abnormally small* and the abnormally great, we can abnormally great at one hundred years, as Sir George Cornewall Lewis was at one time inclined to do, nor even at one hundred and three or four, to which limit he was afterwards induced to advance. Our à priori impressions are distinctly in favor of a much wider limit, reaching perhaps, in the very rarest cases, to the one hundred and fifty years attributed to some celebrities, such as Old Parr, Henry Jenkins, and the Countesses of Desmond and Eccleston. Indeed, the great German, Haller, has uttered what is probably the truest dictum yet put forward in the matter: "The ultimate limit of human life does not exceed two centuries: to fix the exact number of years is exceedingly

When an unusually well-attested case of centenarianism turns up-as for instance the recent one of Mr. Luning, at Morden College, Blackheath,-the newspapers and journals always bring in the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, attribute certain opinions to him, and demolish them by aid of the new case. This is one way of keeping up the interest in the specimens of abnormal longevity; but inasmuch as several well-attested cases of persons exceeding a hundred years of age were adduced at the time when Sir George was interested in this matter, and were actually admitted by him not long before he died as sufficiently conclusive to make him modify the opinion he had held, viz., that there was no proof of the existence of centenarians, we are fully warranted in concluding that the importance attached to such cases from this point of view is as delusive as is the interest they gain from the supposition that we can learn by them how to live long ourselves. What Sir George Lewis at one time stated (it was during the last few months of his life that he brought his valuable sceptical criticism to bear on the matter) was, that he could find no sufficient proof of any man or woman having exceeded, or even completed a century of life; and having found

so many cases advanced on the slenderest and most worthless evidence, he was inclined to regard all centenarianism as see no reason for fixing the limit of the .either delusion or imposture. In this he reminds us of a remark made by Professor Huxley: "No mistake is so commonly made by clever people as that of assuming a cause to be bad because the arguments of its supporters are to a great extent nonsensical." Sir George fell into this error, as he afterwards had to acknowledge; for upon the evidence which the publication of his incredulity brought down upon him in abundance, he was compelled to admit that persons do reach one hundred years of age, and that some have attained even one hundred and three or four, though this he considered exceedingly rare and as the ultimate term of life.

> By far the larger number of cases of centenarianism which are reported are not backed up as they should be by evidence. The appetite for the marvellous is so keen, that people would rather take the centenarian on his own assertion than risk losing him by investigation. This is the case with a certain Thomas Geeran, now receiving parish relief at Brighton, who is declared to be one hundred and four years old, and states that he entered the British army at thirty years of age, and served for more than thirty years. A paniphlet has been published concerning this case, in which there is not a shred of evidence given in support of the man's statement. No inquiries appear to have been made at his reputed birthplace, viz., Scariff, county Clare, Ireland, and an application to the War Office, with a view to getting him pension, has entirely failed, in consequence of his name not being discoverable in the books. This is the kind of case which we must guard against, and others like it, testified only by epitaphs or village gossips. The next generation will not be troubled with this question as we are to-day, for the registration of births will, in the course of time, furnish all the required evidence on one point, whilst the only remaining difficulty, that of establishing identity, is daily decreasing with the growth of intelligence and the spread of education among our peasantry.

> It is to be hoped, however, that we shall not have to wait so long for journalists and enthusiasts to cease their triumphant paragraphs, announcing cases in which the

^{*} An instance was not long since recorded in one of the medical journals of a child which ceased to grow and commenced to exhibit signs of senile decay at the age of ten years.

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age of one hundred or one hundred and four years has been attained. Anything over one hundred and nine, in the way of age, would be perhaps worth mention if accompanied with documentary evidence; but of the mere passing the century limit

there is enough proof already.*
We shall here briefly mention five cases of centenarianism, of the thorough trustworthiness of which we feel no doubt; and were it worth while, we fully believe that a great many others could be placed on an equally sure basis. The trouble and worry of doing this kind of thing is, however, not at all inviting; and where so little is to be gained, either in the way of knowledge or amusement, we do not wonder that published well-attested cases are fewer than they might be.

r. William Shuldham was baptized at Beccles, in Suffolk, in July, 1743. He died in May, 1845. His baptism is witnessed by the register in the parish church of Beccles. On July 22, 1843, he gave a dinner at Marlesford Hall, near Wickham Market, to his friends, to celebrate the completion of his hundredth year.

2. A Quaker gentleman, well known in the mercantile world at the beginning of this century, died not long since in his hundred and second year. Dr. Dickinson, of Mayfair, who has been kind enough to inform me of this case, has copies of the register both of his birth and death, establishing this fact. As Dr. Dickinson observes, the Quakers are very precise in

these matters.

3. James Hastings, for upwards of sixty years rector and impropriator of the living of Martley in Worcestershire, father of Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, Sir Charles Hastings, Admiral Hastings, and the Rev. Henry Hastings, died in his hundred-andfirst year. His grandson, Mr. G. W. Hastings, of Barnard's Green, Malvern, has obliged me with the following details. He was born in London, in Soho-square, January 2, 1756; and his birth register, of which Mr. Hastings has a copy, is at St. Martin's, Trafalgar-square. He was entered as a gentleman commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, in 1776. At the request of Sir Thomas and Mr. Hastings, the war-

den of Wadham last year looked up the entries in the college and university books, and sent a copy of an entry, giving the age of James Hastings as twenty at matriculation. He was admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of Oxford, at St. Mary's, in November, 1779. As no one can be admitted to the orders of the Church of England till the age of twentythree, this again carries him back to 1756 as his birth-year. Mr. Hastings has the letters of orders in his possession; they have never left the family, and prove incontestably that James Hastings was twenty-three in 1779. He was married at the parish church of Chipping Norton in February, 1781, and his age is given in the register as twenty-five. He died in July, 1856, and was buried in the family vault in Martley Church. The Rev. James Hastings stood six feet four inches in his stockings, was a strikingly handsome man, and had fifteen children. He had but one sister, and no brother, whilst his wife had one brother and no sister. His father did not much exceed sixty years in age; and Mr. Hastings informs me from his family records, which extend to the time of Henry II., that there are no remarkable cases of great age among his earlier progenitors.

4. Captain Lahrbush in March, 1870, celebrated in New York city his hundred and fourth birthday anniversary. He was born in London, on the 9th of March, 1766. He entered the British army on the 17th of October, 1789, and documents connected with this entry prove his age at that time to have been twenty-

three years.

5. Jacob William Luning died recently, at Morden College, Blackheath, in his hundred and fourth year. Documentary evidence sufficient to satisfy Dr. Farr, of the Registrar-General's Office, has been adduced, proving that he was born at Hamelvörden in 1767, and similar evidence of the date and the age he gave when he was naturalized as a British subject, also when he was married, and, what is still more important, when he insured his life-an occasion on which men are not likely to add anything to their

As to the means by which to live long, and to give ourselves the chance of enduring to our hundred and tenth year, if we have it in us, or to our eightieth only,

^{*} A great number of cases of centenarianismgood and bad-are given by Mr. Tollemache in an excellent article in the Fortnightly Review, April, 1869.

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if that be the limit of our "matter of life," we must consult the statistics which are available, and not try to draw any conclusions from these extreme cases. What will lengthen and what will shorten life, however, becomes a question of general longevity, and this we did not propose to ourselves to discuss on the present occasion. We may, nevertheless, notice that everything seems to show that the appliances of civilized life, and quiet and regular habits, are the chief conditions of long life. Europeans are, it seems, longer lived than other men; and Englishmen than French, Germans, Swedes, or Belgians, as far as statistics tell us. In Lord Bacon's time there was a prejudice in favor of the wild Irishman-" Hiberni sylvestres," as he calls them, who were in the habit of smelling the fresh earth and drinking infusions of saffron. Statistics and Saxon domination have deprived Ireland of this pre-eminence in longevity. We also find from statistics, comparing the expectation of life at the age of sixty, given by various authorities, that in England agricultural laborers of that age, belonging to friendly societies, and hence sober, well-to-do men, stand first, and may expect to live eighteen years longer, whilst confirmed drunkards stand last, with only half that chance of life. females of the aristocracy come next to the laborers, with sixteen years and a half; the male members of the aristocracy next, with only fourteen and a half; clerks follow, with twelve and a half; men in Liverpool, with twelve; miners, with eleven and three-quarters; whilst sovereigns of all countries at sixty years of age have an expectation of a little less than eleven years of life. Distinguished men live a shorter time than less distinguished, on account of their harder work; married live longer than unmarried persons, on account, perhaps, of the measured tranquillity of connubial life; women longer than men, because they lead an easier life; and the clergy longer than the other professional men, for the same reason. From these facts it is not difficult to

draw the lesson of longevity. After all, the prolonging of their own lives is not a thing about which men should take much thought; as long as they are careful not directly to shorten life, and careful to preserve health, longevity and centenarianism may well be left to take their own way. The celebrated Italian, Louis Cornaro, carefully weighing his egg, and measuring his wine for his daily meals, refusing to allow matters of a disturbing nature to come under his attention, and taking a thousand precautions, all to enable his pitiful old frame to vegetate a few years the longer on the earth's face, is not a pleasing figure to contemplate. True it is, that he who would save his life shall lose it; for the existence of such a being as Cornaro is not comparable day for day with that of an active man. When the element of intensity is taken into consideration, there is perhaps very much less difference between the quantities lived by various men than would appear from the simple record of time. But whilst it is not for the men of to-day to cherish the search for elixirs of life, nor to desire nor endeavor to become centenarians, there is yet a longevity which they can most materially influence-which they can check or extend by deliberate acts most directly, having it in their power to add years, hundreds of years, of life to the community-of active, vigorous life, too, not such as the common seeker of longevity would gain; and this longevity it is no less our interest than our duty to work for. Men can diminish the mortality of populations by attention to simple laws of health, and, by increasing the average longevity, give that increased happiness and prosperity which security of life and health brings. It is in sanitary action that the elixir vitæ has been discovered in these days, which, though it perhaps has not as yet increased the roll of centenarians, has no limits to its operations, tintil the time shall have come when man will no longer, as Buffon said, "die of dis-appointment," but "attain everywhere a hundred years."

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Fraser's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

In Germany the tale is told. That though the Antioch waters rolled O'er Frederick Barbarossa's head, Not wholly then his life was fled: But angels bore from Syria's strand The hero back to German land: And there, amid the mountains lone, Close pent within a vault of stone, With huge Kyffhair häuser o'er his head-Sword girt, and hauberk riveted-His seated form abides, they say, Sleeping long centuries away; So long, that through the granite veins Of the rude slab on which he leans, That russet beard, day after day, For each stark hair hath forced a way. Yet not forever. 'Tis averred He doth but wait the summoning word. In some dark day, when Germany Hath need of warriors such as he. A Voice, to tell of her distress, Shall pierce the mountain's deep recess-Shall ring through those dim vaults, and scare The spectral ravens round his chair. So shall the spell of ages break, And from his trance the sleeper wake: The solid mountain shall depart, The granite slab in splinters start (Responsive to those accents weird) And loose the Kaiser's shaggy beard. Through all the startled air shall rise The old Teutonic battle-cries; The horns of war, that once could stir The wild blood of the Berserkir, Shall fling their blare abroad, and then, The champion of his own Almain, Shall Barbarossa come again.

A dream! and yet not all a dream, So might the astonished peoples deem, Which marked the high surpassing might Of a roused nation in her right—Roused at the Hohenzollern's call When lay by Rhine the glove of Gaul. "Have we not here," amazed they said, As onward still the German sped From victory to victory, "Some power unkenned by mortal eye? Have we not here the selfsame might Given to the old Imperial knight? Who else but he, that burst away From Wörth on that tremendous day—That caught the Frank, in grip of steel, 'Twixt red Sedan and Vionville—

Before whom Metz, the Amazon,
Must needs unbind her maiden zone—
Whose stubborn soldiers still made good
'Gainst sword and fire their onward road,
And bore the Teuton heraldry
From Rhineland to the Northern sea—
Who bade round leaguered Paris stand
The thin blue line of heart and hand,
Braving at once the fierce advance
Of winter and of armed France?
O! surely," cried the tribes of men,
"'Tis Barbarossa come again."

O! gallant nation! small thy need To rouse from rest thy heroes dead. Leave Barbarossa in his grave: Sleep on by that Thuringian cave The ruthless manhood of his day, The infuriate thirst for battle-fray, The grim revenge that would not halt At Milan's ashes, sown with salt, And all the scorn of life, revealed In wasted realm and carnage-field. While the old fighter, at this hour, Casts on his race a spell of power: While thou art mother of such men (The living or the noble slain) As served thee late, and will again— Such heads to guide, such hearts to go, Where honor waits them, and the foe-O! in such deeds and in such men The better part, believe it then, Of Barbarossa lives again.

And so when those are passed away Whose deeds through Europe ring to-day— When sleeps in consecrated shrine Among the chiefs of Conrad's line That good gray head which bore the brunt Of battle-storm in Gravelotte's front (A nobler crown than gold and gem Wrought in Imperial diadem)-When Bismarck's might of soul and will Hath bent to power that's mightier still, And silent Moltke's thoughtful face With the great "Silent Ones" hath place: Then may some veteran proudly show The tokens, scarred on breast or brow, Of the hot work which them bestead Who followed where the Red Prince led: And tell, as round his German fire He holds the children's listening quire, How there were giants in the earth When their great Deutschland thundered forth Upon those thrice nine fields of glory, The mightiest feats in war's grim story: How man to man, brother to brother, Did knightly devoir each to other,

From king to drummer-boy, a band Bound as one man for Fatherland. And then, as each young German heart Is stirred to play its manful part, Leader or follower, prince or boor, To do as these have done before—While bounds the blood, and soars the aim, At sound of each heroic name—O! Germany, it shall be seen How the great Dead can live again!

C. G. P.

Contemporary Review.

PROSPECTS OF THE NEW GERMAN REFORMATION.

Considering the radical differences which distinguish the Roman from the Protestant modes of thought, it is not surprising that agitations now disturbing the theological atmosphere of Germany should be inadequately appreciated by English writers in general. On the whole, indeed, I am disposed to think that Protestant journalists have displayed a very creditable amount of caution in their speculations as to the final results of the conflict already begun. It is satisfactory to read so little in the way of repetition of the old commonplaces about the scarlet lady, the idolatries of benighted Papists, and the contrast between Protestant orthodoxy and Romish Paganism. It is pleasant to see that among the most anti-Roman theologians and politicians there are many who candidly aim at a comprehension of the true facts of the case, and decline to adopt the old-fashioned divisions of parties, according to which everybody on one side was an honest man, and everybody on the other either a knave or a fool.

Still, there are few signs that the English public really understands the nature of the principles which are arrayed against one another in Bavaria, in Prussia, and elsewhere, both in Northern and Southern Germany. Every little fresh incident that occurs, in which Rome and her former obedient children seem to be in conflict, is magnified to an unreal importance. If the secular government upholds a recalcitrant priest against his bishop, or a knot of lay professors repudiate all thought of bowing the knee to Rome, or it is whispered that many of the priesthood have subscribed with unconvinced minds to the Vatican decree, it is augured that these are tokens of some tremendous religious revolution, and are the first mutter-

ings of a storm which may shake the whole Roman Church to its foundations.

With all my heart I wish that I could share these interpretations of the phenomena of the hour. With all my knowledge of the personal merits of not a few of the Roman laity and clergy, my conviction of the fatal influences of the intellectual and moral despotism, which is the vital essence of the Roman system, is so strong, that I hail every fresh defection from her communion as so far a gain to the ultimate triumph of what I believe to be the truth. But it is in vain to allow "the wish to be father to the thought," in this, as in all other matters of doubt and difficulty. Sincerely and cordially as I venerate the great leader of the new movement, I cannot think that he and his friends, some of whom are my own friends also, will be able to make good their position, or that any permanently extensive religious organization is about to be established, either in Bavaria, or in any other part of Germany. That great good will come from the resistance which Dr. Döllinger is offering to the Papal autocracy I do not for a moment question. That this resistance is also a real step towards the final overthrow of the Roman power, which is destined some day to be accomplished, I do not in the least degree doubt or deny. On the contrary, I am satisfied that it has a distinct tendency in this direction. But, in the mean time, I am satisfied that the attitude taken up by the "Old Catholic" party cannot possibly be maintained; and that the attempt to set up a new Catholicism, minus the Papal autocracy, must utterly and rapidly collapse and vanish away.

I will attempt to explain my reasons for thus thinking, so briefly as not to ex-

ceed the limits to which I must confine myself. In the first place, here are none of the elements which have invariably been present in every previous case of vast religious revolution with which we are acquainted. In order that a theological movement may spread widely among the masses of the people, and overthrow existing ecclesiastical organizations, it is necessary that it should be directed against certain moral abuses or manifest religious impostures, such as the popular understanding can comprehend and the popular feeling can detest. The world will never rise in anger against abstruse questions of history, or philosophy, or theological criticism. If the people are to be roused, they must be touched to the quick of themselves. The scandals against which reformers preach must be open, intelligible, and outraging such notions of right and wrong as the multitude holds dear. And the dogmas which it is proposed to substitute for the dogmas denounced must be simple, and must rest upon some basis which the most ignorant can comprehend, and about which there is no dispute what-

Such were the elements of the revolution accomplished by Moses, when he brought the Jews out of Egypt, and finally established the Hebrew race as an independent people, organized upon the basis of a pure monotheism. Such were the conditions of the new creed preached some hundreds of years afterwards by Buddha in India. Such, looking at the propagation of Christianity itself, under its more human aspect, was the reform accomplished by Christ and his Apostles after Him. Such was the extensive revival of practical religion which was wrought by Dominick and Francis of Assisi in the Middle Ages. Such, again, was the Reformation itself, when Rome presented certain frightful abuses as the mark for the blows of the reformers, and one or two special and simple doctrines served as the shibboleth of the party of revolt. It was the same, still later, in England, when Wesley and Whitefield took the field against the absolute paganism and debasement of the lowest and lower middle classes of English society, and preached their easily intelligible dogmas of regeneration and justification. In all these cases the reformers had some monster of ignorance or corruption to strike at, and some practical

substitute for existing belief which all men could understand and personally adopt as their own.

But what is this that the "Old Catholic" party in Germany are fighting for? A highly subtle theological distinction, resting upon recondite historical inquiries, and pre-supposing an acquaintance with remote facts, of which the world in general knows little, and for which it cares noth-Monstrous as is the Papal claim to infallibility when tested by the old maxim of Vincent of Lerins, that nothing is to be regarded Catholic which has not been believed semper, ubique, et ab omnibus, how is it possible that the vast mass of the Roman Catholic world, both clergy and laity, and even in learned Germany itself, should enter with heartiness into any such dispute? The world was never yet revolutionized on a question of history. No saying was ever more true than that of Thucydides, when he wrote that the multitude are indisposed to the search after truth, and that they love convictions which come ready to their hand. Dr. Döllinger and his supporters and sympathizers imagine that mankind are to be moved to enthusiasm for the quod semper, quod ubique, quod omnibus, they are imputing to ordinary men and women that passionate love for truth, and especially historical truth, which they themselves feel, but about which the enormous majority of religious people are supremely indifferent. To argue with sincerely devoted adherents to the Pope that he cannot be infallible, because the dogma originated in forgeries several hundred years ago, and because Popes have taught flagrantly inconsistent doctrines, is only a fresh example of that passion for trying to cut blocks with a razor, which is so far from uncommon with acute and learned minds.

Whatever, again, may be thought on the matter by English Protestants, the Roman Church does not exhibit, as a rule, those flagrant scandals which are of a nature to arouse popular indignation, and which give life to the arguments of controversial assailants. In Germany especially, as in England, Ireland, France, and America, the Roman clergy are, as a body, men of respectability; the members of religious orders live quiet lives in their convents and monasteries, or if they are known in the world, it is as zealous teachers or as

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self-sacrificing sisters of charity. Where their abuses are more marked, as in Italy or in Spain, the priests, monks, and nuns are remarkable rather for laziness and incompetence, than for those outrageous violations of their own principles of morals which the eye of the multitude detects, and which awaken the storms of popular indignation. There is little in the existing condition of Roman Catholicism which is at all parallel to its features in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. If it fails to make any deep impression upon the masses of the people, and its doctrines are repellent to the more educated of the higher classes in Catholic countries, it does not awaken any very fierce bitterness or angry contempt, unless where, as in France, it comes into conflict with an energetic party like that of the Communist and Socialist schools.

Nor is it any answer to this view to reply that the pretensions of the priesthood are regarded with contempt by large sections of the people in all nominally Catholic countries. Contempt is an emotion of which active reformers can make little use in their efforts at revolutionizing with a view to reconstruction. People who treat the theological system of Rome and the ways of her clergy with scorn, are not likely to trouble themselves very much with any schemes for her violent overthrow. We are all, I think, rather apt to forget this, when we are told of the contempt with which the creed of Rome is regarded by influential men abroad, and of the alienation of the working classes from her practical system. When we notice the striking contrast between the ways of men and of women in France, Germany, or Italy, and see that the fathers of families so frequently despise the practices which their wives and daughters devoutly cherish, we argue most illogically upon their probable future personal conduct. In reality, this philosophic disdain has little or nothing in it that is akin to the spirit of active reform. If only the Pope and the priesthood will not meddle too far, your scornful sceptic will not lift his finger to substitute some other active religious body in their place. Contempt is not the stuff out of which theological re-The kings, and formers are made. princes, and nobles, and burghers who banded together for the destruction of the Roman system in the sixteenth century,

were roused by passions more fiery than

any quiet philosophic aversion. The calmness with which the abolition of the convents and the alienation of Church property in Italy has been received by the influential classes of Italians, of various ranks, is a proof of the possibility of uniting a readiness to strip the clergy of their goods, with a marked disinclination for setting up a distinctly anti-Papal religious society. Three centuries ago, such a thing would have been impossible. Men did not seize the revenues of the Church, or demolish convents, and appropriate them to their own benefit, without openly breaking with Rome altogether. They never abolished Romanism without at the same time setting up a doctrinal Protestantism; and they never quarrelled with the Pope in secular things, without quarrelling also with him in spiritual things. But so vast a change has come over the mind of Europe since the Reformation period-a change which in itself is purely Protestant in its tendencies-that whole nations will now make free with the revenues of the Pope, and at the same time hold themselves his thoroughly loyal spiritual subjects. And this is because his spiritual pretensions are now regarded with a supercilious contempt by the more influential minds of professedly Catholic countries. When men do not trouble themselves to hate the religious creed of Rome, they help themselves to the Papal property for the benefit of the State, and never exert themselves to interfere with the faith of the populace.

This same fact, again, that kings and nobles do not now appropriate Church lands and palaces for their personal benefit, is surely, if read aright, a significant token of the feebleness of the purely religious element now involved in disputes with Rome. When men in power openly enriched themselves at the expense of the Roman clergy, their whole nature, with all its worst passions, was involved in the conflict. If Rome were not anti-Christian, or infamously vile, where was the justification of all these spoliations? And how could Rome be reduced to the position of an impotent anathematizer, except by the erection of some fundamentally anti-Roman Church, which should give the Pope back his curses in kind, and enlist the enthusiasm of the plebeian horde in defence of patrician and royal robbers?

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Nowadays the procedure is quite different. This new idea of the secular State, as an institution, existing for the benefit of the people, and ultimately having a right to the control of all property whatsoever, has silently modified the entire cast of modern thought. There can be no sacrilegious robbery, it is felt, when monasteries and bishoprics have to yield up the revenues which they waste or misuse, for the benefit of the whole people, for the diminution of taxation, and the education of all classes. This is not plunder, but a resumption of rights long since in abeyance, and may be effected by an orthodox Catholic with a perfectly good conscience. If the Pope chooses to anathematize governments which take this view, that is his affair. We are superior to him in enlightenment, say the secular powers. There must be two parties to a quarrel, and we have not the remotest intention either of giving him back the property that he pretends to claim, or of setting up

an opposition church in his face. Viewed, in the next place, as a theological dogma, the Vatican decree on Papal infallibility does not really offer any more difficulties, from the non-historical point of view, than does the doctrine which assigns infallibility to the entire church, on which the German "Old Catholics" take their stand. There is nothing in it which runs counter to the feelings, instincts, and practical habits of the Roman Catholic world in general, and, consequently, nothing on which the "Old Catholic" can appeal to the people. I would venture to remind the English reader that the doctrine of infallibility, in itself, whether in its Papal or non-Papal form, does not present itself to the Roman Catholic mind in that repellent guise which it wears in Protestant eyes. It is no more repellent to the Catholic, whether learned or unlearned, devout or worldly, than was the doctrine of verbal Biblical inspiration in the eyes of all Anglicans and Protestants up to a To the unbiased very recent period. Protestant critic the belief in the infallibility of a living Pope appears simply ludicrous. It is impossible for the imagination to divest itself of those associations of common-place humanity which stand in startling contrast with a claim to divine inspiration. We see the absolute logical impossibility of drawing a distinction between the utterances in which Pius IX.

speaks like one of ourselves, and those in which he is the channel through which the voice of God himself is to be heard. The moment we can look facts in the face, and bring our idol into the light of day, out of the haze of golden mist in which our fancy had enshrouded him, we detect the imposture, unconscious as is that imposture on the part of the idol himself. We see at once that the theory of Papal infallibility is not only impossible; it is absurd.

PROSPECTS OF THE NEW GERMAN REFORMATION.

But this is not so with the vast majority of Roman Catholic believers. With them the living Pope is habitually invested with the attributes of "the divinity which doth hedge a king," and their imagination never attempts to realize the phenomena of his personality as a sinful and erring mortal. Take the common idea which the most loyal and most ignorant English women entertain respecting the Queen and her family, or concerning royal and imperial potentates in general. See how they invest their characters and lives with a sort of superhuman beauty, and glory, and freedom from human infirmities; how, in a word, they "worship" them in the secret penetralia of their beatified career; and then apply all these bright illusions to the case of the Pope. The actually existing Pope, as he is in reality, with all his intensely human nature, his blunders, his faults, his virtues, his rash talk, his billiardplaying, his mingled Italian craft and impulsiveness, his cleverness, his imperviousness to reason, his love of political liberty and his passion for ecclesiastical despotism, his subservience to the Jesuits and his personal distaste for them, such as he is in the eyes of those among whom he lives,such a personage, I say, is an unknown being to the millions whom he governs. In their eyes he sits apart from all sublunary affairs, like a grand Llama of Thibet or a spiritual king in Japan, in the midst of that sacred and eternal Rome, which is the seat of everything that is pious, venerable, learned, just, loving, and ascetic. To the foreign ecclesiastics, indeed, who visit Rome, and become acquainted with its realities, it is the city of disenchantment, and they feel renewed difficulties in believing that the dogma of Papal infallibility is anything better than a barren theological proposition, to be maintained at all hazards against all comers. But it is not the habit of disenchanted ecclesiastics to reveal ugly facts to their flocks, or to do anything

that may tend to what they call "disedification." The imagination of the ordinary Roman Catholic is therefore left free to feed itself upon its dreams, and to cultivate the pleasant worship with which it venerates the living Pope as a being not very far from an incarnate God. Against such a disposition of mind, the elaborate historical disquisitions of the "Old Catholic" German theologians are directed in vain. They are like the offering of a translation of Plato's "Republic" to a mob shouting in frenzied delight at the condescension of an emperor or empress in the streets of Berlin or St. Petersburg. Rome and the Pope are living, splendid, powerful realities; and what, in comparison, does the multitude care for the difficulties of antiquarians, who, after all, are no more infallible than the rest of the world?

Contrasting, too, the ultramontane theory of the infallibility of the Pope with the "Old Catholic" theory of the infallibility of the whole church, speaking through the voice of Œcumenical Councils, so far as theological and philosophical difficulties are concerned, there is not the shadow of a difference between the two. And this identity is instinctively felt by the entire body of Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, who, with so few exceptions, have practically accepted the Vatican decree. In the nature of things, there is no more difficulty in attributing infallibility to a single living Pope, than in attributing it to an assembly of several hundred dead bish-In the case of the latter, it is true that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the miracle seems no longer a thing utterly incongruous with its sur-roundings. The fancy paints a gathering of devout, learned, and reverend fathers, the fitting instruments for the enunciation of supernatural doctrine. Everything that might indicate the presence of human infirmities, human passions, and human ignorance, is forgotten, and the whole scene suffused with a celestial glow, from the midst of which eternal truths proceed in harmonious numbers, to become from henceforth the symbolic hymns of the faithful in all ages. But in reality there was nothing more supernatural about the fathers of the great councils than there is about Pius IX. He is one, and they were many; and theologically, philosophically, and historically, it is just as impossible to

believe that the voice of God spoke by their lips as to believe that it now speaks in a Papal brief or bull. To the vulgar, unthinking Roman Catholic I suspect that there is even less difficulty in accepting the infallibility of a single Pope than that of some hundreds of bishops. The average believer is so completely possessed with anthropomorphic notions of the Divinity, that he will suspect that it is easier for God to make one man infallible than to compel the discordant thoughts of an episcopal multitude into one single inspired unanimity. But, be this as it may, it is unquestionable that when the "Old Catholic" school would fall back upon the ancient anti-ultramontane view, they have no practical ground on which to appeal to the miscellaneous multitude, whether lay or clerical. It is just as easy to believe in the decree of the Vatican Council as in the decrees of Nice, or Ephesus, or Chalcedon. What "the faithful" ask for, is to be told now what they are to believe, and as to whether or not this creed has been believed, semper, ubique, et ab omnibus, they are as supremely indifferent as they are to the authenticity of a Vatican manuscript of the New Testament, or the history of the Rosetta stone.

If, further, we look at home, we shall be enabled easily to realize this indifference, and to understand the eagerness with which the Roman Catholic world accepts, rather than repudiates, the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. Judged by all laws of right reason, what can be more ludicrous than the implicit confidence which thousands and thousands of Protestants, of all schools, place in the teaching of some individual clergyman or minister? They see him in all his human personality, just as the prelates and cardinals, and other privileged Catholics, see the Pope in the familiarity of private life. They know that the object of their worship is a fallible and sinful man, and that there is not one single token about him that suggests the presence of a supernatural power which may give his judgment a claim to be listened to and received. They are aware that he has often changed his opinions, and been just as dogmatically positive in favor of some assertion as he is now dogmatically positive against it. They are conscious that numerous other persons, as good, as learned, as able as he is, entertain views in direct contraC.,

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diction to those which he announces to be the teaching of the Holy Ghost. But for all this, they believe in him with all the abject fervor of the most extreme Ultra-Their intellect prostrates itself before his definitions and his anathemas, and congratulates itself on being blest with such a guide. How, then, can we be sur-prised at the quiet acquiescence with which the Roman communion has adopted the late Vatican decree? It is not more preposterous than the claims to deference which are put forward by hundreds of Protestant teachers, and which their devotees find peace in believing. The Roman theory of infallibility is but the systematized and avowed form of the pretension which the clergy of all churches are too apt to claim for themselves, and to which mankind is only too happy to submit. looker-on detects the absurdity of the pretensions, and smiles at the devotion of those who accept them, but he argues and smiles in vain. So it is when Archbishop Manning puts forward his pretensions and those of the Roman Pontiff. His asser-tions are shown to be untrue, his arguments fallacious, and his whole theory selfdestructive. But what then? He goes on asserting as positively as ever, and those who feel inclined to believe in him go on still believing. What they want is not truth, but a freedom from troublesome facts, and the opiate of a loudly proclaimed dogmatic creed, sweetened with an elaborate ceremonial and the incessant guidance of the confessional.

In such a condition of Christendom, what hope has the dawning Reformation, now shedding its first rays of light in Bavaria? If it is to make its way, and establish itself by founding a new branch of the Church, which shall retain the characteristic dogmas of the Council of Trent, purified from later Ultramontane corruptions, where, further, we must ask, are the leaders to direct it? Even supposing that the existing moral and doctrinal condition of the Roman communion is generally such as to present marks for the blows of popular controversialists, and that such controversialists are prepared with a living substitute for the system they would uproot, where, I say, are the men to effect the revolution? Wide-spread revolutions of opinion, leading to organic religious changes, must necessarily be the work of one or two men, possessing gifts of an ex-

traordinary kind, and combining in themselves not merely force of character, but rare popular eloquence accompanied with the practical organizing faculty. Such men have been the vital forces which have wrought out every vast religious change in the world's history. Every religious revolution has borne the impress of the individuality of some one single leader, or of some one or two of his immediate associates or followers. It is true that such men are as much the creation of their age as they are its leaders; but they must exist. Without Moses, where would have been the deliverance of the Jews from Egypt, and what would have been the character stamped upon the legislation of the newlyestablished Hebrew nation? Doubtless, Moses was himself the natural and characteristic product of the race whom he led to freedom and victory. If he had not been so, he never could have become their leader, their master, and their legislator. But he ruled them, not simply because his personal nature was essentially one with their own, but because he enforced the fundamental ideas of the monotheism which he taught with an energy, a fierceness, a fire, and a strength before which their passions quailed, and to which all that was good and strong within them did willing homage. And, accordingly, what we call the Mosaic system is pre-eminently a reflex of the faith and character of its wonderful founder.

Some five or six hundred years afterwards-for we are in the dark as to the exact date—a far more extensive religious revolution was brought about in the farther East by the extraordinary man whom Asia and Europe have agreed to describe as Buddha the sage. Of his personality we know but little; and we can only frame conjectures, more or less justifiable, as to the precise nature of the creed he taught. There is reason to believe that in some respects it presented a more exact anticipation of the Christian morality than was known to the Jews. But one fact is certain. That gigantic reformation which shook the populations of Asia, and which has issued in the establishment of a religion which in its corrupted forms still numbers far more adherents than does Christianity itself, was due to the character and the teaching of one individual man.

When Christianity at length appeared, as soon as its Divine Founder had left the

world, the modelling of the faith he had left to his disciples fell, to a large extent, under the dominion of one masterful mind. The religion of Christendom for eighteen hundred years has borne the indelible impress of the mind of St. Paul. I am not now discussing the question as to the nature of that modification of the teachings of Christ which resulted from the influence of St. Paul's nature upon the original and simpler faith. According to one school, the Gospel, as taught by the great apostle, merely passed through his mind, as a ray of white light passes through a prism and reappears, not indeed changed, but resolved into elements of exquisite hue. According to another, the Pauline religion is really a modification of pure Christianity, resulting from the introduction of elements essentially foreign, or from modes of presentation to the intelligence which injure its purity, and interfere with its steady influence upon mankind. But be this as it may, it is undeniable that to this hour the peculiarities of the temperament of St. Paul are dominant throughout Christendom. Sacerdotalism, from which he would have shrunk, has been engrafted upon his system in the Roman, the Greek, and the High Anglican creeds; but taken as a whole, the Christianity of eighteen centuries has reflected the theology of that great and enthusiastic nature, which bowed itself prostrate on the road to Damascus before the name of Jesus of Naza-

In the middle ages, two conquering men came forward and reformed the inner, practical life of the Roman Church, and stamped upon its devotion and its ideas of God a character which it has not yet shaken off. In Dominick and Francis of Assisi we recognize once more the astonishing powers of individualism in vivifying the dormant elements of religious feeling, and moulding generation after generation to one personal pattern. It was the same in after times with the founder of the That wonderful society to this hour bears the impress of the individuality of Ignatius Loyola. The intensity and the profoundly military character of his temperament are reflected in the whole Jesuit body, and amidst all the varieties of national peculiarities which are exhibited by individual Jesuits.

At the Reformation period it is a mere commonplace to point to the part played by a few vehement natures, and to the helplessness of all efforts at reform, where the leadership did not fall into the hands of characters formed to arouse and guide the storms of popular feeling. Without Luther in Germany, without Calvin in France and Switzerland, without Knox in Scotland, where would have been the German, the French, the Swiss, and the Scotch Reformations? Granting all that may be said of the prevalence of suicidal Roman scandals, and of the preparation of the popular mind for radical religious changes, it is still true that the leadership fell into the hands of a small number of men of rare personal capacities for the practical ruling of their fellow-creatures.

In England the Reformation was the

work of a combination of influences, among which a purely religious and popular feeling was one of the least powerful. We have known but one really religious revolution, and that was the revolution of Methodism. Here was a true conflict between religious and non-religious ideas, between conservatism and radicalism in theology, between quiet piety in helpless alliance with worldliness, and fiery fanaticism in alliance with a passionate desire for a knowledge of God and for salvation. And here, as in all similar cases, the work was due to one or two men. Without the personal influences resulting from the personal characters of Wesley and Whitefield, Methodism would never have been. And their influence is all the more pregnant as an illustration of what I am saying, because neither Wesley nor Whitefield was the inventor of the peculiarities of Methodism. They found its essential elements already existing in the Moravian communities and the teaching of Zinzendorf, and in the small societies which in the eighteenth century were struggling against the irreligion of the times in English life. It was only when the existing systems of reform were taken in hand by men possessing the capacities for popular leadership that Methodism became a real power in the country, and the revolution began.

But where are the leaders of German or English or Italian "Old Catholic" thought now? The school consists of scholars and theologians and professors, and the few laymen who may be influenced by their writings. Of course I do not for a moment deny that some new leader may appear, destined to popularize the recon-

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dite labors of the present guides of the movement. But until the victorious nature does appear, I fear that the Roman authorities will remain masters of the field, so far as the purely religious aspects of the new reformation are involved. The priesthood will remain, as now, all but unanimous in their submission to the anathemas of Rome; and the adherents of the few courageous theologians who dare to think for themselves, will be for the most part drawn from the body of the laity who are more influenced by dislike of Roman political pretensions than by an ardent love for Christianity in its ancient

purity.

From this point of view, indeed, it is quite possible that the new anti-Papal movement may be productive of most momentous consequences. To a certain extent, we may witness a reproduction of the conflict between the secular power and the Papacy, which made the Reformation in England a possible thing. No one who is acquainted with the real facts of the English Reformation can please himself with the fiction that it was in any sense, in its origin, a popular or theological movement. It was brought about by the conflicting interests of kings and popes. And so it may be now in Bavaria, and in other parts of Germany, where Roman Catholicism is powerful. Changes, which Dr. Döllinger and his supporters will never effect, will in all probability be brought about by the Pope and his advisers themselves. Bavarian Catholics may be supremely indifferent to the claims of Church history, but Bavarian governments will be resolutely determined to uphold their rights against bishops, popes, and cardinals. It is in the consecration of the monstrous assertions of the famous Syllabus, and their conjunction with the assertion of Papal Infallibility, that the Court of Rome is playing the losing game. German sovereigns will remain unmoved when the priesthood merely transfer the ground for believing in transubstantiation from the Council of Trent to the Theologians of the Vatican and the Pope, their mouthpiece. It will affect them no more than the popular belief in any alleged modern miracle. States are not shaken by Addoloratas, or appearances at Salette, or by processions in honor of relics at Treves. On the contrary, the Gallios of European Courts are somewhat gratified at such manifestations of the non-inquiring, noncritical spirit in these restless days. But the moment it comes to the flinging in their faces of such flagrant revolutionisms as are embodied in the Papal Syllabus, we have the stories of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth over again. When kings and emperors and chancellors are assured, by a soi-disant infallible pope, that the groundwork on which their authority rests is a delusion, and that the only power which has a claim upon men's consciences for obedience is that of the Pope himself, we may, I think, be satisfied that affairs cannot possibly remain as they are, and that a revolution of some sort is at hand.

But, unless I am utterly mistaken in the religious phenomena of the times, that revolution will not take the shape of the establishment of a reformed Catholic community, on the model put forth by the "Old Catholic" party of Munich. sympathizers in this country seem to look forward to the setting up of some Church, very much after the style of the Established Church of England. Roman Catholicism, without the Papal despotism and stripped of its ultramontane corruptions, will, they think, assume a shape not unlike that which the High Church school attributes to the Anglican Church, as they interpret

the Anglican idea.

To myself, this expectation seems purely visionary. When Germans, or any other foreign Catholics, separate themselves from Rome, it will not be to set up a continental Anglicanism in her place. Anglicanism is a phenomenon unique in the history of mankind. The Church of England can no more be reproduced elsewhere than among the offshoots of the English people, than can our Queen, Lords, and Commons, and all the other minglings of virtues and vices which are characteristic of Englishmen. What we shall probably witness in Germany will be that dissociation between the Church and the State, which is one of the most general effects of modern political and religious ideas throughout the world. The German governments will sever their connection with the Pope, and leave him to anathematize their ideas on science and society at his will. He thus anathematizes them in England and North America, his followers now recognizing these anathemas as the utterances of an infallible authority, but nobody is affected by it. The curses are vox et præterea nihil. It is Jupiter thundering, and that is all.

And that such a separation between the German States and the Papal authority will tell powerfully upon the advance of religious enlightenment seems certain. The upholding of Roman influence to any extent by the governments of Germany, is so far a crushing of that freedom of thought which lies at the root of the Roman system. And for this reason, while upholding the present union between Church and State in England, I should rejoice to see all such union annihilated when the State allies itself with Rome. The establishment of Anglicanism in England is the establishment of comprehensiveness; the establishment of Catholicism abroad is the establishment of intolerance. As I honestly believe that the cause of religious freedom gains, on the whole, by the maintenance of our existing system, anomalous as it is, so I

am equally satisfied that every species of alliance between the secular power and Rome is a gain to the cause of spiritual Thus, therefore, with all my slavery. heart, I rejoice to watch the growing support which Dr. Döllinger and the "Old Catholics" are every day gaining. I do not despair because they count but few adherents among the priesthood or the devout laity, for I see no elements at work which can give birth to a wide-spread popular religious movement. But I am thankful to see the old story again renewed, and to behold the grasping secular ambition of the Roman Court coming into conflict with the ideas of national sovereignty and independence. Since the struggle cannot be fought out upon theological and spiritual issues, I rejoice that it should be transferred to collateral grounds, and I am happy in believing that in assailing nations and sovereigns, the Papacy is once more making a gigantic mistake.

J. M. CAPES.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PATTY.

CHAPTER LIII.

PARTED.

"Are you in earnest?" said Paul, but the look he gave his wife asked a much more severe question.

For a moment Nuna felt as if she had acted guiltily in going to Park Lane without asking leave of her husband.

On the whole, she had come home happier than when she went out. She had been taken away from herself and her own sorrow, by sympathy for Roger; and then by the undefinable interest with which Patty managed always to inspire those who approached her, an interest mingled just now in Nuna with a sort of heroic pity, which carried her for the time, as this kind of heroism is apt to do, far above dislike or jealousy.

"Poor thing! one must feel for her; she is so lovely, and she has been badly brought up; and all this prosperity must be very trying. How silly I was to think Paul would like any one so artificial; there is no simplicity left in her. I remember I used to laugh at Mrs. Fagg for saying Patty was always acting, but she was right; still, if Patty had kept to her own

station, I think she would have been happier; she must always be uncomfortable."

Nuna had forgotten all about the sharp twinge of remorse roused by Patty's question. She had spent the evening in remembering Paul's intense love for all that was simple and natural; her poor, thirsting heart taking large refreshing draughts as she reflected on the studied graces and manner of Mrs. Downes.

And now Paul had come in and looked downright angry as she told him her adventures.

"I did not think you could be so foolish," he said.

She had felt nervous in telling him, but that was because of their last talk about Mrs. Downes; it had been such an effort to go to Park Lane, that Nuna felt as if she deserved praise for having accomplished Roger's wishes. She looked surprised and frightened at her husband's reproof.

"What could I do? Oh, Paul! I should have liked to ask you, but Roger insisted—"."

"Roger! what claim has Roger on you which can lead you into doing what you must know I should dislike?"

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n you t you "How could I know it?" Nuna's color was rising; there was something so hard, so tyrannical in Paul's manner, that her spirit was rising too.

"You might have been sure of it!" and his look told her he considered she had deceived him. "If I had wanted you and Mrs. Downes to be acquainted, I should have taken you to see her. You have plenty of sense, Nuna, and you must have guessed I wished to keep you apart."

Nuna's jealousy flamed up in an instant; if it had not made her blind and deaf to everything but itself, she might have known that her husband would have been less open in speech if he had any special friendship for Patty.

She drew herself up proudly; Paul started at the coldness with with she spoke,

"You give me so little of your time that it did not occur to me you ever thought about me; and really, I hardly see what harm I have done in taking an old servant's message to his daughter."

There was pride in her look and in her voice, ah! and in her meaning too, though she strove against it; and Paul misunderstood it: it wounded him to the heart; it was the first time Nuna had ever let him see that she was aware of being well-born.

"All that is such folly, such childish nonsense," he said; "Mrs. Downes's position is very superior to ours, and there's an end of it. I don't want to hear anything more about her."

He turned away, deeply, terribly mortified. Perhaps, if Patty had asked him, he would have consented to take Nuna to Park Lane, but then she would have had all fitting attendance;—she would have had his protection. He was not specially weak with regard to the opinion of others, but he did not choose that the woman he had loved, and who had so wantonly rejected him, should even guess at a flaw in the trust and love of his wife. It seemed to Paul that jealousy had taken Nuna to Patty.

"Nuna is no more the woman I pictured her to myself than she is an angel," he said, and then he wondered at the folly of that night's meditations at Harwich,—the night when he had caught a glimmer of the depth of his wife's love, and of his own neglect,—only a short while ago in time; in thought, in feeling, it seemed so far away!

Nuna kept silence. She felt so proud, so indignant, that it seemed to her she should say something which Paul could not forgive. He did not love her,—she felt reckless of any doubt about that; but the idea of open disagreement, of prolonged anger between husband and wife, shocked her and kept her silent.

"But it is dreadful to be like this," she said, as Love struggled for power in her soul. "Surely if I go and ask him not to be vexed with me, that must make things better." When thoughts like these come, it is wise to act on them headlong; they are among the rare opportunities of life: wait, it may be, for a moment, and the chance as it seemed, or the angel's whisper, has gone from us,—useless.

In came the maid with a letter for Nuna with "immediate" on it, in her father's quaint, crabbed handwriting.

She glanced at Paul. He had taken a book and was reading at the window. Nuna opened her letter.

"Oh, Paul!" She had quite forgotten their quarrel. "She is so ill, perhaps dying; oh, will you read, please? I may go, mayn't I? Could I to-night?"

Paul took the letter unwillingly; he had none of Nuna's elastic power of forgetting annovance.

"Who's ill?" he said coldly.

"Elizabeth,—Mrs. Beaufort; it does seem so very sad; and I've had such hard thoughts of her, and all this time she has been sorry." Nuna clasped her hands.

Paul read the letter;—only a few words of deep sorrow for the writer's unkindness to Nuna, and an earnest entreaty that she would see her. "I believe I am dying," the letter ended: "I think you will come if you can."

"Mrs. Beaufort is sorry, but she's selfish still," Paul thought, "or she would have left Nuna free about going down."

"You can go to-night if you wish it," he said gravely, "only I am afraid I can't go with you. I have to begin a portrait o. Sir Henry Wentworth to-morrow morning; and he has been so kind, and has taken such a liking to my work, that it seems a risk to break my first appointment; he can make my fortune if he chooses."

Nuna looked up fondly at her husband.
"No one need do that," she said, "you
must be famous some day;" and then she
went off timidly to the subject of her

journey, seeing no response in Paul's grave, fixed look.

"If she is so very ill, a few hours may be of importance. I could take Mary." "Yes, but I wish I could go with

Nuna lingered a moment; but Paul got the time-tables and told her she had only an hour to spare, so she gave up her longing for a more decided peace-making.

She summoned Mary, and began to

pack what she wanted.

"I shall only be away for a few days," she thought, "and when I come back we will begin life afresh, and I will try to win Paul's love. Surely, if I try, I must. I cannot believe he likes that poor artificial woman better than he likes me."

What a kiss Paul gave her just before the train started! He did love her, after all; and as she leaned back in the gathering darkness, Nuna felt that strange sickness of hope deferred, mingled with a brooding fear. Had she been wifely, wise even, to go far from her husband, without the heart-to-heart reconciliation which should have come after these sorrowful days of estrangement?

CHAPTER LIV.

'AGAIN AT ASHTON.

PAUL had telegraphed for the fly to be in readiness at Ashton station; but it was past ten o'clock before Nuna reached the Rectory.

Something in the familiar sounds of servants' voices, in the atmosphere full of almond perfume from the starry clematis on the veranda, stirred Nuna's heart strongly. She was crying as she met her father in the inner hall. He looked ill and old. She threw both arms around his neck, and sobbed on his shoulder.

Mr. Beaufort gave a little sigh;-he had been feeling like an ivy plant torn rudely from its accustomed support-it was hard to be called on to play the part of elm to the very aid he had sought.

"There, there, my dear, come in my study and have tea; I think you had better not see Mrs. Beaufort till to-morrow; you might excite her."

Nuna tried to calm herself, but it was not easy; every step called back some half-forgotten bit of former life; and when she was fairly seated in the study, she had

nearly broken down again.

Mr. Beaufort sat opposite her, but he seemed nervous. Warm as the weather was, he had a fire in the study; he stooped down and struck out a shower of sparks from the whitened logs. Nuna tossed her bonnet on to the sofa. The old, careless action bridged over her period of absence, and her wifehood. Mr. Beaufort only saw in his daughter the vague, unformed girl who had given Bobby Fagg the run of his study table.

Dec.,

"Elizabeth wrote you a beautiful letter,"

he said in a fretful voice.

"Yes; I long to see her and be of use to her, if I can."

"I hardly think you are fit to nurse," and then, touched a little by her sad eyes, "I mean, you have no experience compared with cook; and Mrs. Fagg comes up every day—she is so thoroughly good a nurse.

44 Ah!" Nuna sighed, "but I hope Elizabeth will like me to be with her."

In her heart she wondered why else had she been sent for.

4 Yes, yes, of course." Poor Mr. Beaufort had passed several sleepless nights; he was altogether, for him, in a most unnatural position—he had been an invalid, the invalid of the house all his life; it was hard to be dethroned, to have this fresh anxiety thrust on him. His natural feelings had softened his anger against Nuna, but as he grew used to her presence it returned.

"I sent you that letter because Mrs. Beaufort wished it; but in my opinion it was uncalled for-I mean, I think, Nuna, you have quite as much to atone for as she has."

"I-towards Elizabeth!"

in a dream.

"I hoped you would have seen it yourself." He got up and stood beside the fire, so that he need not see the eyes so earnestly fixed on his face. "You'know how I shrink from any personal discussion; but surely, Nuna, you cannot call your conduct towards us dutiful or becoming?"

He paused; but she did not speak; she was setting her father's speech beside the shock Patty's words had given her-trying to see the meaning to which she could feel all this pointed; and when hearts, however ignorant, are deeply in earnest, a sudden call of this kind so bewilders the senses that there is nothing on which to found definite words.

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He thought she was vexed, and this irritated him.

"You see, the great fault of your character is self-will; you will only act by your own judgment. Now I dare say in your heart you consider you have not been kindly treated; if you do think this, it is a most complete mistake—it would have been far pleasanter to me to have gone on as we were; but—to begin with—you neglected every sort of domestic duty; and then you were very perverse about marrying. I consider whatever happened afterwards was entirely your doing. Yes, Nuna, the chief unhappiness that has come into my life has been of your making."

Nuna had sat listening, her eyes intently fixed on her father. She could not see much of him, but she could feel that there was a change. There was a reality, too, in his voice, which gave a weight to the old fretfulness it had never had before.

Was he unhappy with Elizabeth? Yes, she felt sure he was; and he meant that Nuna had been the cause of his marriage.

Self-defence was always deficient in Nuna's nature; the feelings which had been struggling to be understood swept upwards, overbearing any attempt at self-excuse, into an agony of remorse.

She threw herself on her knees, and clasped her arms around her father; but no words would come to help her.

Mr. Beaufort was shocked and distressed.

"Oh, my dear—there—there—pray don't—don't agitate yourself, and me too, by giving way; just now, too, when we all have need of extra strength. Oh, my dear, you'll unnerve yourself, and make yourself useless—quite."

But the words were not the styptic to her agonized flow of feeling that they would have proved a year ago. For weeks, Nuna had been keeping back the outward expression of her sorrow; and now it had found vent, it carried her along with the power of sudden freedom.

"Only say you forgive me, father," she said, passionately. There was none of the old timidity; she was not even crying. Mr. Beaufort was fairly borne along by the strength and genuineness of her appeal.

He stooped down and kissed her; and then tried to raise her.

"There, there—yes, darling; God bless you; I knew you would come right;"
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and then he hid his own face in his pockethandkerchief, under cover of blowing his nose.

Nuna rose up, still and calm; a great load seemed lifted off her heart, but it was scarcely lighter; so new a self had been roused into life by her father's words, that she longed to be alone to sift them, and prove their meaning.

Mr. Beaufort rang the bell.

"I had ordered the spare room got ready; but cook and Jane said you would be sure to like your own room best. I dare say you're tired."

Nuna was thankful to say Yes, and to find herself lighted by Jane up the old

staircase.

Jane lingered.
"Shan't I take your things out, miss—ma'am I ought to say?"

"No, thank you, Jane. I am so very glad to see you again, and cook too. I'll come and have a talk with you to-morrow."

Jane went away; and Nuna stood looking round her, trying to cast herself back into the state of mind she had lived in with those surroundings.

Little change had been made in the arrangement of the room; it almost seemed to her that some one had tried to replace everything in its accustomed position.

And, while she stood gazing, it came to her suddenly that it was here that the old life had seemed most distasteful as she mused over it; it was here that she had thought of life alone with Paul as a state too full of bliss for earth.

Had she been happy? had she made Paul happy?

"Yes, I have been wildly happy sometimes; and did I not say, myself, I preferred that sort of changeful life to a monotonous existence of tepid content? I thought love would be very different—more the mingling of one heart with another, than this. I thought Paul and I would have known each other's thoughts

and wishes before they were spoken."

She sighed; looking back at the old life, she felt herself discontented—wicked, even, at the contrast its dreariness offered beside her new state; and yet she could not, even though she summoned unreal strength—that strength with which a woman often makes herself a temporary heroine to sink beneath her real self when the effort is past—Nuna could not force herself to be resigned; she could not give up

the hope of winning her husband to love her more entirely as she wished: and then came back her father's reproaches—had she really power to judge herself rightly at all?

There was a tap at the door, and when she opened it she saw her father, pale,

and much agitated.

"I don't know what to do," he said, in a low voice. "Hush! don't speak, or you may make her worse. She keeps on fainting; and I don't know really what to do. Dennis is very unwell, so I can't send for Mrs. Fagg; and Elizabeth does not like me in her room, I know she does not."

"Let me go," said Nuna, eagerly.

"You!" He looked at her, and shook his head. "I don't want to vex you, my dear, but I really think you would do more harm than good. Nursing requires such unwearied attention and carefulness."

"Yes, I know—I mean, I don't wonder at your distrust, dear, dear papa." She had got his hand in hers, and she kissed it with a fervor that startled him. "You have made me begin to see, to-night, how little I have lived for others. Won't you give me this chance of beginning fresh? Let me only try to do something really to make you happy. If nursing and care can bring Elizabeth back to you, then indeed I will try to save her.

As she spoke, her words grew calmer and sweeter; even her father saw that their first impetuosity had been caused more by the effort at uttering them than because she was unreal. She stood with clapsed hands; her eyes liquid with intense but restrained feeling, gazing into her father's face.

He struggled a few moments, and then nature rose up against prejudice, and all the petty hindrances that so often sever loving hearts.

He bent his head to Nuna's; he meant to kiss her forehead; but with her clinging arms round his neck, the poor lonely man's soul found voice at last.

"My darling," he whispered, — and sobs came between his words, — "why did I never find you out before?"

CHAPTER LV.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

MRS. Downes stopped and looked round, to be quite sure her black silk

flounces were clear of the dirty gate. "I had made up my mind not to come to Bellamount Terrace till just before we go away, and yet here I am on this muddy day, too, and all because that foolish doll of a woman chose to interfere between me and my father. I shan't forget her manner when she went away. I don't think I've felt so out of temper for months; and I don't forgive people who put me out of temper; it wrinkles my forehead and heats my complexion." Patty's bewitching smile came here; it was too amusing to think that any falling off could come to her beauty.

Her smile seemed to irritate Roger. He had opened the door noiselessly, and any one less quick of observation would have been taken by surprise; but, as a girl, Patty's motto had been "never to be caught napping," and her observing powers had not grown dulled by luxury.

Roger frowned; and his mouth was so firmly shut, that a series of hard semicircles showed at each corner of it.

"How are you?" said Patty. She made no effort to kiss him; she shook hands instead. "I am afraid you have been ill again."

"Are you?" He led the way into the parlor. "I've been expecting you, Madam Downes."

Patty did not seat herself. She walked up to the little picture on the mantel-shelf, and looked first at it, then at herself in the misty looking-glass.

Roger watched her; and his anger sud-

denly burst bounds.

"You're a vain hussy, that you are, and always were. If your husband's fool enough to stand it, well and good. I wish him joy; he'd do well to remember that it's the vain woman as brings shame and disgrace to a husband's home far more than the froward or the sour ones."

Patty had flushed angrily at his words, but their stern sound frightened her,—shocked the soft pleasure-seeking soul by the glimpse of broad daylight it seemed to let in. Roger checked himself; he seldom uttered long sentences, and felt half ashamed of having, as he thought, "jawed like any woman:" but he had more to say yet that he meant Patty to listen to.

"Is this what you sent for me to hear?" she said, with the old defiant movement

of her head.

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"No; I've wasted words, and them's things as I don't often throw away."

Patty gave a little shudder of disgusthe spoke so broadly. Roger saw it.

"Ay ay, I know all about it; you'd give your right hand, Madam Downes, if ye could put a wide sea atwixt us; an' I don't blame ye, not I."

"Father, how can you?" she began,

but he interrupted her.

"Now you just listen, here." He pointed his bony forefinger towards her, a finger which seemed to have more knuckles than of right belonged to it. "So long as you keep straight, I'm content to let ye bide; but don't you go stirring up unhappiness atwixt man and wife, or I'm down on ye. Maybe I know more than you think for, and if Whitmore's fool enough to fret his wife's heart for the likes of you, why"-he scowled at her as he paused for breath-"it's just this: if you don't shut your doors agin him, you won't shut 'em agin me neither. I'll see this smart husband of yourn, and tell him more about you than you mean him to know."

He stopped; but he bent his eyes on It seemed as if he expected her to spring at him, or fly off into vehement anger. He had not, in any way, realized the steady hold which daily practice had given Patty over any show of feeling.

She stood a minute, with downcast eyes, choosing her line of conduct. All she cared to do just then was to pacify Roger; and the best way seemed to follow out the lead her feelings had taken at his words.

She pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her eyes: there were really some tears there; smarting, vexed drops that seemed to sting with sudden pain.

"I know I've not been always what I ought towards you, father; but I thought you didn't care, as some do, for outside show." A little sob here. "I thought, so long as you had the substance, I was of too little consequence to you for you to heed my goings and comings as some might;" then with a sudden change of voice, "I've doubled your allowance," she said reproachfully. "I should have thought that more to your taste than any make-up of dutifulness; and, I must say, it's hard you should listen to that woman against your own child."

Roger's face cleared; his mouth relaxed till his lips parted in surprise, and then a look of doubt came into his restless

eyes.
"Thank you," he said; "tho' as I've told you before now, by rights, it ud been me as should have given the allowance; not you, Patty. You're wrong about Miss Nuna, she told no tales agin you; but if you have done as you say about the money "-he said each word deliberately, while he looked at her keenly-"why, I say again, thank you."

Patty looked away; as yet she had not made the promised alteration. "But I mean to do it," she thought, "and that's all the same." She went to the mantelpiece and took up the little picture. "You don't mind letting me have this? I'll give it back some day. I want to get it copied."
"Take it." Roger was thinking

whether he had said enough in the way of warning. At another time he might have suspected Patty's motive for removing the only link which could prove her connection with Bellamount Terrace; but he was far more intent on the remembrance of Nuna's sorrowful face than on his beautiful daughter.

"You'll not forget what I said awhile ago." Patty was putting the picture in her pocket; he could not see the frown

his words called up.

"Mind you, Miss Nuna made no complaint; and don't go setting yourself agin her; but it stands to reason it ain't happy for a wife to see her husband going after one as he fancied afore he saw her.

"You're mistaken there." Patty's eyes sparkled with triumph. "Mr. Whitmore saw Nuna Beaufort before ever he set eyes on me; and she knows it. Do you suppose I care about a poor artist like that? not I. If she chooses to be a jealous idiot, it's no fault of mine. Mr. Whitmore came to paint my picture; well, it's finished, and sent home; and I dare say he has got the money for painting it; and I don't suppose he and I are likely to meet again; but I do think it is very hard that you should judge your own daughter to be all wrong, and Nuna Beaufort to be all right;" and Patty swallowed a little indignant sob.

"Well, well; if it's as you say, it's well ended." Even Roger was touched. "But don't think me hard neither; as you brew so you bake; and you know you was always for getting all the menfolk to yourself and robbing others. You keep your door shut agin Miss Nuna's gentleman, and I'll keep my own counsel."

Patty did not utter a word when she rejoined her companion at the railway station; and Patience had grown so accustomed to her moods that she was aware this was not one to be rashly broken in on.

Passion with Patty was not lasting; but it never passed away without leaving the fruit of a settled purpose. She had rarely been so moved out of herself, as by this discovery of Roger's motive in summoning her to Bellamount Terrace.

The resentment roused by Nuna's lofty coldness had been smouldering-not forgotten; and now, as Mrs. Downes realized that this girl, whom she had hated all her life, who had robbed her-this was Patty's view-of the only man she ever could have loved, had been at the pains to stir up her own father against her, the old hatred flamed out again. Patty reminded herself that one of the first joys of her inheritance had been the consciousness that, one day, she would have power to humble Nuna Beaufort. "She shall be humbled, too. She has brought it on herself. I'll teach her the difference between us;" and she lay back in the carriage, thinking.

Patty had not owned it to herself distinctly; her conscience had grown tough, but still she had a consciousness of deep mortification. Paul had not called once since the last sitting; and a faint blush tinged the beautiful face as she remembered her efforts, that day, to fascinate him. She did not enter personally into this question; but in summing up Nuna's offences her foolish jealousy headed the list. No doubt Mrs. Whitmore had made the poor man's life miserable when she found out he had been painting her portrait, and he kept away from Park lane just for the sake of peace. "He shall come, though," she said, "even if I ask her to come with him."

Mrs. Downes turned suddenly to Pa-

"Tell Newton to drive to St. John street; I want some alterations made to that picture; and I may as well return Mrs. Whitmore's visit."

Patience began a remonstrance; but the words died away, there was so determined a look in the blue eyes.

Mrs. Whitmore was not at home.

"Mrs. Whitmore's gone into the country for some days."

"Where to, ma'am?" The powdered giant touched his hat.

Patty sat thinking; a plan had been growing in her scheming brain. Lord Charles Seton had told her of his meeting with Paul Whitmore, and he had also expressed a wish to have the artist's companionship in an excursion he had planned for the coming autumn.

At the time, Mrs. Downes had paid little heed to the proposal. She had looked at Lord Charles's sketches, and praised them; and felt rather bored at having to talk to him about anything except herself; but now this remembrance came back vividly. It was just the clue she wanted; she could amuse herself, and punish Nuna by the same stroke; and Mrs. Whitmore's absence from St. John street placed her completely at Patty's mercy.

"There is no prestige in being admired by Paul; but I like it: his appreciation of beauty is quite of another order to Lord Charles's; he shall come to Park Lane while she is away, and I'll take care she knows of his coming; and Paul shall go abroad with Lord Charles, too. Why should we not all go together?"

She ordered to be driven to Queen's Gate; and then she went on planning. It seemed to her that she must not trust Patience. It must have been from her companion that her father knew so much of her proceedings.

"Miss Coppock,"—Patty looked grave; she began to be aware that Patience suspected her smile,—"I must call on Mrs. Winchester, and I promised Mr. Downes I would drive out with him at six o'clock. I would not keep him waiting on any account, so you had better take a cab and go home with my message."

It would have been simpler to leave Patience in the carriage; but Patty's nature was incapable of simplicity, either in thought or action.

CHAPTER LVI.

COUSINLY.

MRS. WINCHESTER sat in state in her vast drawing-room, at the opposite end to that by which Patty came in.

Some people of timid nature and excitable nerves feel dismayed when they have to make these solitary pilgrimages to the point where the mistress of all the

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state and splendor they traverse awaits them.

Even for her cousin's wife, Mrs. Winchester made no forward movement; but, as Patty approached, she rose from her lounging attitude, rustled out her ample skirt, and gave a little nod of welcome.

Mrs. Winchester was proud of her rooms. She considered decorations of walls and ceilings in any purely artistic fashion simple waste; her rooms ought to be as much like everybody else's rooms as possible; and everybody sat and walked upon representations of birds, and flowers, and Cupids, and even birds'-nests full of eggs. Therefore, it was the right thing to do.

"If you only trust all to a good upholsterer," said the faded Juno, "you are sure to be fashionable, and have things as they should be. Why, I left even my mantelpiece, and the hanging of my pictures, and the arrangement of the old china, to the upholsterer."

She said this to her cousin's wife, by way of suggestion; for she considered Maurice Downes far too much inclined to take up with eccentric ideas of taste.

"Yes," said Patty sweetly, "I see what you mean; everything in your room looks as if it had been done for you right off, it all looks so new and nice. What does your protégé Mr. Whitmore say to it all?"

"My protégé! He would not like you to say that; he is a very rising artist indeed: people tell me I am very fortunate to have been painted by him."

to have been painted by him."

"I think you are." Patty spoke quietly; but Mrs. Winchester looked affronted.

"I suppose you mean we all are. Maurice seems delighted with yours. Pray, when am I to see this portrait of

yours, Elinor?"
"That is exactly what I came for."
Patty had managed to avoid Mrs. Winchester's hints about seeing the picture in progress. "I thought, you know, you would judge of it so much better in the frame; the gilding, and all that, improves a picture, just as dress improves a passée woman."

"Any woman, you mean?" Mrs. Winchester felt rather as a soft consortable mole must feel, when he meets a hedgehog unawares.

"Oh dear, no." Patty's smile grew sweeter at the discomfiture in those lustre-

less, colorless eyes. "Some people look actually charming in a dressing-gown. Why, there's Venus; I suppose the reason that she's always shown undraped is, because she was too really beautiful to need any adornment in the way of dress."

Mrs. Winchester looked at the beautiful face with severe horror.

"I don't know anything about Venus's dress, I'm sure. I don't think Venus is meant to be talked of, at all; one only looks at her." Patty's eyes were beaming with mischief; but she grew grave as she remembered that she must not irritate her cousin too much; she had not accomplished the object of her visit.

"Now, when will you come and see my portrait? Lord Charles Seton dines with us on Tuesday. Can you come? I should so like you to meet him."

"Lord Charles Seton! of course I will, my dear Elinor. I had promised the Stephen Winchesters; but Charles must manage to go to them alone, and I will come to you. I know so many friends of Lord Charles Seton's, that it will be pleasant to meet him."

Patty smiled. Mrs. Winchester had tried more than once to be asked to meet some of her cousins' titled acquaintances.

"And I know Lord Charles will be pleased." Patty looked as if a signal favor had been granted. "Can you bring Mr. Whitmore?" she said, carelessly. "Lord Charles wants to meet him, and I don't quite know how to manage. You see, we don't visit Mr. Whitmore; and Maurice would not, I think, like to invite a person of that kind in such an intimate way. We only have artists and those sort of people at large parties; but, if you were to bring him as your friend, it would be quite different; in fact, you must manage it for me, dear, for I have quite promised Lord Charles."

Mrs. Winchester was proud of Paul's friendship; she had even called on Nuna, and had pronounced her charming; but she was ashamed to be less exclusive than this wife of Maurice's, whom she yet believed to be a nobody after all.

"I can bring him, of course, my dear; he will be quite flattered; and it will be, no doubt, a great advantage to him in all ways."

Even then, Patty could not spare her husband's cousin.

"Yes, it must be such a great advantage

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sociation than she could have thought possible.

then, I count on you for Tuesday."

"What a fool that woman is !" she thought, while she leaned back in her carriage. "Give a footman a title, and set her beside him. and she'd worship. It's only the title; she don't care for anything that goes along with it. Well, perhaps she is only like the rest of the world."

to be considered your friend. Very well,

Mrs. Downes went home and wrote a note to Lord Charles Seton. She must see him before he met Paul; she was determined the two men should go abroad together; and she was also determined on accompanying them; but it was necessary that the proposal should not seem to be hers.

"Of course I have only to say, I wish it, and Maurice will agree; but then, there is that tiresome, suspicious Patience, and I want her to be taken completely by surprise. She might write to Mrs. Whitmore, and upset everything."

CHAPTER LVII.

PATTY'S LETTER.

"Nuna, dear, don't be away long," said the weak weary voice behind the bed-curtains, "I miss you so."

Nuna gave a pleased, grateful smile, and moved quietly out of the room,

She had only been a few days at Ashton, but she had grown quickly used to her new position. She had taken her place by Elizabeth's bedside on that sadly anxions night, and she had scarcely left it since. When her stepmother regained consciousness and recognized her, Nuna checked the broken words that faltered from the sick woman by a loving kiss; and the sentence just uttered was the first expression of thankfulness she had received; but Elizabeth's eyes had spoken, and, in the new atmosphere of love and confidence in which Nuna found herself, her being seemed to expand; her power of thought and care for others developed with the suddenness with which such a power grows in a loving nature, from which it has not been actively claimed. For the first time she found her easy, gentle movements actually useful; they (seemed to soothe her patient.

Mrs. Fagg's quiet, cheerful presence in the sick-room had been very helping, though Nuna had scarcely had any talk with her—anxiety had been too urgent but her impressionable nature learned

place, for an hour or two, with Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'll be sure to lie down now, won't you, ma'am?"—she followed Nuna out on to the landing—"and there's a letter

up from the "Bladebone" to take Nuna's

It was Mrs. Fagg who had now come

for you on the study-table."

Nuna sped down stairs. She had not expected to hear again from Paul.

She had received one kind little note, in which he told her he had made a new acquaintance, Lord Charles Seton. "I met him at Sir Henry Wentworth's. He has a capital face for painting; and when I told him I had been wanting a face like his for my Academy picture, he offered in the frankest way to sit to me. He is really charming. You must see him when you come home."

Nuna had read this note over and over and kissed it, and committed those follies some wives are apt to commit at sight of a husband's letter; but yet she had sighed—sighed. She would almost have preferred some blame if the rest of the letter had been lover-like. She had written to him so fondly, and now she felt ashamed of her words. She knew her letter must have crossed Paul's; "he will think mine exaggerated and silly," she had said.

Therefore, at Mrs. Fagg's announcement, her eyes glowed with rapture; this was an answer to all the silliness she had blushed for.

She was so glad to find the study empty. She saw nothing in the room but that piece of white on the blackness of the writing-table.

"Not Paul's!" The glow faded; the large dark eyes brimmed over in an instant; there was no one there to see her, and Nuna stood beside the table and cried.

"What a baby I am!"—a bright smile came as she wiped her eyes,—"is this the way I am going to act out my good resolutions? I thought I was not to think of self any more. Am I forever going to be satisfied with intentions only?"

You see, Nuna had had more time for actual self-communion in those long hours beside her stepmother's bed than she had ever had in her life before; and truth comes out fearlessly when there is no sun-

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shine to shame her nakedness; she has no need of the veils and wrappings which have a way of disguising her altogether.

Nuna opened the letter; the handwriting was quite unknown, but instinct told her, at once, who was her correspondent.

She changed color while she read; indignant surprise and fear chased each other as she went on; but when she ended, a look of determined indignation was paramount.

The letter was from Patty.

"DEAR MRS. WHITMORE,

"Your husband has been dining with us, and we have planned to go abroad together in a week's time. I dare say Mr. Whitmore will write and tell you all about it; but as I know husbands are forgetful, I think it better to invite you myself to join our party.

"I fancy you will like to go with us, although I believe artists never take their wives about with them on their sketching expeditions, and you are doubtless often left alone, and are used to it. I think this little holiday will be highly advantageous to your husband. Mr. Downes has most influential foreign acquaintances, and you may be sure he will recommend Mr. Whitmore to their notice; and your husband is such a real friend of mine, that I feel we shall enjoy our journey together. I take Miss Coppock with me, so that you will always have a companion, even if I cannot be at your service.

if I cannot be at your service.

"I hope you will come.

"Yours truly,

"ELINOR M. DOWNES."

Nuna rose up, dilating with passion.

"Insolent—yes, I will go; I will not yield Paul tamely up to the amusement of this woman. She does not love him; she could not write of him in this way if she did; but she will not give up his admiration. Oh, how can one woman be so cruel to another!"

She could not follow Mrs. Fagg's advice. There was no use in lying down; her whole body was full of movement; in her vehement anger against Patty the blood seemed to course through her veins like fire. She excused Paul for dining in Park Lane; he might have told her, perhaps, but then it might have been a sudden invitation, unlooked for, when he wrote his note.

Mr. Beaufort came in; and her indignation had to pause; he was more cheerful than usual; he had begun already to look forward to these stray bits of chat with his daughter. It was a change to

find her sweet, loving eyes with a welcome in them, after his late loneliness.

And Nuna had specially exerted herself to amuse him,—had been more like the arch, bright child of former days than the absent, dreamy girl of the months that had followed Mary's death. To-day, she forgot all her new resolutions; forgot her father's presence, even. She sat silent, self-absorbed, till Mr. Beaufort's weary sighs roused her.

He was tired; his head ached; now he came to think of it, he had a nervous pain in his knee, which made him feel quite sick. The clock struck; and Nuna looking at her watch saw that it was time to release Mrs. Fagg. She felt miserable; she must go now, and leave her poor sad father to his hipped fancies; if she had only been less selfish, if she had thought of him, he might have changed his whole atmosphere of thought, and have let in such a flood of sunny brightness, that even when alone his brooding fretfulness would have been scared away.

She left him as heavy-hearted as she was herself.

"There's no good in me at all," she thought, sadly: "I may have the will to improve, but I've no memory for it;—as careless in that as in the rest."

Mrs. Beaufort slept sounder to-night, and Nuna slept too.

When she opened her eyes, and saw the room full of light, it seemed to her that she was dreaming. Surely the night had not gone; she had had no rest in sleep; she had been moving from one place to another, always in pursuit of Patty—Patty, who had seemed forever indistinct, though not invisible, and who held a black screen between Nuna and her husband.

Nuna rose softly from the sofa on which she had been lying, and passed into the dressing-room adjoining. She opened the window. How genially the fresh pure air rushed in to release the fevered atmosphere of the sick-room! How sweetly the birds were twittering to each other! The calves were bleating for their mothers in the yard hard by; there was that cheerful stir of country life which tells that another day has begun, and that men and dumb creatures are alike up and ready for it, going forth to their labor with willingness and good cheer.

"And I am not ready for another day," Nuna sighed. "Each day makes my

The postman's horn sounded earlier than usual.

Jane came up presently with Mrs. Beaufort's breakfast, and a letter for Mrs. Whitmore.

Paul's handwriting this time. Nuna's heart throbbed so, that she stayed in the dressing-room to read. She feared Elizabeth would notice her agitation.

It was only a short letter, to tell her he had been asked to join Lord Charles Seton on a sketching expedition in the interior of France, and Spain; he did not count on being away more than a month

"I will not go if you really dislike the plan," he ended, "but I frankly tell you I am pleased at the prospect of seeing Spain with some one who has already been there. Write, and tell me what you think about it."

Nuna put the letter down, and passed her hand across her forehead, to clear her brain, as it were, from the mist that obscured it.

What was this—falsehood—from Paul? "Why does he say nothing about her?" she cried, in anguish. "Does he not think I could bear anything easier than deceit? What shall I do? Oh, I shall go mad!"

She had thought Paul cold and neglectful, and careless of her love ; but to deceive her! She had never felt as she did now-his judge.

And yet it was not the same sort of tempest that had risen in her soul at sight of Patty's picture. Something in the truth of Nuna's love told her that Paul was true, although he did not love her; and though this last thought was bitter, and though her jealousy still tried at intervals to gain a hearing, still she could not believe that such a woman as Patty could win more than admiration from her husband. The agony which gnawed at her heart, which took all light and color from her hopes of winning Paul's love, was his want of trust.

"I see it now," she said, while scalding tears blistered the letter she still held, though she could no longer see it. "He cannot forget my jealousy; he will not mention her name, because he thinks I should never consent to his going with her. In his mercy for my silliness, he would not have told me of any companion

load heavier. Oh, if I could only forget beside Lord Charles Seton. Ah, Paul! Paul!" she sobbed, "you might have trusted your poor, foolish little wife. Neither love nor trust! How am I to live out my life without either? If I could only die and leave him free!"

"Second thoughts are best;" "Impulse is often a dangerous guide;" and yet, in spite of these two sage maxims, one rarely repents of having answered a letter in the first flush of affectionate feeling.

But Mrs. Beaufort was so disturbed at sight of Nuna's red eyes and swollen eyelids, that she grew restless and feverish; and some hours passed away before Nuna had leisure or quiet.

Her feelings had had time to chill when Mrs. Fagg came to release her.

It was plain that Paul wished to go; and that he had no thought of or desire for her presence on the journey-why should she thwart him?

"If he can be happy away from me for so long, why should I interfere? He certainly will not love me any the better for keeping him against his will, and from what he evidently considers enjoyment."

She writhed at this, but she was fast hardening against her husband.

There is this fearful result attached to selfishness that it never contents itself with injury to its producer; almost every selfish act tends to harden some one or other against whom it is exercised; and, just as water has the magical power of drawing water to itself, selfishness develops the same quality which may have been lying latent elsewhere.

Nuna's would hardly have been called a selfish nature. She had not lived actively for herself; but she had never yet realized the lesson that must be learned sooner or later-and for her own real happiness the sooner a woman learns it the better-that she must live actively for those among whom her lot is cast; and that she may, if she so wills, change every little cross and vexation of daily life into a sacrifice of love-not in that way of self-conscious martyrdom which is only another form of selfishness, but the hidden joy of a heart which is striving, ever so unworthily, to tread the way of the Cross.

Nuna sat thinking. "Am I never to come to reality in my

life?" she said; but there were no streaming eyes now; the slender fingers lay listlessly in her lap: they were not twistraul! ing and writhing as they had in the morning. "I never remember a time when I wife. was not looking forward; how long is this to go on?" She got up, and paced up and down her bed-room. Women like Nuna keep their childhood longer than others; but when they develop, and it is usually some outer shock which causes

this development, the growth is startling. "I am not a child." She stopped suddenly, and looked around her: all those tiny trifles left untouched in her room, memories of the vague dreamy time which suddenly swept away from her forever, had lost interest in her eyes. "I shall never have more faculties than I have now-I shall never have any one to depend on, or consult." Some sobs tried for escape, but she kept them back. "I shall never be younger or prettier-if I ever was pretty:" a scornful pity for herself curled her lips. "Why should I think I can ever be more attractive to Paul than I have been? He only cares for looks in a woman; and he does not care for mine. He dosen't dislike me-his note shows that; besides, till now, I don't think he has tried to deceive me; but he and I understand love differently-which of us is right, I wonder?"

Nuna kept walking up and down, thinking, still thinking. Time was slipping away; she knew that Mrs Fagg's visit would soon be over, and then she must

return to her post.

The longer she thought, the more useless it seemed to her to indulge hope as

to her future life with Paul.

Once a wild idea had come of going away, hiding herself—and so leaving him free to choose a wife who could win his love; though the weeds of neglect had choked much of Nuna's early teaching, her good angel had not been quite repulsed; something within her shrank from a wilful breaking of her marriage vow.

At last, a resolution came; and in her over-wrought state she thought it must be right, because it would give her pain to

act it out.

"I must go back to Paul—there is no help for it." She stopped and suppressed, with renewed self-contempt, the leap her heart gave at the thought of seeing him again, "but I must try to live his life, not my own. I must not think him wrong because he cannot love as I love. How do I know that my wild, undisciplined

nature has not made me more craving after love than other women are? I used to laugh at Elizabeth's notions. Was she right, after all? She seems only calmly fond of my father. Mrs. Bright, too—how she is able to talk of her dead husband quietly, peacefully, as if he had only been her friend. Surely, if I strive for indifference, it must come; and then, when Paul no longer fears being tormented by my jealousy or my love, he may at least treat me with confidence."

She sat down, and wrote, keeping watch on every word, least it should show any impatience of his absence, or anxiety for his return; she tried to write simply, as if Patty's letter had never reached Ashton, and yet, spite of herself, the guarded words had a chill in them, which expressed

haughtiness and displeasure.

She finished it at last, and fastened the envelope.

"I have thought too long already; I will send it without more delay.

She went towards the sick-room; Jane came out of the door as she reached it.

"I've been sitting with mistress, please ma'am. Mrs. Fagg said, as you looked so poorly, you mustn't be disturbed; she's been gone this half-hour. It's too late for the letter, ma'am," she added, glancing at Nuna's hand.

CHAPTER LVIII.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES,

Some days have gone by; the weather has changed; it ought not to be autumn yet, but there is a chilly feel in the evening air. Mrs. Downes shivers as she sits on board the steamer, and she sends Miss Coppock down to fetch warmer wrappings. Lying on the deck near her, almost at her feet, is Lord Charles Seton; and the two men pacing up and down, while they smoke, are Paul Whitmore and Mr. Downes.

Both are silent; and both, though the previous talk between them would not have led them to guess it, are thinking of their wives—thinking, too, that they have respectively just cause for dissatisfaction with them.

Marriage has acted differently on these men, as it must always act on diverse degrees of love. Mr. Downes has been selfish and worldly, but he married his wife only because he loved her; and the very disappointment her cold return to his affec-

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tion caused, has developed in her husband a patience and an unselfishness which perhaps nothing else might have elicited: the most unselfish wives do not always belong to the least selfish husbands.

Paul often asked himself lately why he had married his wife. The impression that Nuna had made on his fancy, he knew, would easily have been obliterated, and he found himself deprived of the freedom which he considered belonged to him, by the presence of a companion he seemed to have no power of making harmy.

"Nuna is discontented by nature," he said to himself, as they paced up and down. "Of course she is superior in many ways to Patty; but how easily she takes life! it refreshes one to hear her silvery laugh, even when she laughs at nothing."

But Paul's face grew graver as he thought of Nuna's last letter: he considered it sullen and rebellious.

"I shall take my time about writing again," he thought. "I can quite fancy she wrote that letter off in a fit of temper. I never knew Nuna had a temper till that affair of the picture. She's jealous again, I suppose, that I should get beyond her apron-string. Well, she must come to her senses. I will write as soon as we make a decided halt, and tell her where to address letters. I dare say she's happy enough; in that first letter she said they were all so kind."

At the remembrance of that first letter a thrill of keen disappointment made itself felt. Any one looking at Paul's determined face would have said there was a spasm of jealous anger there—but it was anger against himself. He had read Nuna's first note hurriedly, but its lovingness brought back for a moment the self-created vision he had had during his lonely watch on the pier.

He would not have nourished resentment against his wife if he had been better satisfied with himself. He was not quite so much to blame as Nuna had thought him, for when Patty wrote to his wife, Mr. Downes had only given a half-consent to the foreign journey; and it had been at first arranged that Paul and Lord Charles Seton should start together, and join the others at Bruges. But when this plan had been overruled by Mrs. Downes's quiet tact, it seemed to Paul that it would

only vex Nuna, and that, as he meant to keep aloof from the Downes's, there was no occasion to tell his wife the names of all his travelling companions.

As to his visit to Park Lane, he had gone to meet Lord Charles Seton, and really no husband was bound to tell his wife where he passed all his time during her absence; and yet, though he said all this to himself, Paul Whitmore was not happy or content.

"It is all her fault!" His companion's silence gave his thoughts no respite.

"I begin to fancy Nuna is coming out in a truer light: till now I seem never to have understood her. She seemed a sweet, timid creature, without a will of her own. I hate men to ill-use their wives. I'm sure I have always been kind to Nuna—I always mean to be kind—but if she thinks I am going tamely to submit to be managed, she is very much mistaken."

He gave a long weary sigh at the picture his words had called up—a life spent with a jealous woman—jealous of every word or look which he might give to any other, and jealous and exacting as to her own rights.

"Pritchard was right," he said, sullenly.
"I ought never to have married unless I could have found some one easy-tempered and indulgent enough to adapt herself to my erratic ways. I am not like other men; and if Nuna really loved me, she would have found that out. My mother always understood me; but then, was there ever a woman like my mother?"

It is a holy and happy thought for a mother to look forward to this sort of canonization in a son's memory; but for the sake of that son's future happiness, and the partner who will share it, it might be well if mothers would teach their darlings to live a little for the happiness of others. Slavish worship, however aptly precepts may be uttered along with it, must teach active selfishness.

An impatient turn in the midst of the walk made Paul look at his companion.

Mr. Downes left him, and went up to his wife.

"Won't you come and walk up and down, Elinor? I think you may take cold sitting there."

"Thank you, no; I am so comfortable. Miss Coppock has brought me a warm shawl;"—she smiled sweetly in her husband's face—"go back to Mr. Whitmore, Maurice; he gets dull if he is left alone."

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But Mr. Downes had been remarking the careless ease of Lord Charles Seton's admiration; he did not choose it to be shown so publicly on the open deck of the Mr. Downes loved his wife too steamer. well to think she would persist in encouraging this admiration if he showed decided disapproval.

"I really think you had better walk up and down," he said, in so grave a voice that Patty looked up with an amused smile on her lips. She saw the vexation

in his face.

"You dear old fidget," she said, but she made no attempt to move, and her eyes

were not smiling.

Lord Charles looked at Mr. Downes, and he began to have a dim consciousness that all was not as bright as it seemed, and that he was rather in the way. He got up, and strolled after Paul.

Patty sat waiting till he was out of hearing; but her husband's impatience

broke loose.

"Why don't you do what I ask? I'm tired of this nonsense." He spoke so roughly, that the blue eyes were raised to his in sudden, unfeigned wonder. Patty was not surprised at her husband's vexation, but she was disturbed that he had found courage to express it; she was disconcerted, too; it seemed to her that the tactics which De Mirancourt had assured her would prove infallible in keeping well with her husband had not succeeded. This sort of behavior was unjustifiable on his part. She never interfered with him in anything—why should he interfere with her?

"Poor Maurice! I thought he understood himself better. He always says he takes pride and pleasure in seeing me ad-What has Lord Charles done that Maurice has not seen done by others a

hundred times before?"

And as long as Mr. Downes was ignorant that Patty could prefer any one's society to his own, he had delighted in the homage paid to her; and, if Patty had loved him, he would have been safe in this delight, even if the worship paid her had been doubled. There is something shielding in love, even in women who have but vague ideas of a higher safe-When husband and wife are truly one—only halves when separated—love makes a woman callous to all but one opinion; perhaps, the truest and most single-hearted wives are the most simple and the least addicted to primness in their dealings with other men, because it could not occur to them to find any companionship equal to that of their husbands.

But Mr. Downes had gradually, and against his will, arrived at a doubt most humiliating to his self-esteem, and to a higher and better feeling than mere selfesteem. Just now as he came up to Patty and her companions, he had seen a look of weariness, of annoyance even, come upon his wife's face, and this was caused by his approach; she was plainly happier without him. It was not his first warning, but he had been incredulous; and in London Mrs. Downes had been more guarded; she had no simplicity to enable her to dare the world's opinion. Lord Charles Seton, too, had been so bewitched by Patty's picturesque appearance in travelling gear, far more becoming to her loveliness than the dazzling attire she delighted in, that he had forgotten everything as he sat there gazing up into her eyes with undisguised admiration.

His creed was that all beauty was made to be looked at. He had a way of thanking heaven he was free from prejudices, and ancient errors, and of talking of extinct superstitions and the modern growth of thought; he had picked up these notions orally at the university, and probably understood as much about the first as the last. He was the son of a Duke, he was very attractive both in person and manners, and he expected to succeed to a large property on the death of his cousin, Sir Henry Wentworth; but Paul Whitmore had already discovered him to be shallow-witted and ignorant, and altogether a most undesirable acquaintance

for Mrs. Downes.

Patty had not answered her husband: she wanted him to reconsider the tone in which he had spoken; presently he said more quickly,-

"You will get chilled if you sit too long.

Come and walk up and down."

"That's better," said Patty to herself; "But not right yet. He never must get his own way: it doesn't do for men; if they get it once, then they want to have it always.'

"How you tease, you dear old Maurice ! Why can't you sit down by me?"

Mr. Downes felt ashamed of himself; he was just beginning a penitent speech. Patty turned her head ever so little to look after the two smokers, and her husband saw the movement; he made no effort to sit beside his wife; he stood stiff, and sullen.

"You must put an end to this nonsense at once, Elinor. I am not blaming you; I dare say you don't know it, but you will attract attention, and you'll have that young fool in love with you if you give him this kind of encouragement."

Patty sank back among her cushions,

and clapped her hands.

"You dear, old thing,"-she laughed as if she were carried out of herself by the absurdity of her husband's words; "in love with me! How good that is, and how ungrateful you are; all this time I have been making myself a martyr. I have given up that clever Mr. Whitmore, who really can talk, that you might have him all to yourself, and actually I have tried to amuse that overgrown school-boy, just to keep him from disturbing you. He bores Mr. Whitmore to death, I can see, by his amateur notions of art. I'm ashamed of you, Maurice. In love! why, it would be most amusing. I suppose you'll be jealous of your young brothers when they come to see me; I shall just punish you, and make them fall in love with me. If you are going to be jealous, dear, don't begin with a boy! Very well, you shall have your own way: to-morrow I expect you to take this good-looking bore off my hands and let me amuse myself with Mr. Whitmore; at least you will not be jealous of him, I imagine."

Mr. Downes looked sheepish, and still rather sullen, but he sat down beside her in silence. Patty offered him half of her warmest cloak, and drew it round him with her dimpled velvet hand and looked sweetly into his eyes; and although it was in her husband's mind to ask her to let the two young men amuse each other, and reserve her companionship for himself, he shrank from that silvery laughter and felt as if it would be priggish; and for the time peace was restored.

CHAPTER LIX.

AN APPEAL.

Days were slipping rapidly away, shortening as each went by. The fields grew more and more golden; scarlet, and blue, and ragged yellow flowers took the places of their more softly-tinted fellows. The hedges, too, were fast putting on a fruit livery; only the wild clematis lingered, gracing every bush as it flung out over them its twining pennons.

But Nuna saw none of the lovely painting by which Nature was gradually changing summer into autumn; her days were

spent in feverish impatience.

Every morning brought a new despair, only conquered by the fresh hope that sprang from it, that the next post might bring a letter from her husband. He had not written once since he went away; the only answer to her acceptance of his proposal had been a telegram, telling her they were starting three days sooner than he had expected.

In the reaction that came to Nuna after she had despatched her letter, she had almost resolved to hurry up to London, and bid her husband at least an affectionate farewell; but the telegram proved that this idea had come too late; and she could not leave Mrs. Beaufort: she felt sure there must be risk in giving her any

cause for agitation.

But in the days that had gone by since then, the invalid had mended rapidly; her clinging to Nuna seemed to strengthen, and the irritation which convalescents always vent on one or other of their attendants appeared to have concentrated itself on her husband, instead of on his daugh-

"She is fractious, and no mistake," Mrs. Fagg remarked, when poor Mr. Beaufort had gone out of the room looking as if he had been whipped; "but, dear me, Miss Nuna, it's only natural; it's all that there restlessness and want of sleep coming out on the tongue. You see when married folk get crooked it's orkard for 'em to get straight unless they're by theirselves." Nuna turned away so as to hide her face from observation, but Mrs. Fagg went on, "Why, bless you, ma'am, if Dennis was to say-I don't say he do -but if he forgot himself and spoke cross to me when we was alone, I should shake it off as a dog does water; but before folk may be it would be different. Bless you, it's just one of the ways which shows us the poor silly things we are."

Nuna looked round at the landlady. She had been used to Mrs. Fagg's condemnation of others, it was new to hear her put herself on the list; and yet, something undefinable except in a general softec.,

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ening of voice and look had told her before to-day that the past year had worked some change in the mistress of the "Bladebone."

"How is that?" Nuna smiled.

"Put it to yourself, ma'am, if Mr. Whitmore was to speak, I'll say careless like: well, if you was with him alone, you'd go, I know you would,"-Nuna was blushing deeply at this home-thrust, -" and put your arms round his neck, or hold up your face to be kissed; you'd think it was your fault fast enough. Bless you, Miss Nuna, you was always the same; them's sillinesses, no doubt, for the men have their tempers as well as ourselves, but there's sillinesses as is safe and as is meant to be, because you see their pattern's in nature. But now look here, ma'am, if one of your old friends was by, Mrs. Bright now, or Mr. Will,"-Mrs. Fagg gave a quick sharp glance to see if her words had offended,-"you'd feel yourself ill-used, quite upset like, and unless you had a chance of making up may be you'd carry a sore heart, worrying yourself as to how you could have vexed Mr. Whitmore."

The sudden wonder in her listener's face gave Mrs. Fagg a hint of the truth. "That's all silliness, you know that, ma'am, as well as I do, but we're all alike at first beginning, high and low, we're all just men and women, neither more nor less; and if we looked at things straight and fair, we should see they must be the same. Any way, we've only got to look at things themselves, and not think of

others or what they think."

"Yes, you're right, Mrs. Fagg," said

Nuna meditatively.

"We're most on us, I take it, ma'am, sent into the world to do some one plain dooty; and with us womenfolk as are married and have to make just one man happy, what call have we to go fretting and worritting about other folks thinking of what happens atwixt us? Bless you, Miss, women are such fools; most on 'em lives as much for pleasing other folk as for pleasing their own husbands."

Nuna was in a revery far off from the subject of talk, but a movement in Mrs.

Beaufort's room recalled it.

"Do you mean about Mrs. Beaufort that it would be better for me to go home again? You mean, I think, that I come between them," she said.

Mrs. Fagg looked at her with a sort of

reverent pity.

"Bless her dear heart! she's not changed a bit, just as willing to be guided as ever. Asking me what I think, indeed! I've a notion"—here Mrs. Fagg paused; whatever the notion was, she kept it back with a shake of the head, as if, like a refractory child, it wanted quieting.

"No, ma'am, not exactly; but I think it might be good for you and them too, if you was to go over for a day or so to Gray's Farm; only yesterday your poor papa said Mrs. Bright was begging and

praying of him to send you."

The Rector was always "your poor papa" in Mrs. Fagg's discourse to Nuna. She pitied Mrs. Beaufort; but the time she had spared to nurse her had not been given for the sake of the invalid. Mrs. Beaufort belonged to the Rectory, and that was enough for Mrs. Fagg; but she had never got over her first impression that Miss Matthews had come prowling into Ashton, like the white cat she was, and had turned Miss Nuna out of her own home.

The kind soul was feeling uneasy about Nuna; her paleness and her constant depression, except when with the invalid, worried Mrs. Fagg. Gradually she was getting more and more inquisitive about her favorite, and to indulge her old dislike to Paul Whitmore.

Nuna shrank from Gray's Farm, and from Will; but she was in that state of listless restlessness when any change or movement promised relief; and when Mrs. Fagg privately urged Mr. Beaufort to send her away, after a little, Nuna con-

sented to go.

"Marriages don't seem matches," said Mrs. Fagg; "now to look at 'em, any one would have said Mr. Bright and Miss Nuna was cut out one for the other: she, so careless, and he so prim and regular; but then, he'd have worried her to death most like—fond as he'd have been. He's a good, religious, handsome young gentleman; but bless me, women don't care so much for looks, or for them tidy, particular ways, in a man—they've mostly got 'em theirselves. If there's a thing as a woman cares for in a husband, it's a something that's not like herself."

Mrs. Bright came duly to fetch Nuna, and she chattered incessantly as they drove along the dusty road. She persisted in regarding her old favorite as a victim. Even her son's positive assurance failed to persuade Mrs. Bright that Nuna could, knowingly and willingly, prefer Paul Whitmore to her darling Will.

She left off talking for a bit, and looked

at her companion.

Nuna had grown very thin and pale; and there was a sad yearning in her eyes which stirred the widow's patience.

"It's all that husband, haughty, sallow-faced fellow! without one good feature, unless it's his eyes, and they have such a sudden way of blazing up, too, I feel sure he's awkward to live with. He must be, or she wouldn't have got so thin and anxious. Well,"—the comely face smoothed away its creases; bond fide wrinkles cannot come on faces like the widow's, there's no loose skin to spare for them,—"Nuna will take comfort when she sees Will; the very sight of his face must make anybody happy."

She looked round at Nuna. The sad look had vanished.

They were crossing a bit of open country beyond the common, with a distance

of wooded hills before them.

"This place takes me back years;" Nuna smiled. "There's the old nutwood, and there's the field where we used to find snake's-head lilies. I never shall forget tearing a frock all to bits in that wood because I quarrelled with Will, and wouldn't let him lift me over the brambles."

Mrs. Bright was radiant in an instant.

"My dear, I quite forgot to say that Will would have driven in for you himself: he fully intended it; but who should come down last uight but Stephen Pritchard, and it was awkward, you know, to leave him alone."

Nuna's heart leaped up with a sudden hope. She knew that Mr. Pritchard had gone back to Paris; he might have brought news of her husband. Paul had, perhaps, sent word by him where she could write to; for the impossibility of sending him a letter was almost as hard to bear as his silence.

Mrs. Bright saw the sparkle in Nuna's eyes, and her conscience smote her.

"Perhaps it's hardly right, throwing her in Will's way, poor thing! It may make her more unhappy with the other, though he don't deserve to be happy. I've no patience with him, coming down into a quiet village like a great prowling wolf and

upsetting the arrangements of generations."

Mrs. Bright kept an observant eye on the pair, when Will came forward as the carriage drove up; but it seemed to her that Nuna was far more at ease than the master of Gray's Farm was.

Nuna was glad to find Stephen alone in the drawing-room when she came down-

stairs

He came up to her at once. He was curious to see how she bore her husband's desertion. Mr. Pritchard had a way of studying his fellow-creatures as if they were insects in a microscope; he liked to see men and women under what he called new prismatic influences. Nuna had lost much of her beauty. He thought that she had more physiognomy than he had ever remarked in her before.

"Whitmore is not the fellow to make a girl like that happy," thought Stephen. "Why did he take her? It's like the dog

in the manger."

He told her he had seen Paul in Paris; but she turned so deathly pale when he confessed his ignorance of her husband's route that he was startled.

"Paul had only a moment, you see; we met at the railway station, and he was just leaving Paris. It was quite by chance I saw him. He had a lady with him, and two other men, I think."

"Yes," said Nuna, faintly; "he has only gone for a month." She tried to smile and look indifferent; she wanted Pritchard to think she was quite in her husband's confidence about this journey; and, if Pritchard had helped her, she would have succeeded in convincing him that she was happy; but Stephen was inquisitive, and curiosity makes people unfeeling.

He looked at her quietly, and then his whole face broke into a broad, incredulous

smile.

"I wouldn't count on seeing him home at the month's end, Mrs. Whitmore; when folks get abroad time goes quickly."
Nuna flushed, she was too angry to speak.

"Don't be vexed," he said. "I've known Paul far longer than you have, and no doubt I know him far better."

"I can't agree with you; husbands and wives must understand each other better than any one else: what I mean is," she said proudly, "I am quite satisfied with the knowledge I have."

For an instant Pritchard thought he had never seen any woman look as lovely as Nuna looked now: her eyes sparkled with indignation, her face was in a glow; but a sudden consciousness of her own untruth quelled this mood. How could she say she was satisfied with the knowledge she had of her husband? Her eyes drooped, her whole figure relaxed from its attitude of indignant assertion; she felt crushed with shame and sorrow.

Pritchard kept his eye fixed on Nuna; he was not hard-hearted, he had no adequate conception of the agony he was inflicting on the girl's proud sensitive heart, and yet a pity for the misery to which he thought she seemed doomed, stirred strongly in him, and moved him out of his usual philosophic indifference.

"Don't you think life is full of mistakes?" he said gently-he wanted to get at her real thoughts.

"Yes, perhaps;"-she spoke in a dreamy, home-sick voice.

"And has not your experience of life taught you that, as a rule, marriage is the saddest of all mistakes?"

Nuna looked up at him. She had been living so much for others in these last weeks that she had gained the power of thinking for them too; literally she had been taken out of herself, out of the dreamy self-contemplation she had grown used to in St. John street; she was able to look at this question without immediately fitting it to herself.

"No, I don't think so; and even if marriage does bring sadness in some cases, I should not have agreed with you. It seems to me every one may be happy who tries to be so: marriage may be like heaven on earth if people only try to make it

"But then it is not heaven on earth, and people don't try to make it so," said Pritchard with a sneer, "or if they do, women, that is to say-men have none of these sentimental fancies, Mrs. Whitmore, they are not so sure about a heaven as you are—a woman who believes this, only breaks her heart at the work, bruising it, poor tender thing, against the stony nature of some good fellow who has given all he's got to give in the way of kindness, and so on, and can't understand what more she wants. I grant you that here and there you find a couple specially fitted for each other, but these are the exceptions."

Nuna smiled; she had often argued this with herself, and she agreed in some ways with Pritchard, but the tendency of such a belief had not before shown itself so clearly.

PATTY.

"But then, what is to become of all the married people who are not among these favored exceptions?" She did not know enough of Pritchard to comprehend his laxity of ideas, she only thought him exaggerated, and there was some mockery in her smile.

Pritchard saw it, and it irritated him out of all reticence; he hated a woman to put herself on an equal footing in conversation. In theory he was full of woman's rights and the restrictions laid on her freedom; but then, that had reference to other

" I see no difficulty at all in the matter; let them do as I advise you to do." She looked at him in surprise. "Suppose you and Paul don't make each other happy: you give your husband his liberty again; he will be as thankful for release as you will be. You have gone back to your own home: we'll suppose that you stay there. You are angry now, Mrs. Whitmore; you look at me as if you thought I ought to be horsewhipped; in a year's time you will thank me for having had the courage to speak out. I have seen double the life you have, and I know you and Paul may go on and on together, hoping things will mend till you break your heart. Perhaps, I've gone beyond bounds, but I've done it with a good motive."

He stopped-there was something in her face which he could not read; the sudden flush of indignation and shame had faded. Nuna's eyes met his fearlessly.

"Then all your wisdom can teach you comes to this,"—there was a solemnity in her voice which startled him,-" that we are only to seek happiness for ourselves; and if we don't find it in the state in which we are placed, then we are to change that state to suit our own will and pleasure. God forgive me! I used to think something of the kind too; I am only just beginning to learn better." Her eyes swam as she went on, full of penitence for herself, and of pity for the blindness of the philosopher. "No, Mr. Pritchard; God is far better and kinder than man is, and I won't believe, if we do our duty in the state in which He places us, and ac-

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Pritchard sneered, "You are getting altogether beyond me; you will"——But Nuna felt her agitation was growing beyond her; she hurried past him, and was gone before he could stop her.

"Confound all women! Now, she's turning saint; I am not sure that's not worse than a vixen, because she'll always manage to be in the right now. I wish I had let her alone. Poor Paul, poor fellow, why it was more for his sake than hers I spoke at all!"

He pushed both hands into his hair and walked up and down the room: "Catch me marrying? Paul has never been half the fellow he was before he married; he's not happy, and she could not say she was, either. He talked a lot of bosh at Harwich. I knew what would come of it; I expect they quarrelled when he went home, and now he has gone off and left her ready to hang herself. If she weren't selfish, she must see he would be gladly rid of her; but then that is just where a woman is selfish."

Mr. Pritchard was singularly disturbed; even the smoking of two pipes one after another failed to restore him to his usual easy way of looking at life.

Nuna meantime was kneeling in her room, her face hidden by her hands; there were no tears streaming between the slender fingers; scarcely a sob stirred the calm stillness that had followed the first impetuous outburst of her sorrow and mortification.

Pritchard's words had cut through all the delicate reserve in which she fancied she had hidden her unhappiness; her secret was known then, as bare to the eyes of others as to herself. Nuna's agony was almost beyond endurance.

She had flung herself on her knees beside her table, more from a sort of despair than from any settled purpose; but as she knelt, her sobs grew less vehement, her tears less heavy and scalding, and, almost involuntarily, a cry went out of her heart for help. She was worse than helpless now; she was a subject of pitying talk for others. Every one knew her husband did not love her. A heavy sob burst from her, and again came tears.

But as she knelt, it seemed to Nuna that though the whole world might despise her sorrow, there was a love higher and deeper than any she had known, a love which hushed her poor fluttering heart, and soothed her by its presence. The hush deepened; it was as if her heart were freed from its heavy load of anguish, and was at last at rest.

She could never tell how long she knelt there, unconscious of outer sights and sounds. Quietly, slowly, as if she were gazing at it, her life spread itself out before her, and she saw herself as if with the eyes of a stranger.

It was one of those strange awakenings which come to us all; it may be once, often more than once, in our lives. We may pass it by, we may turn from its painful warning, for it seldom comes without probing the heart to its very centre; we may choke its remembrance by a succession of vain, frivolous thoughts and occupations, but it has been sent to us. It has left its mark; whether for good or evil is in our own power to determine.

(To be continued.)

St. Paul's.

NEWS FROM HERSCHEL'S PLANET.

SATURN—the altissimus planeta of the ancients—remains still the most distant planet respecting whose physical condition astronomers can obtain satisfactory information. The most powerful telescopes yet constructed have been turned in vain towards those two mighty orbs which circle outside the path of distant Saturn: from beyond the vast depths which separate us from Uranus and Neptune, telescopists can obtain little intelligence respecting the physical habitudes of either planet.

Nor need we be surprised at the failure of astronomers, when we consider the difficulties under which the inquiry has been conducted. In comparing the telescopic aspect of Uranus with that of Saturn (for example) we must remember that Uranus is not only twice as far from the earth, but also twice as far from the sun as Saturn is. So that the features of Uranus are not merely reduced in seeming dimensions, in the proportion of about one to four, but the yare less brilliantly illuminat-

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ed in the same proportion. And therefore (roughly) any given portion of the surface of Uranus-say a hundred miles square near the middle of his visible disc sends to us but about one-sixteenth part of the light which an equal and similarlyplaced portion of the surface of Saturn would send to us. Now every astronomer knows how difficult it is, even with very powerful telescopes, to study the physical features of Saturn. A telescope of moderate power will show us his ring-system and some of his satellites; but to study the belts which mark his surface, the aspect of his polar regions, and in particular those delicate tints which characterize various portions of his disc, requires a telescope of great power. It will be understood, therefore, that in the case of Uranus, which receives so much less light from the sun and is so much farther from us, even the best telescopes yet made by man must fail to reveal any features of interest. We may add also that Uranus is a much smaller planet than Saturn, though far larger than the combined volume of all the four planets, Mars, Venus, the Earth, and Mercury. If Saturn (without his rings) and Uranus were both visible together in the same telescopic field (a circumstance which may from time to time happen) the Herschelian planet would appear so small and faint that it might readily be taken for one of Saturn's moons, the ringed planet sending us altogether some sixty times as much light as Uranus.

But what the telescope had hitherto failed to accomplish, has just been achieved by means of that wonderful ally of the telescope, the spectroscope, in the able hands of the eminent astronomer and physicist, Dr. Huggins. News has been received about the constitution of the atmosphere of Uranus, and news so strange (apart from the strangeness of the mere fact that any information could be gained at all respecting a vaporous envelope so far away) as to lead us to speculate somewhat curiously respecting the conditions under which the Uranians, if there are any, have

their being.

Before describing the results of Dr. Huggins's late study of the planet, it may be well to give a brief account of what is known or may be surmised respecting Uranus. The question has been raised whether Uranus was known to the astronomers of old times. There is nothing

that in countries where the skies are unusually clear, the planet might have been detected by its motions. Even in our latitudes Uranus can be quite readily seen on clear and moonless nights, when favorably situated. He shines at such times as a star of about the fifth magnitude—that is somewhat more brightly than the faintest stars visible to the naked eye. In the clear skies of more southerly latitudes he would appear a sufficiently conspicuous object, though, of course, it would be wholly impossible for even the most keen-sighted observer to recognize any difference between the aspect of the planet and that of a star of equal bright-The steadiness of the light of Saturn causes this planet to present a very marked contrast with the first magnitude stars whose lustre nearly equals his own. But although the stars of the lower orders of magnitude scintillate like the leading orbs, their scintillations are not equally distinguishable by the unaided eye. Nor is it unlikely that if Uranus were carefully watched (without telescopic aid) he would appear to scintillate slightly. Uranus would only be recognizable as a planet by his movements. There seems little reason for doubting, however, that even the motions of so faint a star might have been recognized by some of the ancient astronomers, whose chief occupation consisted in the actual study of the star groups. We might thus understand the Burmese tradition that there are eight planets, the sun, the moon, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, and another named Ráhu which is invisible. If Uranus was actually discovered by ancient astronomers, it seems far from unlikely that the planet was only discovered to be lost again, and perhaps within a very short time. For if anything positive had been learned respecting the revolution of this distant orb, the same tradition which recorded the discovery of the planet would probably have recorded the nature of its apparent mo-

altogether improbable in the supposition

Be this as it may, we need by no means accept the opinion of Buchanan, that if the Burmese tradition relates to Uranus, Sir William Herschel must be "stripped of his honors." The rediscovery of a lost planet, especially of one which had remained concealed for so many centuries, must be regarded as at least as interesting

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as the discovery of a planet altogether unknown. Nor was there any circumstance in the actual discovery of Uranus, which would lose its interest, even though we accepted quite certainly the conclusion that the Herschelian planet was no other than old Ráhu.*

Let us turn to Herschel's own narrative of his detection of Uranus. It is in many respects very instructive.

In the first place, we must note the nature of the work he was engaged upon. He had conceived the idea of measuring the distances of the stars, or at least of the nearer stars, by noting whether as the earth circles around the sun the relative positions of stars lying very close to each other seem to vary in any degree. To this end he was searching the heavens for those objects which we now call double stars, most of which were in his day supposed to be not in reality pairs of starsthat is, not physically associated together -but seen near together only because lying nearly in the same direction. The brighter star of a pair was in fact supposed to lie very much nearer than the fainter; and it was because, being so much nearer, the brighter star should be much more affected (seemingly) by the earth's motion around the sun, that Herschel hoped to learn much by studying the aspect of these unequal double stars at different seasons of the year. He hoped yet more from the study of such bright orbs as are surrounded by several very faint stars. was a case of this kind that he was dealing with, when accident led him to the discovery of Uranus. "On Tuesday, the 13th of March (1781)," he writes, "between ten and eleven in the evening, while I was examining the small stars in the neighborhood of Eta in Gemini, I perceived one that appeared visibly larger

There are three points to be specially noted in this account. Firstly, the astronomer was engaged in a process of systematic survey of the celestial depths-so that the discovery of the new orb cannot be properly regarded as accidental, although Herschel was not at the time on the look-out for as yet unknown planets. Secondly, the instruments he was employing were of his own construction and device, and probably none others in existence in his day would have led him to the discovery that the strange orb was not a fixed star. And, thirdly, without the experience he had acquired in the study of the heavens he would not have been able to apply the test which, as we have seen, he found so decisive. The fact that the stars are not magnified by increased telescopic power to the same extent as planets or comets, is, as Professor Pritchard has justly remarked, "an important result of the undulatory theory of light, and was unsuspected in Sir William Herschel's day."

than the rest. Being struck with its uncommon magnitude, I compared it to Eta and the small stars in the quartile between Auriga and Gemini, and finding it so much larger than either of them, suspected it to be a comet. I was then engaged in a series of observations (which I hope soon to have the opportunity of laying before the Royal Society) requiring very high powers, and I had ready at hand the several magnifiers of 227, 660, 932, 1,536, 2,010, etc., all of which I have successfully used on that occasion. power I had on when I first saw the (supposed) comet was 227. From experience I knew that the diameters of the fixed stars are not proportionally magnified with higher powers, as those of the planets are; therefore I now put on the powers of 460 and 932, and found the diameter of the comet increased in proportion to the power, as it ought to be on a supposition of its not being a fixed star, while the diameters of the stars to which I compared it were not increased in the same ratio. Moreover, the comet being magnified much beyond what its light would admit of, appeared hazy and ill-defined with these great powers, while the stars presented that lustre and distinctness which from many thousand observations I knew they would retain. The sequel has shown that my surmises were wellfounded."

^{*} It is, after all, at least as likely that Ráhu—assuming there really was a planet known under this name—might have been Vesta, the brightest of the small planets which circle between Mars and Jupiter, as the distant and slow-moving Uranus. For although Vesta is not nearly so bright as Uranus, shining indeed only as a star of the seventh magnitude, yet she can at times be seen without telescopic aid by persons of extremely good sight; and her movements are far more rapid than those of Uranus. In the high tableands of those eastern countries, where some place the birth of astronomy, keen-sighted observers might quite readily have discovered her planetary nature, whereas the slow movements of Uranus would probably have escaped their notice.

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So that whether we consider the work Herschel was engaged upon, the instruments he used, or the experience he had acquired, we recognize the fact that he alone of the astronomers of his time was capable of discovering Uranus otherwise than by a fortunate accident. Others might have lighted on the discovery—indeed, we shall presently see that the wonder rather is that Uranus had not been for many years a recognized member of the solar system—but there was none but Herschel who could within a few minutes of his first view of the planet have pronounced confidently that the strange orb (whatever it might be) was not a fixed star.

I do not propose to enter here, at length, into the series of researches by which it was finally demonstrated that the newly-discovered body was not a comet but a planet, travelling on a nearly circular path around the sun, at about twice With Saturn's distance from that orb. this part of the work Herschel had very little to do. To use Professor Pritchard's words, having ascertained the apparent size, position, and motion of the stranger, "Herschel very properly consigned it to the care of those professional astronomers who possessed fixed instruments of precision in properly constituted observatories -to Dr. Maskelyne, for instance, who was then the Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich, and to Lalande, who presided over the observatory in Paris." As the newlydiscovered body travelled onwards upon its apparent path, astronomers gradually acquired the means for determining what its real path might be. At first they were misled by erroneous measures of the stranger's apparent size, which suggested that the supposed comet had in the course of the first month after its discovery approached to within half its original distance. At length, setting aside all these measures, and considering only the movements of the stranger, Professor Saron was led to the belief that it was no comet, but a member of the solar system. It was eventually proved, chiefly by the labors of Lexell, Lalande, and the great mathematician Laplace, that this theory fully explained all the observed motions of the newly-discovered body; and before long (so complete is the mastery which the Newtonian system gives astronomers over the motions of the heavenly bodies) all the circumstances of the new planet's real motions became very accurately known. It was now possible, not only to predict the future movements of the stranger, but to calculate his motions during former years. This last process was quickly applied to the planet, with the object of determining whether among the records of observations made on stars, any might be detected which related in reality to the newly-discovered body. 'The result will appear at first sight somewhat surprising. The new planet had actually been observed no less than nineteen times before that night when Herschel first showed that it was not a fixed star, and those observations were made by astronomers no less eminent than Flamstead, Bradley, Mayer, and Lemonnier. Flamstead had seen the planet five several times, each time cataloguing it as a star of the sixth magnitude, so that five such stars had to be dismissed from Flamstead's lists. But the case of Lemonnier was even more singular; for he had actually observed the planet no less than twelve times, several of his observations having been made within the space of a few weeks. "M. Arago naturally comments," says Professor Pritchard, "on the want of system displayed by Lemonnier in 1769; had he but reduced and arranged his observations in a properly-constructed register, his name instead of Herschel's would have been attached for all time to one of the starry host. But Lemonnier was not a man of order; his astronomical papers are said to have been a very picture of chaos; and M. Bouvard, to whom we have long been indebted for the best tables of the new planet, narrates that he had seen one of Lemonnier's observations of this very star written on a paper bag which had contained hair powder!"

In our days, when fresh planets are being discovered and named in the course of each year that passes, it may appear strange that much difficulty was found in assigning a suitable name to the stranger. But we must remember that for ages the planetary system had been supposed to comprise no other primary members than those known to the ancients. The discovery of Uranus was an altogether novel and unlooked-for circumstance. It was not supposed that fresh discoveries of like nature would be made, still less that a planet would hereafter be discovered

under circumstances far more interesting even than those which attended the discovery of Uranus. Accordingly a mighty work was made before Uranus was fitted with a name. Lalande proposed the name of the discoverer, and the new planet was indeed long known on the Continent by the name of Herschel. The symbol of the planet, the initial letter of Herschel's name with a small globe attached to the cross-stroke, still reminds us of the honor which Continental astronomers generously proposed to render to their fellow-worker in England.* Lichtenberg proposed the name of Astræa, the goddess of justice-for this "exquisite reason," that since justice had failed to establish her reign upon earth, she might be supposed to have removed herself as far as possible from our unworthy planet. Poinsinet suggested that Cybele would be a suitable name; for since Saturn and Jupiter, to whom the gods owed their origin, had long held their seat in the heavens, it was time to find a place for Cybele, "the great mother of the gods." Had the supposed Greek representative of Cybele-Rhæa-been selected for the honor, the name of the planet would have approached somewhat nearly in sound, and perhaps in signification, to the old name Rahu. But neither Astræa nor Cybele were regarded as of sufficient dignity and importance among the ancient deities to supply a name for the new planet.† Prosperin proposed Neptune as a suitable name, because Saturn would thus have the eldest of his sons on one side of him, and his second son on the other. Bode at length suggested the name of Uranus, the most ancient of the deities; and as Saturn, the Father of Jupiter, travels on a wider

orbit than Jupiter, so it was judged fitting that an even wider orbit than Saturn's should be adjudged to Jupiter's grandfather. In accepting the name of Uranus for the new planet, astronomers seemed to assert a belief that no planet would be found to travel on a yet wider path; and accordingly when a more distant planet was discovered, the suggestion of Prosperin had to be reconsidered; but it was too late to change the accepted nomenclature, and accordingly the younger brother of Jupiter has had assigned to him a planet circling outside the paths of that assigned to their father and grandfather. It may be noted, also, that a more appropriate name for the new planet would have been Cœlus, since all the other planets have received the Latin names of the deities.

Herschel himself proposed another name: As Galileo had called the satellites of Jupiter the Medicean planets, while French astronomers proposed to call the spots on the sun the Bourbonian stars, so Herschel, grateful for the kind-ness which he had received at the hands of George III., proposed that the new planet should be called Georgium Sidus. On account of the interest attaching to all Herschel's remarks respecting his discovery, I quote in full the letter in which he submitted this proposition to Sir Joseph Banks, then the President of the Royal Society. "By the observations of the most eminent astronomers in Europe," he remarks, "it appears that the new star, which I had the honor of pointing out to them in March, 1781, is a primary planet of our solar system. A body so nearly related to us by its similar condition and situation in the unbounded expanse of the starry heavens, must often be the subject of the conversation, not only of astronomers, but of every lover of science in general. This consideration, then, makes it necessary to give it a name, whereby it may be distinguished from the rest of the planets and fixed In the fabulous ages of ancient stars. times, the appellations of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were given to the planets, as being their principal heroes and divinities. In the present more philosophical era, it would be hardly allowable to have recourse to the same method, and call on Juno, Pallas, Apollo, or Minerva, for a name to our new planet.

+ Both these names are found among the asteroids, the fifth of these bodies (in order of discovery) being called Astræa, the eighty-ninth being named after the great mother of gods and god-

There is a certain incongruity, accordingly, among the symbols of the primary planets. Mercury is symbolized by his caduccus, Venus by her looking-glass (I suppose), Mars by his spear and shield, Jupiter by his throne, Saturn by his sickle; and again, when we pass to the symbols assigned to the planets discovered in the present century, we find Neptune symbolized by his trident, Vesta by her altar, Ceres by her sickle, Minerva by a sword, and Juno by a star-tipped sceptre. Uranus alone is represented by a symbol which has no relation to his position among the deities of mythology.

The first consideration in any particular event or remarkable incident seems to be its chronology; if, in any future age it should be aked when this last-found planet was discovered, it would be very satisfactory to say, 'In the reign of George As a philosopher, then, the name of Georgium Sidus presents itself to me as an appellation which will conveniently convey the information of the time and country where and when it was brought to view. But as a subject of the best of kings, who is the liberal protector of every art and science; as a native of the country from whence this illustrious family was called to the British throne; as a member of that society which flourishes by the distinguished liberality of its royal patron; and last of all, as a person now more immediately under the protection of this excellent monarch, and owing everything to his unlimited bounty, I cannot but wish to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude by giving the name of Georgium Sidus-

"'Georgium sidus —jam nunc assuesce vocari,'—

to a star which, with respect to us, first began to shine under his auspicious reign." Herschel concludes by remarking that, by addressing this letter to the President of the Royal Society, he takes the most effectual method of communicating the proposed name to the *literati* of Europe, which he hopes "they will receive with pleasure"

Herschel's proposition found little favor, however, among Continental astronomers. Indeed it is somewhat singular that for some time two names came into general use-one in Great Britain and the other on the Continent, neither being the name eventually adopted for the planet. In books published in England for more than a quarter of a century after the discovery of Uranus we find the planet called either the Georgium Sidus, or the Georgian. For a shorter season the planet was called on the Continent either the Herschelian planet, or simply Herschel. Many years elapsed before the present usage was definitely established.

In considering Herschel's telescopic study of the planet, we must remember that, owing to the enormous length of time occupied by Uranus in circling round his orbit, the astronomer labors under a difficulty distinct in character from the

difficulties which have already been considered. As Jupiter and Saturn circle on their wide orbits, they exhibit to us—the former in the course of eleven years, the latter in the course of twenty-nine and a half years—all those varying presentations which correspond to the seasons of these planets. Jupiter, indeed, owing to the uprightness of his axis (with reference to his path), presents but slight changes. But Saturn's globe is at one time bowed towards us so that a large portion of his north polar regions can be seen, and anon (fifteen years later) is so bowed, that a large portion of his southern polar regions can be seen; while between these epochs we see the globe of Saturn so posed that both poles are on the edge of his disc, and then only does the shape of his disc indicate truly the compression or polar flattening of the planet.

But, although similar changes occur in the case of Uranus, they occupy no less than eighty-four years in running through their cycle, or forty-two years in completing a half cycle-during which, necessarily, all possible presentations of the planet are exhibited. Now it is commonly recognized among telescopists that the observing time of an astronomer's life-that is, the period during which he retains not merely his full skill, but the energy necessary for difficult researches - continue; but about twenty-five years at the outside. So that few astronomers can hope to study Uranus in all its presentations, as they can study Mars or Jupiter or Sa-

When we add to this circumstance the extreme faintness of Uranus, we cannot wonder that Herschel should have been unable to speak very confidently on many points of interest. His measures of the planet's globe were sufficiently satisfactory, and, combined with modern researches, show that Uranus has a diameter exceeding the earth's rather less than four and a half times. Thus the surface of Uranus exceeds that of our globe about twenty times, and his bulk is more than eighty times as great as the earth's. His volume, in fact, exceeds the combined volume of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, almost exactly forty times. Sir W. Herschel was unable to measure the disc of Uranus in such a way as to determine whether the planet is compressed in the same marked degree as Jupiter

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and Saturn. All that he felt competent to say was that the disc of the planet seemed to him to be oval, whether he used his seven-feet, or his ten-feet, or his twenty-feet reflector. Arago has expressed some surprise that Herschel should have been content with such a statement. But, in reality, the circumstance is in no way surprising. For, as a matter of fact, Herschel had been almost foiled by the difficulty of measuring even the planet's mean diameter. The discordance between his earliest measures is somewhat startling. His first estimate of the diameter made it ten thousand miles too small (its actual value being about thirty-four thousand miles); his next made it nearly three thousand miles too great; while his third made it ten thousand miles too great. His contemporaries were even less suc-Maskelyne, after a long and cessful. careful series of observations, assigned to the planet a diameter eight thousand miles too small; the astronomers of Milan gave the planet a diameter more than twenty thousand miles too great; and Mayer, of Mannheim, was even more unfortunate, for he assigned to the planet a diameter exceeding its actual diameter of thirty-four thousand miles, by rather more than fifty thousand miles. It will be understood, therefore, that Herschel might well leave unattempted the task of comparing the different diameters of the planet. This task required that he should estimate a quantity (the difference between the greatest and least diameters) which was small even by comparison with the errors of his former measurements.

But, besides this, a peculiarity in the axial pose of Uranus has to be taken into account. I have spoken of the uprightness of Jupiter's axis with reference to his path; and by this I have intended to indicate the fact that if we regard Jupiter's path as a great level surface, and compare Jupiter to a gigantic top spinning upon that surface, this mighty top spins with a nearly upright axis. In the case of Uranus the state of things is altogether different. The axis of Uranus is so bowed down from uprightness as to be nearly in the level of the planet's path. The result of this is that when Uranus is in one part of his path his northern pole is turned almost directly towards us. At such a time we should be able to detect no sign of polar flattening even though Uranus were shaped like a watch-case. At the opposite part the other pole is as directly turned towards the earth. Only at the parts of his path between these two can any signs of compression be expected to manifest themselves; and Uranus occupies these portions of his path only at intervals of forty-two years.

Herschel would have failed altogether in determining the pose of Uranus but for his discovery that the planet has moons. For the moons of the larger planets travel for the most part near the level of their planet's equator. We can, indeed, only infer this in the case of Uranus (for even the best modern measurements cannot be regarded as satisfactorily determining the figure of his globe), but the inference is tolerably safe.

For six years Herschel looked in vain for Uranian satellites. His largest telescopes, supplemented by his wonderful eyesight and his long practice in detecting minute points of light, failed to reveal any trace of such bodies. At length he devised a plan by which the light-gathering power of his telescopes was largely increased. On the 11th of January, 1787, he 'detected two satellites, though several days elapsed before he felt justified in announcing the discovery. At intervals, during the years 1790-1798, he repeated his observations; and he supposed that he had discovered four other satellites. He expresses so much confidence as to the real existence of these four bodies, that it is very difficult for those who appreciate his skill to understand how he could have been deceived. But he admits that he was unable to watch any of these satellites through a considerable part of its path, or to identify any of them on different nights. All he felt sure about was that certain points of light were seen which did not remain stationary, as would have happened had they been fixed stars. No astronomer, however, has since seen any of these four additional satellites, though Mr. Lassell has discovered two which Herschel could not see (probably owing to their nearness to the body of the planet). As Mr. Lassell has employed a telescope more powerful than Herschel's largest reflector, and has given much attention to the subject, no one has a better right to speak authoritatively on the subject of these additional satellites. Since, therefore, he is very confident that they have no existence, I feel bound to represent that view as the most probable; yet I am unable to pass from the subject without expressing a hope that one of these days new Uranian satellites will be revealed.

The four known moons travel backwards; that is, they circle in a direction opposed to that in which all the planets of the solar system, all the moons of Jupiter and Saturn, as well as our own moon, are observed to travel. 'Much importance has been attached to this peculiarity; but, in reality, the paths of the Uranian moons are so strangely situated with respect to the path of Uranus, that the direction in which they travel can hardly be compared with the common direction of the planetary motions. Imagine the path of Uranus to be represented by a very large wooden hoop floating on a sheet of water; then, if a small wooden hoop were so weighted as to float almost upright, with one half out of the water, the position of that hoop would represent the position of the path of one of the planet's satellites. will be seen at once that if we suppose a body to travel around the former hoop in a certain direction, then a body travelling round the latter hoop could scarcely be said to travel in the same direction, whether it circled one way or the other. Or, to employ another illustration, if a watch be laid face upward on a table we should correctly say that its hands move from east through south to west; but, if it be held nearly upright and the face rather upwards, we should scarcely say that the hands moved from east through south to west; nor if the face were tilted a little further forward, so as to be inclined rather downwards, should we say that the hands move from east through north to west.

The great slope or tilt of the paths is undoubtedly a more singular feature than the direction of motion. Implying as it does that the planet's globe is similarly tilted, it suggests the strangest conceptions as to the seasonal changes of the planet. It seems impossible to suppose that the inhabitants of Uranus, if there are any, can depend on the sun for their supply of heat. The vast distance of Uranus from the sun, although reducing the heat-supply to much less than the three-hundredth part of that which we receive, is yet an insignificant circumstance by comparison with the axial tilt. One can understand

at least the possibility that some peculiarity in the atmosphere of the planet might serve to remedy the effects of the former circumstance; precisely as our English climate is tempered by the abundant moisture with which the air is ordinarily laden. But while we can conceive that the minute and almost starlike sun of the Uranian skies may supply much more heat than its dimensions would lead us to expect, it is difficult indeed to understand how the absence of that sun for years from the Uranian sky can be adequately compensated. Yet in Uranian latitudes corresponding to the latitude of London the sun remains below the horizon for about twenty-three of our years in succession. Such is the Arctic * night of regions in Uranus occupying a position corresponding to that of places in our temperate

But the most important results of the discovery of the satellites has been the determination of the mass or weight of the planet, whence also the mean density of its substance has been ascertained. has been thus discovered that, like Jupiter and Saturn, Uranus is constructed of much lighter materials than the earth. Our earth would outweigh almost exactly six times a globe as large as the earth, but no denser than Uranus. It is to be noticed that in this respect the outer planets. resemble the sun, whose density is about one-fourth that of the earth. It seems impossible that the apparent size of any one of the outer planets can truly indicate the dimensions of its real globe. An atmosphere of enormous extent must needs surround, it would seem, the liquid or solid nucleus which probably exists within the orb we see.

In the case of Jupiter or Saturn, the telescope has told us much which bears on this point; and, as I have indicated in these pages, and elsewhere, there is an overwhelming mass of evidence in favor of the theory that those orbs are still in-

^{*}It has been remarked that there is some incongruity in the name Arctic planets which I have assigned in my "Other Worlds" to Uranus and Neptune, when considered with reference to the theory I have enunciated that these planets still retain an enormous amount of inherent heat. Many seem to imagine that the term arctic necessarily implies cold. I have of course only used the name as indicating the distance of Uranus and Neptune from the sun.

stinct with their primeval fires. But in the case of Uranus, it might well be deemed hopeless to pursue such inquiries, otherwise than by considering the analogy of the two larger planets. Direct evidence tending to show that the atmosphere of Uranus is in a condition wholly differing from that of our own atmosphere, cannot possibly be obtained by means of any telescopes yet constructed by men. Some astronomers assert that they have seen faint traces of belts across the disc of Uranus; but the traces must be very faint indeed, since the best telescopes of our day fail to show any marks whatever upon the planet's face. Even if such belts can be seen, their changes of appearance cannot be studied systematically.

It is, however, on this very subject the condition of the planet's atmosphere that the discovery I have now to describe

throws light. Faint as

Faint as is the light of Uranus, yet when a telescope of sufficient size is employed, the spectrum of the planet is seen as a faint rainbow-tinted streak. peculiarities of this streak, if discernible, are the means whereby the spectroscopist is to ascertain what is the condition of the planet's atmosphere. Now, Father Secchi, studying Uranus with the fine eightinch telescope of the Roman Observatory, was able to detect certain peculiarities in its spectrum, though it would now appear that (owing probably to the faintness of the light) he was deceived as to their exact nature. He says :- "The yellow part of the spectrum is wanting altogether. In the green and the blue there are two bands, very wide and very dark." But he was unable to say what is the nature of the atmosphere of the planet, or to show how these peculiarities might be accounted for.

Recently, however, the Royal Society placed in the hands of Dr. Huggins a telescope much more powerful than either the Roman telescope or the instrument with which Dr. Huggins had made his celebrated observations on sun and planets, stars and star-cloudlets. It is fifteen inches in aperture, and has a light-gathering power fully three times as great as that possessed by either of the instruments just mentioned.

As seen by the aid of this fine telescope the spectrum of Uranus is found to be complete, "no part being wanting, so far as the feebleness of its light permits it to be traced." But there are six dark bands, or strong lines, indicating the absorptive action of the planet's atmosphere. One of these strong lines corresponds in position with one of the lines of hydrogen. Now it may seem at a first view that since the light of Uranus is reflected solar light, we might expect to find in the spectrum of Uranus the solar lines of hydrogen. But the line in question is too strong to be regarded as merely representing the corresponding line in the solar spectrum; indeed, Dr. Huggins distinctly mentions that "the bands produced by planetary absorption are broad and strong in comparison with the solar lines." We must conclude, therefore, that there exists in the atmosphere of Uranus the gas hydrogen, sufficiently familiar to us as an element which appears in combination with others, but which we by no means recognize as a suitable constituent (at least to any great extent) of an atmosphere which living creatures are to breathe.* And not only must hydrogen be present in the atmosphere of Uranus, but in such enormous quantities as to be one of the chief atmospheric constituents. The strength of the hydrogen line cannot otherwise be accounted for. If by the action of tremendous heat all the oceans of our globe could be changed into their constituent elements, hydrogen and oxygen, it is probable that the signs by which an inhabitant of Venus or Mercury could recognize that such a change had taken place would be very much less marked than the signs by which Dr. Huggins has discovered that hydrogen exists in the atmosphere of Uranus. It will indeed be readily inferred that this must be the case, when the fact is noted that no signs whatever of the existence of nitrogen can be recognized in the spectrum of Uranus, though it is difficult to suppose that nitrogen is really wanting in the planet's atmosphere. Dr. Huggins also notes that none of the lines in the spectrum of Uranus appear to indicate the presence of carbonic acid. Nor are there any lines in the spectrum of Uranus corresponding to those which make their appearance in

^{*}Traces of hydrogen can nearly always be detected in the air,—but the quantity of hydrogen thus shown to be present is almost infinitesimally small compared with the amount of oxygen and nitrogen.

the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, and is therefore shining through the denser atmospheric strata. Most of these lines are due to the presence of aqueous vapor in our atmosphere, and it would seem to follow that if the vapor of water exists at all in the atmosphere of Uranus its quantity must be small compared with

that of the free hydrogen.

Admitting that the line seen by Dr. Huggins is really due to hydrogen—a fact of which he himself has very little doubt —we certainly have a strange discovery to deal with. If it be remembered that oxygen, the main supporter of such life as we are familiar with, cannot be mixed with hydrogen without the certainty that the first spark will cause an explosion (in which the whole of one or other of the gases will combine with a due portion of the other to produce water), it is difficult to resist the conclusion that oxygen must be absent from the atmosphere of Uranus. If hydrogen could be added in such quantities to our atmosphere as to be recog-

nizable from a distant planet by spectroscopic analysis, then no terrestrial fires could be lighted, for a spark would produce a catastrophe in which all living things upon the earth, if not the solid earth itself, would be destroyed. A single flash of lightning would be competent to leave the earth but a huge cinder, even if its whole frame were not rent into a million fragments by the explosion which would ensue.

Under what strange conditions then must life exist in Uranus, if there be indeed life upon that distant orb. Either our life-sustaining element, oxygen, is wanting; or, if it exists in sufficient quantities (according to our notions) for the support of life, then there can be no fire, natural or artificial, on that giant planet. It seems more reasonable to conclude that, as had been suspected for other reasons, the planet is not at present in a condition which renders it a suitable abode for living creatures.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

St. Paul's. THE AMBER-CALIFORNIA.

Carlyle, in his history of Frederick the Great, writing of the ancient inhabitants of East Prussia, enunciates this characteristic sentence, "Dryasdust knows only that these Preussen were a strong-boned, iracund herdsman and fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the amberthey had been used to fish, and sell in

foreign parts."

This amber was well known to the writers of classical antiquity as a natural production of the Baltic shores. Its value was rated as high as that of gold and precious stones. The Phœnicians navigated the North seas in quest of it; and tried to keep its locality a mystery. Its curious property of attracting substances by friction was not among its most trivial notabilities, and caused the adoption of its Greek name, Thexpov, for the nomenclature of the most marvellous of modern sciences. Up to quite recent times its origin and composition have been as perplexing a crux to physical inquirers as the origin of the Nile has to geographical inquirers. The poets of old had their way

of accounting for it, as to-day's man of science has his. The tears of Phaëton's sisters, they said, those sisters, whom grief for their brother's fall had metamorphosed into trees, in their descent from the enchanted trunks had become congealed, and acquired the appearance of gold-colored transparencies. If, as some have suggested, the river Eridanus, into which the rash charioteer of the sun fell, was not the Italian Po, but a small river bearing the same Latin name, which runs its course near Dantzig, there would seem to have been some method in the fancy of this fable. Nevertheless, science, speaking through the mouth of Zaddack, of Berent, and of other recent sages, brings forward a somewhat different interpretation of the "amber riddle." An interpretation how far more exciting, in reality, to the imaginative contemplation of the earth's inhabitant! It runs thus.

At a remote epoch of creation, classified by geologists as the Tertiary Period, a mighty pine forest covered vast portions of the northern continent. A resin, so rapid in its flow as to catch forms of insect life in every moment of action, exud-

ed from these pines, and congealed as rapidly. By some natural-historic process not yet fully cleared up, these masses of resin were detached from their parent trees, and became submerged under the great Tertiary sea, where a stratum of bluish clay formed round them. Then came the subsequent strata of diluvial and alluvial periods, and the peninsula of Samland, rising gradually from the waters, held buried under it a portion of the amber treasure, while other portions of it stretch beneath the basin of the Baltic from Memel to Pillau.

The peninsula of Samland forms the north-eastern boundary of the Gulf of Dantzig, and lies between two large freshwater lakes, which constitute in fact the most remarkable phenomena in the physical geography of Prussia. These lakes are separated from the sea each by a Nehrung, so-called, a very narrow, low strip of land. The largest of the lakes, the Curisches Haff (or sea), named after the ancient tribe of the Cures, who once inhabited its banks, is sixty-six miles long and from fifteen to thirty miles broad. The Frisches Haff, to the south-west of it, is nearly as long, but narrower. The Samland peninsula ends in a bold, storm-beaten promontory called the Brusterort, on which stands a lighthouse. The inner coast of this peninsula, abutting on the Frisches Haff, is verdant and fertile, and has been called the paradise of East Prussia. At its junction with the mainland stands Königsberg, the ancient Prussian capital. The Curisches Haff joins the sea at the roadstead of Memel, the border town of Prussia on its north-easterly limit. A mile and a half from Memel, in the Curische Nehrung, stands the little bathing-place of Schwarzort, which has long had its visitors for pleasure or for health.

There was an account of the amberfishery in one of last year's numbers of the Gartenlaube, a well-known German periodical, from which we shall proceed to extract some interesting particulars. Till within five-and-thirty years ago the royal dues on the production of this amphibious product were farmed out to certain monopolists who kept the sea-board in terror with the exactions of their officers. The so-called "Coast Cossacks" (Strand-Kosaken) were a grievance not only to the peasants and fishermen of the neighborhood, but also to the visitors who took up

their sojourn for a season at the Baths of Schwarzort, and who were liable to be seized and searched on their return from aquatic pleasure parties. In the year 1837 King Frederick William III. made over his rights to the needy peasantry of the district, in return for a small fixed tribute. The new proprietors set diligently to work to extract the precious deposit, but they were acquainted only with the traditional methods of operation, such as hauling it in from the shore, or fishing it up from the sea depths in boats, or digging it here and there from its inland recesses. These operations are still carried on, though in portions of the amber regions enterprise and machinery have superseded them, as we shall presently have to recount.

On rough autumn days, when the northeast wind blows keenly, freezing the spray as it falls, the coastmen of Samland will rush into the sea with their nets, and toss the treasure which the waves bring up to the women and children who wait on the beach to sift the tangled mass and separate the amber from the "amber-weed," by which it is invariably encompassed. But the heavier masses of amber are rarely driven in by wind and tide. They are reserved for the boatmen's operations on the calm summer mornings, when peering eagerly into the glassy green waters, they plunge their hooks and pitchforks into some promising mass of rock and sea-weed, which they drag by main force within the compass of their nets.

In 1862 an enterprising firm of small traders at Memel, Stantien, and Becker, came forward with a proposition which proved very acceptable to the local authorities of the Königsberg Circle. Hitherto it had been a constant source of expense to these officials to clear out the accumulations of mud which from time to time choked the Memel roadstead at the entrance of the Curisches Haff. Stantien and Becker offered to perform the operation at their own expense, and to pay a sum of twenty-five thalers per working day into the bargain, in exchange for the possession of all the amber to be found within the sphere of their operations. Forthwith the establishments of the new company sprung up at Schwarzort-the San Francisco of the new East Prussian California, as the "East Prussian," who writes the account in the Gartenlaube, styles the

little settlement. No less than twelve dredging machines were at work last year. The process by which they effect their object is this. First a channel is driven into the mud of the lake, the mud being cast aside into boxes covered with a grating, till the solid ground of the amber stratum is reached. Into this channel buckets, alternately solid and perforated, are then let down; and the solid buckets being rapidly whirled round, produce a strong current, which brings with it the stones of the amber bed, casting them into the successive perforated buckets, from whence again they are shaken out on the gratings aforesaid. The amber is then separated from its earthy accompaniments, made up in sacks, and taken to the sorting house at Memel to be carefully sifted. The operations are carried on each year till the frost sets in-that is, for about thirty weeks-and they require no ordinary robustness of constitution in the laborers, who work in relays for eight hours at a time, day and night. The average weight of amber brought up by this process during the working season is 57,000 lbs., but the value can hardly be computed, as it varies according to the quality of the material. The inferior amber, used for fumigation and polish, may fetch about four silver groschen (fivepence) per lb. The better kind, available for the mouthpieces of pipes, etc., will fetch twenty-five thalers (from £3 to £4) the lb., while the beautiful straw-colored amber is of absolutely priceless estimation.

Still more curious and interesting than their dredging machinery in the Memel roadstead, is the diving apparatus by which, since 1867, these "amber kings of Königsberg," Messrs. Stantien and Becker, have succeeded in reaching other hiding-places of the shining treasure. Their diving flotilla, apparently riding at anchor below the lighthouse of the Brusterort, strikes the observer's eye at a distance. On approaching nearer he will see signs of new and most daring enterprise. For at the foot of the Brusterot there is a long low reef, some 600 yards long by 400 wide, containing the most valuable kind of amber. It has been accumulating for centuries under mighty blocks of stone, and has till lately defied all efforts of man to force it from its resting-place. Even the hardy constitution of the Samlander could not withstand the severities of that exposed

peninsula when he had to work by the ordinary resources of diving and forking; nor were his implements available for any large gain of a material so deeply encrusted. But Stantien and Becker, having obtained their rights from the existing farmers of the royal dues in this locality, were not long in applying the most recent inventions of mechanical science to the task.

The Paris International Exhibition of 1867 contained a new diving apparatus, invented by a French naval officer, Captain Rouquayrol Denayrouze. Messrs. Stantien and Becker lost no time in inviting to Brusterot a few young French mechanics who should instruct the native work people both in the use and manufacture of this apparatus. The labor required is of the severest kind. The "strong-boned, iracund" peasants, described by Carlyle, the descendants of the ancient Cures and Szamates, men often of reckless and adventurous antecedents-smugglers, perchance, on the border-land of Russian Poland, who have pursued their calling with the Cossack bullets whizzing round their heads,—these are fit material for the recruits whom the diving-adventure of the amber-reef, at Brusterot, enlists in its service. The costume of the diver is as follows:--A woollen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the oldfashioned diving dress, and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet, also, is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders, is a small air-chest, made of sheet iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump, in the boat above, by an india-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth; the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged, so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist, and half a hunered weight of lead attached to the feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends

into the amber world. He stays there, maybe for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance. The divingboats are manned by eight men eachtwo divers, two pairs of men who work the air-pumps alternately, with their eyes fixed on a dial-plate, by which the supply of air is nicely regulated, one man to hold the safety-rope attached round the diver's body, and haul him up at the slightest sign from below, and the overseer. Accidents are said to be very rare; but, as an instance of the daring character of the men employed, it is related that a plot was detected not long ago among some of them for a nocturnal descent to a spot they had carefully marked, in order there to collect a rich treasure on their own account unknown to their employers.

Amber, as we have said, is an amphibious product. Much of it is embedded in the "blue earth" stratum of the peninsula itself. The largest mass ever found—in the days of Maltebrun, at least; for we know not what size the specimens in Messrs. Stantien and Becker's warehouses may since have measured—was found at a place near the frontier of Lithuania, and weighed 18 lbs.

To get at the inland amber of Samland, vigorous efforts are now being made, partly by those peasant-farmers who still retain the royal dues in their hands, and partly by the amber firms of Königsberg, that of Stantien and Becker at the head. Hitherto the method chiefly employed is that of manual spade work. Near the village of Sassan, for instance, a shaft is dug by the daily labor of thirty or forty men, while the water which presses in from the sea is laboriously kept out by water engines; and however clumsy this method may be, a sufficient supply of the desired produce is found to make it thoroughly remunerative. There is no doubt that the great capitalists now engaged in the amber trade will bring to bear on their inland processes of extraction those improved and improving inventions of the mining art, which are likely to be not less effective than the submarine methods employed on the Brusterort reef. Already, Stantien and Becker have agents and depôts at all the chief cities in Europe, and in India, China, and Mexico.

M. MERIVALE.

Quarterly Review.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES.

(Conclusion.)

WITH these remarks we return to the consideration of the first folio and Shakspeare's connection with it.

It is a very handsome volume, on which no expense has been spared in respect either of paper or type. It consists of 962 pages in double columns, not including the dedication, preface, or introductory verses. Taking 60 as the average number of lines in a column, the lines in all would amount to 116,402. All circumstances considered, it was one of the most sumptuous and expensive works which up to that time had appeared from the English press in the English language. For size, costliness, and beauty, there had been few works like it; certainly no works of fiction. So far therefore as concerned expenses of this kind, Heminge and Condell had not shown themselves unmindful

of what was due to Shakspeare's memory.*

Nor in other respects had they shown themselves careless or inconsiderate in the execution of their task. It is not pretended even by those who have been most severe in condemning their labors that they omitted from their collection any genuine drama of Shakspeare, with the exception of "Pericles." Modern research from that time to this, sharpened with all the anxiety of achieving distinction which could not fail the man that discovered a

^{*} The sale of Foxe's "Martyrs" was secured by Government. Hollinshed's "Chronicles" and the works of Sir Thomas More occupy the next place in size. Then came the bulky translations and histories of Grimstone, North, and others, generally published by Islip or Bill, the royal printers.

single new play or even a few lines from the poet's pen, has added nothing to the list of the dramas as they have come down to us since the first edition by Heminge and Condell. Very few dramatic authors have been so fortunate in this respect; very few writings have been so much indebted to posthumous care. Supposing it were true that these editors admitted into their collection plays of doubtful authenticity, does any one imagine they would have done better if, like some of Shakspeare's more recent critics, they had rejected "Titus Andronicus," the three parts of "Henry VI.," or "Henry VIII."?* Or if, laying down a theory of their own as to what was or was not worthy of their great contemporary, they had exercised a principle of selection according to their own principles of criticism, would they have deserved so well of posterity as they have done? We are under infinite obligations to them for what they did; that obligation being no less than this-that whatever emanated from the poet's hand "they would not willingly let die." The work was a large one, and unusually costly. The poet's family could not undertake the task, and it is probable never would have done. +

The editors' labors could scarcely have been other than disinterested. "We have but collected them [the plays]," they say in their dedication of the work to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, "and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakspeare." Nor is

there any reason for suspecting the sincerity of their statement. What pecuniary advantage was to be expected from so costly an enterprise? The impression of the book could not have been large, and when the expenses of publishers and printers had been paid, very little profit would remain for the editors; if, indeed, editors in those cases received any remuneration.

What motives then could they have for undertaking so responsible a task beyond that of friendship for the dead? As we have said, Shakspeare left no directions in his will touching the disposal of his writings. Were they then acting in their corporate capacity as managers of the Globe Theatre, or merely as personal friends of the deceased, guided solely by the dictates of personal affection? Why publish in their corporate capacity that which could bring them little or no corporate profit? Why divulge to rival theatres dramas of which the exclusive copyright and privilege of acting were so valuable? Their language is scarcely susceptible of any other than one plain and obvious interpretation. They say in their Dedication:-"Since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore. and have prosecuted both them and their author, living, with so much favor; we hope that they, outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings, you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent." And in their notice to the reader :-

"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them: and so to have published them, as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed (sold) them; even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest,* absolute in their numbers,† as he conceived them: who,

^{* &}quot;Pericles" does not appear in the first folio.
† The only person competent to the task was Dr. Hall, the physician, married to the poet's eldest and favorite child, Susannah. But he seems to have been wholly indifferent to the fame of his great father-in-law. Yet Dr. Hall was not an unlettered man.

Shakspeare's widow died in 1623, the year when the first folio appeared; Dr. Hall in 1635; his wife, Susannah, in 1649; their daughter Elizabeth, remembered with a legacy of 100% in her grandfather's will, and afterwards Lady Barnard, in 1670. Judith, his other daughter (who signs but does not write her name), died in 1662; her husband some time later. Yet not one of them thought of recording a single fact or anecdote of their relative's life, or of preserving a scrap of his writing. Was it indifference or ingratitude? Or had Puritanism taught them to be ashamed of the name of Shakspeare?

^{*} That is, those which had never appeared in print before.

[†] I.e., complete and perfect. We might have suspected this Latinism had they not been actors accustomed to such phraseology.

as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." *

Now these expressions certainly imply that Shakspeare had the right, common with others, of being the "executor to his own writings." They imply also that he had not parted with that right until he was surprised by an untimely death. Ben Jonson, like Shakspeare, wrote for the stage; like Shakspeare, he received mon-ey from the theatre for his dramatic writings; but this did not deprive Jonson of the copyright of his works, or prevent him from publishing his plays with dedications to various friends. It is then equally consonant with analogy, as with the expressions of Heminge and Condell, to infer that Shakspeare possessed the same right, and was as much at liberty to use it as Jonson; and careful consideration of the extracts already quoted will lead us to conclude that Shakspeare did intend not only to claim but to exercise that right. It were "to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings." Would this expression have been employed had Shakspeare been so wholly indifferent to the fate of his works as is sometimes assumed? Would his friends have merely expressed a wish that he should have lived to superintend the publication of his own works, when upon the ordinary hypothesis such a wish would have been equally fruitless had his life been longer or shorter? Then again their expression "we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers," seems to be incompatible with the notion that Heminge and Condell were speaking in the names of the Company, or were referring to their engagement with Shakspeare many years since when he commenced dramatist, and not to more recent and personal events.

This plain and obvious interpretation of their words is the most probable and the most consistent. Their meaning surely

is, that Shakspeare had intended to col-

lect and publish his own works, and to

If the explanation of Heminge and Condell's words, as here suggested, be the true one, sufficient reason will appear why the text of the quartos should sometimes be reproduced exactly in the folio and sometimes be widely departed from. That great inaccuracies should be found in the type—that words and lines should have been transposed and make nonsense of that which was sense before—will not show that the editors' account of their labors is untrue or fraudulent, but that either they

rescue them not only from oblivion but from the inaccuracies and deformities of careless and surreptitious copyists; that he had by him at the time of his death manuscripts of those plays which had never been printed, and some of the printed quartos; that he was employed in altering and enlarging or recasting the latter when death surprised him at his unfinished task; and on his death bed, by his own directions, his papers were transferred to Heminge and Condell, to prepare for the press. That their statement is true in the main is undeniable; for from nobody except from Shakspeare could these editors have obtained the manuscripts of twenty original plays, of which no other copies are supposed to exist except in their edition, and those augmentations of the quarto copies which are found for the first time in their folio. Their credibility has been disputed, because whilst they inveigh against spurious copies of Shakspeare's plays, it has been asserted that their text is in many instances derived from the quartos. The statement incautiously made by Malone has been repeated from critic to critic. But all they really say is, that whereas people had been "abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies"—an assertion for which there was abundant evidence, without supposing that they intended to condemn all the printed copies. Considering the total wreck and devastation of many early dramatic works, their statement might be literally true, and yet not be aimed at any one of the quartos which have come down

^{*} It is to this expression that Ben Jonson refers:—"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakspeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been," etc. From the censure conveyed in Jonson's remark, it is obvious that he was not the author of this address, as some have surmised.

^{*} Thus, of the "Hamlet" of 1603, only two incomplete copies are supposed to exist; of the edition of 1604 only three; of the "Lear" of 1605 one only; of "The Taming of the Shrew," one only.

did not superintend the press or were unskilful in the mysteries of typal corrections. Probably both: they were plain men who had their own occupations to attend to, and when they had consigned their precious deposit to the printer's hands, they might naturally think that their task was ended, and they had fulfilled their debt of "gratitude both to the living and the dead."* Such, we fear not, will be the verdict of those who judge their labors impartially.

This folio was ushered into the world, according to the prevailing fashion, by commendatory verses from the pens of Ben Jonson † and others. It is divided into three parts, with distinct pagination. The first contains the twelve Comedies, beginning with "The Tempest," and ending with "The Winter's Tale"; the second the Histories (as they are here called), commencing with "King John" and ending with "Henry VIII."; the third the twelve Tragedies, beginning with "Troilus and Cressida," which is not

thought, and ending with "Cymbeline." What authority the editors had for this arrangement, or by what principles they were guided in their selection, it is not now possible to discover. It is clear that the order of the plays was not determined by the dates of publication. Had Messrs, Heminge and Condell thought of ascertaining the strict chronological order of the plays, they would have furnished us with a clue to the solution of many difficulties, and contributed a most imporant chapter to the literary history of the poet. For this we have unhappily no sufficient evidence. No two critics can agree precisely on this perplexing question. arrangement which commends itself to the historical research or critical taste of one inquirer is unceremoniously set aside by his successors as preposterous or untenable. It might have been supposed that as Shakspeare wrote for a livelihood, as soon as one drama was composed he would dispose of the copyright to some theatrical company, and the publication of the play or its entry at Stationers' Hall would have assisted the inquirer in determining the date of its composition, especially as the poet's productions were eagerly sought after. But even this evidence is not wholly reliable. Meres mentions the Sonnets in 1598, though they did not appear in print until 1609. Of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," also alluded to by Meres, no copy is known to exist prior to that of the folio in 1623. The earliest editions of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merchant of Venice" are of 1600.* But although the editors of the folio did not trouble themselves with adopting any strict chronological arrangement it may be asserted as a general truth that the Comedies belong to the earlier period of Shakspeare's life, the Histories to his maturer years, and the Tragedies, especially the Roman plays, to the succeeding epoch. In other words, whilst "Hamlet" (as we now have it), "Lear," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Ti-

paged, as if its insertion were an after-

* If Shakspeare's handwriting was at all like his signature, it was by no means easy to decipher. If we may speak dogmatically upon such slender proofs as we now possess, he learnt to write after the old German text-hand then in use at the grammar school of Stratford. It was in this respect fifty years behindhand, as any one may see by comparing Shakspeare's signature with that of Sir Thomas Lucy, Lord Bacon, or John Lilly. The wonder is how with such a hand he could have written so much.

† The fact is important; for it at once disposes of an hypothesis started of late, that Jonson, and not Shakspeare, was the author of 's Henry VIII." Is it at all likely that Jonson would have allowed one of his own plays to be inserted in this volume as Shakspeare's without any remonstrance? Or supposing that it was composed in a sort of literary partnership by the two dramatists, would Jonson have failed to notice a fact so agreeable to his vanity? Leonard Digges, a poet who composed two copies of verses, one prefixed to the first and the other to the second folio, explicitly refutes the notion that Shakspeare either joined in such strange partnership, or borrowed scenes from his predecessors or contemporaries:—

"look thorough
This whole book, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate:
Nor plagiary-like from others glean:
Nor bega he from each witty friend ancese
To piece his acts with."

The same writer insists on the great superiority of Shakspeare in popular attraction to Jonson:

"Let but Falstaff come, Hal, Poins, the rest, you scarce shall have a room All is so pestered (crowded). Let but Beatrice And Benedick be seen :—lo, in a trice The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full." mon of Athens," and the Roman plays, belong to the reign of James I., the Histories and most of the Comedies, with the

exception of "The Tempest," were com-

^{*} As they are entered the same year at Stationers' Hall it is unlikely that they should have been printed before.

posed in the reign of Elizabeth.* Born and disciplined in the vigorous, passionate, but practical age of the Tudors, the genius of the poet took a wider range and sublimer flight when the accession of the Stuarts brought the nation into more familiar contact with the great problems of nature and the inscrutable destiny of man. Until the close of the sixteenth century he had failed to put forth all his strength; it was perhaps scarcely known to himself. Flashing with wit and liveliness, inventive, prolific, and versatile, the quaint, the dry, the humorous, the exceptional, were irresistibly attractive to a temperament as yet unsteeped in affliction, that "doffed the world aside and let it pass." For the world had upon the whole used the poet kindly-laughed at the sallies of his wit, lent itself with childlike docility to the practical jokes and endless humor of Falstaff, or shed happy and complacent tears over the sorrows of Romeo and his Juliet. Rarely, with the exception of "Richard II.," had the genius of Shakspeare travelled into the regions of the sublime and mysterious. In no instance, until the appearance of "Hamlet"in 1603, had he attempted to show how closely this world of sight merges on the confines of the spiritual, or how there is more than the measured philosophy of mere motives to determine the fate and actions of mankind. Gradually the veil was uplifted; the narrow sphere of the visible-sufficing at one time for all the poet's sympathies; at one time an inexhaustible fund for his keen perception of human passions and eccentricities-was gradually enlarged; and nature presented itself to his eyes in the fulness of its strength and the extremity of its weakness. Sadder and more solemn grows the poet's vision; the humorous and the comical seldom find a place in his maturer productions; but instead of them the omnipresence, the omnipotence (as it were) of evil. Latent infirmity within, dogged, encouraged, and lured to its destruction by invisible wickedness without; momentary weakness trammelling up in its never-ending train gigantic consequences; Heaven holding out no relief, no sign, to oppressed innocence; virtue dragged from its height; valor in Macbeth stooping to crime; honor and

fidelity in Othello ignoble victims to batlike suspicion; generosity betrayed in Timon to selfishness; grand resolutions the fool of accident in Hamlet:-these are the themes of his maturer powers. If the poet still deals with the exceptional and uncommon-and that in the mind of Shakspeare is of the essence of tragedy -it is no longer the exceptional or eccentric in humors, manners, diction, taste, but of intellect, imagination, and passion. The subtlest forms of insanity striking its thin and poisonous fibres into the strongest reason, sapping by unseen and unconscious degrees the noblest intellectual faculties, warping the purest affections to its own masterless bias; the broad clear day-light of the mind, now overcast, now yielding to darkness, until it succumbs to total eclipse; the light alternating with the shade; the thin edge separating sanity from insanity; the various shapes and tricks of moodiness, from the dreaminess of unnatural calm, to the frantic rage of Lear and his heart-broken sorrow: these are the scenes on which Shakspeare dwells in the latter epoch of his life, and has described with inimitable power, insight, and fidelity.

Morning and night meet, as in Nature, in the poet's writings—the comic and the tragic. In the full flush and luxuriance of his powers he rises upon us bright, lively, and jocund as the dawn; we know not where he will lead us in the abundance of his poetical caprice, what stores of mirth and wanton wiles, what brilliant and everchanging hues will sparkle, dazzle, and allure us in his ambrosial course. But that bright morning—unlike the morning of many of the poet's contemporaries—goes down in the solemn and glorious sunset canopied with clouds of gold and purple.

For the plots of his comedies Shakspeare was chiefly indebted to French and Italian novelists; for his histories to Hall and Hollinshed; and for his classical plays to the "Lives of Plutarch," translated by North, and to such versions of the classical authors as had appeared in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Old English authors, plays, chronicles, and ballads furnished him with the groundwork of his tragedies; and this readiness of the poet to lean on the invention of others, however feeble and meagre, rather than rely on his own superior resources for the frame-

^{* &}quot;Titus Andronicus" is Roman only in name; the treatment and coloring are Italian.

work of his plays, has often been quoted as an instance of his carelessness, or at best of his unwillingness to venture upon untrodden ground. He preferred to use the wonderful superstructure of his genius on incidents already familiar to his audience, trusting to his power of investing them with a new character, a more profound or more lively significance, than, like many of his contemporaries, owe his popularity to the horror, the extravagance, the involution, or the novelty of his story. But may not the true solution of this hankering after old and established facts and traditions be found in Shakspeare's intense realism? He had a profound reverence-not Aristotle more so-for everything that carried with it the stamp of popular recognition. His strongest convictions, the highest dictates of his taste and feelings, are not always proof against this "settled purpose of his soul." He clung to it with an intense earnestness, as if to abandon it was to commit himself to a sea of doubt and perplexity-a wandering maze without a footing. To Bacon it was enough that any theory, any opinion, any fact should be generally accepted to be unceremoniously rejected. "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure;" and if truth itself were to become popular, it must be plentifully alloyed with falsehood.* The perfect self-confidence of Bacon, who at sixteen passed judgment on Aristotle, as barren and unfruitful, might set him above the necessity of any such fixed points. But then Bacon's vision was limited; his mind and attention, earth-fixed and bound up in the investigation of material laws, were in no danger of wandering and being lost in the regions of infinite space, as the eye glanced "from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven." His ethical creed might have been comprised in the words, "Man delights not me, nor woman either." But Shakspeare, with stronger, wider, kindlier sympathies, as untrammelled by systems as Bacon, working out for himself, in solitude and unassisted, as true a method of inquiry, as profound an observer as Bacon, as convinced as he of a divine order underlying and overlaping the seeming confusion of this world, dreaded quite as much as Bacon could do the danger of mistaking for realities the dreams of his own phantasy. So, wiser than Lord Bacon, and more truly philosophical, instead of despising popular belief, instead of ignoring it, as if it had no foundation except in falsehood, Shakspeare accepted it, probed the foundation on which it rested, brought into clearer light the halt or whole truths enveloped in it, and gave form and coherent meaning to the confused and incoherent creeds of mankind.

Perhaps also to one who carved out for himself a wholly untrodden path like Shakspeare, who had little of the countenance of the learned or the confidence of rules and systems to support him, a fixed faith somewhere was the more indispensable. He was living in a sceptical age, when the freshness of faith, and that confidence in the rising glories of Protestantism, which had inspired the poetry of Spenser, were fast dying out. Many had relapsed into Romanism, many had fallen into atheism; the narrow creed of Puritanism could not accommodate itself to the larger sympathies and growing intelligence of the age. It viewed with the utmost consternation and alarm divines like Hooker securely trespassing beyond the pale of its doctrinal conventionalism, and philosophers like Bacon poring over the "book of God's works," as a derogation to the "book of God's word." Sympathizing with Romanism and Protestantism so far as they were human, Shakspeare could not be wholly satisfied with either. There was something deeper than either, perhaps common to both. And whilst the creeds of neither are distinctly enunciated in his writings; whilst neither can claim him as an especial advocate, both recognize in him a sincere and profound religious element, distinct, positive, permeant through his writings; not thrust forward to catch applause or gild a popular sentiment, but a pure, dry vestal light, equally free from fanaticism on one side and from infidelity on the other.

Unfixed, unsettled in their faith, the men of the poet's days looked uneasily at the progress of inductive philosophy; at its bold innovations, its new tests, its contempt for antiquity, its hatred of Aristotle. How could the faith hold its ground against the invasion of science? How could men immersed in the contemplation of second causes recognize their sole dependence upon Him who is the first cause?

^{*} Or, as Bacon pithily expresses it: "Auctoritas pro veritate, non veritas pro auctoritate sit" (p. 105).

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Philosophy might assure them that the province of revelation and the province of science were distinct—that philosophy was as remote from divinity as the terrestrial is from the celestial globe. But the divine felt, and felt truly, that it was not a question of distinct and incommensurate jurisdiction; not whether the field of science might be occupied with earnest and hardy inquirers, and the field of divinity be cultivated in the authorized mode; but how far was it likely or possible, that men who had been rigidly trained to one method of investigation, who deferred to one tribunal, from which they admitted no appeal in matters of science and material utility, could or would divest themselves of these ingrained habits, when not science but faith was concerned.* So then, as now, the question was, How shall religion stand before the new philosophy? How shall reason be reconciled with revelation? For this neither divine nor philosopher could discover the true solution. What help may be found for it in Shakspeare, we will not undertake to say. But if the clearest and the largest transcript of human experience can contribute to that solution, that help is to be found in the dramatist. The data with which he has supplied us are as sound, as certain, as unerring a basis for axioms and deductions, as those of the inductive philosophy; like them, are founded not on notions, but observation, and have been gathered from as wide a circle of experience. We argue, and we justly argue, upon the characters in a play of Shakspeare, or any sentiment propounded by them, or their exhibition of passions and feelings, not as the poet's creations, but as historic realities. In reading or studying his dramas, we feel that we are surrounded not by phantoms, but by flesh and blood closely akin to ourselves; and no hard deduction of logic, no persuasion of any kind, can make us feel or think otherwise. They may be Romans, or Celts, or Italians, or Jews, living in the dark backward and abyss of time which we cannot realize, compacted of influences long since extinguished; yet whatever they are they are men, to us more real than those who pass before our eyes, or even tell us their own histories. For if our

* Bacon anticipated the evil; see pref. to "Organon," p. xcvi.; anticipated, but no otherwise provided against it, except by pointing out the danger.

most intimate friends, throwing away all self-restraint and self-respect, were willing to turn themselves inside out for our inspection, neither would they be able to do it, nor we to read or understand the confused characters we should find there without some interpreter. We should be just as much unable to distinguish the writing, as the inartistic mind does a natural landscape, or an unscientific one a complex piece of machinery. Shakspeare supplies the scene, supplies the machinery, and gives with them the interpretation; not from his own conceit or any preconceived theory, not because he has any certain scientific bias or philosophic views of art, which he is desirous to work out and set before us in their concrete forms, but because he "held the mirror up to nature." That "nuditas animi" which Bacon considered indispensable for the acquisition of truth, with which the severest study must begin and end, Shakspeare possessed more than most men. Unlike the dramatists from the University, who came to their task with imperfect notions of the rules of classical antiquity; unlike Ben Jonson, who thought that a dramatist must be dieted by system, and feed and fast by regimen, to attain perfection, it was the reproach of Shakspeare that he owed nothing to art and all to nature. The reproach was unfounded; but if it be meant that he brought to his task no dry theories, no poetical dogmas, no personal prejudices to interfere with his strict and rigid observations of nature, the remark is just. No poet is more impersonal; no poet mixes up with his admired and successful creations less of his personal predilections. It is impossible to select any one character from the whole range of his dramatis personæ of which it can be said, this was a favorite with the poet. In the full torrent of his wit or excitement of his eloquence, in the successful exhibition of retributive villany or the defence of injured innocence, he stops at the due moment, never overstepping the modesty of nature. The scene closes, the character is dropped, the moment the action requires it; and however just or true or exquisite the conception, it falls back into the void of the past from which it had been summoned, often to the greatest regret of the reader and spectator, but with no apparent regret on the part of the poet. Artists and painters in general have their likes and their

dislikes, as strong but not always the same as the admirers of their works; they can rarely work successfully without such prejudices. It is natural for the artist to fall in love with his own creations, and natural that what he loves and all admire, he should repeat in various shapes again and again. But in Shakspeare this never happens. His is the truthfulness and dispassionateness of a mirror. And if the unfeeling, the erring, and the vicious are not unmitigated monsters in his pages, it is because they are human; not because his sympathies would have concealed their deformities. It is because even the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head. The utmost vice in this life is not beyond redemption; the utmost virtue not without its flaws.

But it may be thought that these remarks are inapplicable to those creations of the poet which lie beyond the pale of human experience; such as the witches, fairies, and ghosts introduced into some of his plays. Yet it is worth observing how scrupulous even in these cases the poet is of adhering to popular tradition. Only, as popular credulity is always falling before that idolon (against which Bacon protests), of determining the unseen by the seen, the spiritual by the material, Shakspeare is on his guard against this error. He raises the vulgar witches, with their popular familiars, the cat, the toad, the storm, and the sieve, into spirits of evil, surrounded by spiritual terrors and endowed with spiritual agencies. The fairies have persons, occupations, passions that are not human, nor are they susceptible of human attachments. The same may be said of Ariel and Caliban; the one above, as the other is below humanity. The habits of each are solitary, not social, and both are alike unsusceptible of friendship or gratitude. The ghost of Hamlet's father is another instance of the poet's wonderful mastery in uniting the vulgar and sublime. How was the poet to combine in the same personality the earthly father calling for revenge with the disembodied spirit-the substantial with the unsubstantial-the "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything," with voice, motion, armor? But the popular notion of purgatorial fire, and the half earthly, half unearthly creed of the Middle Ages, on which he readily laid hold, were a great assistance. Here too the genius of Shak-

speare delights in triumphing over the union of impossibilities. The ubiquity of the ghost is so harmonized with his local personality, that the reader detects no incongruity in the composition. Besides, when he is first discovered, as the sentinels tramp up and down the parapet of the castle, with the sea roaring fathoms down at the foot, who can tell whether the Ghost comes striding along close by in the impalpable air, or on the firm ground? That Shakspeare should have acted this part we can well believe, for none but he could have conceived how a spirit would or should talk. The characters least within the bounds of human probability are Falstaff and Richard III.: the former as the ideal humorist, the type and catholic original of those eccentricities, which Shakspeare's contemporaries tried to draw, but could not; the other as the type of what sixty years of intestine fever and bloodshed must produce—the poisonous fungus generated out of political, social, moral anarchy, all combined. Both are what Bacon would have called the monads of nature.

Shakspeare, then, had no idealisms which he wished to present in visible forms beyond those which would be found in the exact representation of nature. If critics have since professed to discover in his works the profoundest revelations of art and science, that is because those arts and sciences are found in the facts presented us by the poet, and not because they were consciously present to his mind.

It is this continued freshness and nudity of mind, ever open to the impressions of experience, that prevents him from falling into that mannerism or unity of style and treatment, into which, with his single exception, all other poets and artists have fallen. His mind is never stationary; he never contemplates his subject from one point of view exclusively; he is not a narrator, a spectator ab extra, or an epic poet, but he is intensely dramatic; that is, his own personality is sunk entirely in that of his creations. In this respect he is superior to any poet that ever lived, not merely in the complete embodiment of the characters he introduces, but in their number and variety. Every known region of the globe is laid under contribution; Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, Englishmen, Asiatics, Egyptians; ancient, modern, mediæval times. Fvery rank, every profession, every age and condition of life passed before his eyes;—once seen never to be forgotten; once stored up in his memory, as in a treasure-house, to be summoned forth, not as pale, colorless spectres—

"What story coldly tells, what poets feign At second hand and picture without brain, Senseless and soulless shows"—

but with their full complement of humanity, action, thought, feelings, words, infinite shades of expressions and emotions. More true also to nature than other dramatists, Shakspeare's characters are never the mouthpiece of uniform sentiments, passions, or temptations; they are not the living embodiments of abstract qualities which never vary and never grow. The masterless passion is shadowed off by endless varieties and transitional modes of feeling. It is deposed from its seat by inferior motives, and restored when the due time comes. The brave are not always brave; the cruel not always unmerciful. Though the unity of the character is never lost sight of, it is not a stagnant uniformity, but grows and develops with the action, and is acted on by the circumstances of the play or the influences of others. As in the infinite variety of nature, form, color, smell, contour, grow harmoniously and simultaneously, and all from the original organism of the plantare not, as in human mechanism, the result of successive efforts-so it is in Shakspeare. The unity of the character is never lost in its diversity; the widest apparent divergence from its primitive conception and outset may be traced back, step by step, with the accuracy of a natural and necessary law. Action, speech, expression, the color and metre of the diction, grow out of the original unity of the character, and yet mould themselves with plastic ease to every diversity of its sentiments and feelings.

It is this ever-varying posture of mind, this flexibility in the style, structure, and color of his language, adapting itself to every movement of the thought, that makes it so difficult to determine on any common measure of the poet's mind, or, beyond the general power they exhibit, to determine what is genuine in his plays and what is not so. Conclusions derived from some supposed type of style and metre must not be trusted. How can they be, unless we shall have ascertained

beforehand in any given case that they are incompatible with the poet's purpose or conception? Homer felt no difficulty in putting heroic words and heroic hexameters in the mouth of Thersites; a catalogue of the ships falls into the same rhythm with the anger of Achilles. The common soldier, or the barbarous Thracian, utters his thoughts in as choice Greek, as musical and as sonorous as Œdipus or Agamemnon. But with Shakspeare the style and metre are moulded by the thought, and not the thought by the metre. Common every-day thoughts fall into prose; Dogberry and Sir Toby Belch rise not into the solemnity of verse. Falstaff and the humors of Eastcheap are the prose and the comedy of Henry IV. and the palace.

That such a writer as this could not fail of being popular with his countrymen we may well believe, and the evidence that he was so is full and unquestionable. It is clear from the repeated references made to him in the writings of contemporary poets. It is clear from the influence he exercised upon the stage; for however inferior subsequent dramatists might be to the great original, it requires very little reading to discover how much in style, composition, regularity of structure, delineation of character, they were indebted to his example. It is clear from the number of his dramas, from the repeated editions of them during his lifetime, from the competition of the booksellers to secure the right of publishing them, from the admiration, not to say the envy, of those to whom theatrical audiences were far less indulgent. Nor was this popularity purchased by vicious condescension to the popular tastes:-

"With such a show As fool and fight is."

The occasional coarseness of Shakspeare is the coarseness of strong Englishmen, who "laughed and grew fat" over jokes which might shock the delicacy and moral digestion of more refined ages, or more sensitive and sentimental races, but did them no more harm mentally than their tough beef dressed with saffron and ambergris, or their hundred-herring pies, or tainted red-deer pasties, interfered with their bodily health. Think of an age that mixed sugar with its wines, and frothed its sack with lime; Homeric in its achievements and in its appetites, in its taste and its enterprises! But Shakspeare is re-

finement itself as compared with some of his contemporary and with most succeeding dramatists. He does not rely for interesting his hearers on the display of moral or mental horrors, or questionable *liaisons*, in which so much of the ancient Italian fiction abounded. If we except "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus," there is throughout his plays an absence of the monstrous and the horrible; and the poems of the poet are wholly employed in delineating action and character, either within the ordinary reach of probability, or sanctioned by his-

torical evidence.

But his popularity is also evidenced by his extraordinary profusion. For six-andthirty years successively he kept possession of the stage, and riveted his claims to popularity by producing seven-andthirty dramas within that period: not of mere farce or incident-not hasty, incorrect, and tumultuous-but as much superior to the dramas of others in their ease and elaboration as for still higher qualities of genius. Not one of these plays was reproduced in another form: scarcely a word or sentence in any of the thirtyseven can be traced to other sources. This is as wonderful as anything else in Shakspeare. Other poets "toil after him in vain." Tears and laughter, the inseparable attendants of surpassing genius, are equally and at all times, and in all degrees, at Shakspeare's command. The wit of Dogberry and the sailors in "The Tempest," the wit of kings in "Henry IV." and "Love's Labor's Lost," the wit of Falstaff and of Hamlet; native wit, philosophic wit, the wit of the fat and of the lean man; wit in the half-glimmerings of dawning reason, and of reason trenching upon madness; the wit of temperaments like Mercutio's, of topers like Sir Toby Belch, of mischief like Maria and Cleopatra, of confident villany like Richard III.—all these, and many more, flow from him with inexhaustible fertility. Nor is the pathetic and the tragic exhibited under less multiplicity of forms. Nor is it less sudden and meteoric than the wit. The reader is taken by surprise. flashes on him with the suddenness and vividness of an electric flash. He is prostrated and melted by it, before he is aware. Whether the reader be prepared for what is coming, whether the poet in the consciousness of his might forewarns him that he may be forearmed, or whether

he darts on him by surprise, the result is the same, it is inevitable. In Falstaff's ridiculous exploits, though the whole scene is inexpressibly comic, the burst, "By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye," etc., is as sudden and surprising as if it had flashed upon us out of the darkness -out of the most serious scene; as in "Lear," whilst every fibre of the heart is quivering with irrepressible emotion, one expression in his dying speech, "Pray you, undo this button," standing conspicu-ous in its commonplaceness against the rest, sweeps away the little self-restraint that remains to us with the suddenness and overwhelming force of a torrent.

Yet as if the ordinary construction of the drama did not furnish employment sufficient for his unbounded energies :as if he could not crowd his conception and his characters within the allotted range, Shakspeare is fond at times of multiplying difficulties. For it is to this tendency that must be attributed the double action in some of his plays. The principal action has its shadow in some contemporaneous and subordinate one. In "Hamlet," avenging his father, is another Hamlet; in "Lear," exposed to filial ingratitude, is a Glo'ster equally illtreated and betrayed by his bastard sonthe moral and the natural bastardy. Lesser examples may be seen in "Taming the Shrew," and in Falstaff personating Henry IV., a comic presentment of the serious interview between that king and his son;—as if the poet mocked his own tragedy by comedy, or lowered it by an obtrusive parallelism of inferior scale and interest. What writer besides Shakspeare would have ventured on so hazardous an experiment? Yet always certain of his victory, always sure of producing whatever effect he desires to produce, he is indifferent to any waste or profusion of his powers. How, indeed, could there be waste where the wealth was inexhaustible?

And as the theme of the poet extends to the furthest verge of human experience, and sounds all the surging depths of human consciousness, Shakspeare is equally master of the many moods and voices in which that consciousness expresses itself. He is dramatic as in "Henry IV.," or epic as in "Richard II.," or lyric as in "Romeo and Juliet," melodramatic in "Titus Andronicus," farcical in the

"Comedy of Errors," subjective and philosophic in "Hamlet," a master of scholastic logic in Pandulph, of rhetoric in Mark Antony, pastoral in Perdita, elegiac in "Cymbeline." His songs are unapproachable; there is nothing like them, or near them, in the whole range of English literature, abundant as that literature is in this species of composition. And the beauty of these songs consists not merely in the sentiment or the exquisite adaptation of the expression, or their display of broad and obvious feelings, as opposed to those subtleties and metaphysical conceits of a later age, or in their musical structureall of which they have in perfection-but also in their appropriateness to place and occasion. As contrasted also with later lyrics, the impersonality of Shakspeare is as strictly preserved in his songs as in other parts of his dramatic writings.

It seems then absurd to suppose that such a poet wrote in vain for the nationthat he was not appreciated in his own day. Such insensibility would have been a national disgrace and misfortune-a proof that Shakspeare was not an Englishman, or had materially failed in understanding his countrymen; the only race he did not understand. But, putting aside the praises of Ben Jonson and others, how stand the facts? The folio of 1623 was followed by the folio of 1632, and with it the sonnet in Shakspeare's praise by Milton. The poem entitled "Allegro" represents Shakspeare as the favorite, not merely of the Puritan poet, but as the general favorite of the stage. It is Milton that accuses Charles I. of making Shakspeare the companion of his solitary hours. One hears again of the memorable Hales of Eton, of the accomplished Lord Falkland, of the favorite Cavalier poet Sir John Suckling, discussing at their social meetings the merits of Shakspeare as compared with the Greek dramatists. Of Selden, Chief Justice Vaughan, and Lord Falkland, this anecdote is preserved, "that Shakspeare had not only found out · a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character."

thetic, shrivelled traditions, and compels Time "to disgorge his ravine;" be it Lear or Macbeth, Cæsar or Cymbeline, he is never antiquarian. The presentment of his characters is essentially Engglish; their stage is the 16th century. This is the meaning of his anachronisms, the puzzle and the triumph of small critics. The whole range of past experience had been gathered up, not as broken remnants, to be pieced together by the laborious ingenuity of a learned mechanism -not to be flaunted in the eyes of readers and spectators as an ornament to be proud of-but fused and melted by the intense imaginations and lofty aspirations of the poet's times into the reach and limits of the present. The past appeared to the apprehension of that age as much related to itself, as much a part of the common humanity of Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth, as the Armada itself, and the perilous rivalry of the two female sovereigns. To Ascham, Cicero and Demosthenes were not merely statesmen of all times, but of his own times especially-as much as Burghley and Walsingham, or even more so. The whole age was dramatic to the core. In set speeches, in conversation, in grave state papers, the mythical and the legendary were mixed up with the historical and the present, as if all were alike real, and all intimately blended with one another. The vivid imaginations of men supplied the connecting links and brought the picture home to the mind, instead of setting it off at greater distance, as is the tendency of modern criticism to do. The common ground of all was the supposed humanity of all; varying, indeed, according to time, climate, circumstances, but in all essentials one and the same with themselves and those around them. And this habit of

For though Shakspeare is familiar with

all forms of human experience—ranges at

reinvests with life the most confused, apa-

will through all the provinces of history-

speare is founded. Jonson, Drayton, Suckling, Herrick, Milton, Dryden, Fuller, the wittiest of historians, and a host of others, are unimpeachable evidence of the uninterrupted popularity of Shakspeare: of no other poet can as much be said. Even Bacon, though he hated poets, and thought poetry was no better than vinum damonum, without mentioning Shakspeare by name, seems to allude to him in his "Adv. of Learning," p. 83; whilst his essay on "Deformity" is little else than an analysis of Shakspeare's "Richard III."

^{*} As Shakspeare was mentioned and studied by almost every poet and man of genius in succession from his own days until the Puritans for a time put a stop to dramatic representations, and refused to license dramatic writings, it is hard to say upon what grounds this supposed neglect of Shak-

self-identification with past events and principles, with ancient races and parties, with the same zeal and vehemence as they infuse into current politics, has ever been, as it was then, characteristic of Englishmen. If Shakspeare availed himself of this feeling, he did much to foster it. He is comparatively careless of the tiring-room of antiquity,-indifferent, like his age, to the niceties of archæological costume. Humanity is to him, wherever found, of all time, and equally at home to him in all its fashions; and though he never deals with abstractions, like Spenser, seldom idealizes like him, his realism rests on a broader basis than local manners, personal eccentricities, or historical minuteness. Whilst his Greeks, his Romans, his Italians, his ancient Britons, are true to their race, their country, and their times, and could never be transposed, as in other dramatists, without utter confusion to the whole meaning and conception of the poet, they are intelligible to us, because the poet makes us feel that, however remote they may be, they are of our own flesh and blood; of like passions, temptations, strength, and weakness. It may be said of his genius what Hamlet says of the ubiquity of his father's ghost, hic et ubique; the ubique is never disjoined from the hic; however wide the rays of his poetical fiction travel, they all converge in one point. Shakspeare is above all other men the Englishman of the 16th century.

Moreover, dramatic poetry, especially dramatic poetry of the Shakspearian drama, is the poetry of Englishmen: first, because it is the poetry of action and passion, woven out of the wear and tear of this busy world, rather than the poetry of reflection; and, secondly, because it is peculiar to Englishmen not merely to tolerate all sides and all parties, but to let all sides and parties speak for themselves; and to like to hear them. It is part of the national love for fair play, part of its intense curiosity and thirst for seeing things and men from all points of view and in all aspects, of preferring to look at things as they are, even in their nakedness and weakness, to any theories, or notions, or systems about them. Not only is the drama most pregnant with this variety, but no drama is ever successful that neglects it. The fair play in Shakspeare is scarcely less remarkable than the infinite range of his

characters. There is no absolute villany—no absolute heroism. He takes no sides; he never raises up successful evil merely for the pleasure of knocking it down, and gaining cheap applause by commonplace declamations against it. He pronounces no judgment; in most instances he commits his characters wholly to the judgment of the spectator. This judicial impartiality is another characteristic of the nation, that hates dogmatism in all shapes, in juries or in judges, in the pulpit or the senate.

In this respect Shakspeare, like Bacon, was guiding the topmost bent of the nation, and in one other especially:—

"There is no art," says Sir Philip Sidney,* "delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for his (its) principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. Only the poet disdaining to be tied to any subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow in effect into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth or quite anew; forms such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demi-gods, Cyclops, Chimæras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the work in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers, and whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen, the poet's only silver and golden."

Then he proceeds to say, in language no less solemn, true, and beautiful, that, as the skill of every artificer is manifested in his idea,† "or præconceit of the work and not in the work itself," so the greatest of all idealists is the poet and the poet only. Now as this grand claim, by no mean poet, for the heroical and transcendental in poetry, constitutes the ablest defence of such writers as Spenser, and the best apology for the popular approbation of the stilted drama of Marlowe and

^{* &}quot;Defence of Poesy." Sidney died in 1586.

[&]quot;Come, live with me and be my love,"

with its transcendental images of "coral clasp and amber studs," describes what no one has ever realized in nature, but it has its existence as certain in the amorous imagination of the poet as the object to which it was addressed.

Kyd, it is also the best exponent of the feelings of men like Sidney; men of all others who loved, and fought, and died for Gloriana, and carried the nobility, generosity, chivalry of the old Romance into the commonest events of hodiernal life. But when Sidney fell at Zutphen, the last if not the brightest star in this galaxy of men fell with him-the old age of Elizabeth was pestered with the intrigues and selfish plots of noblemen and gentlemen; the round table of Arthur was no more; "the goodliest fellowship of famous knights" was all unsoldered. There was no one to exhibit in his own person the examples of that type so dear to Sidney and his contemporaries. Besides, the nation was settling down to the 17th century, and to those sterner questions which nothing but the grimmest realism could hope to understand and determine. The high but artificial standing of the earlier age could not hold out against the shock; would not, even if it had not degenerated with the Stuarts. Thus Shakspeare in his unheroism and in his realism was exhibiting to his contemporaries the growing tendency of his own age. The inflexible, almost cruel, impartiality with which he holds up to them the good and the evil, the weakness and the strength, of all men and all classes alike, the sure vengeance which overtakes misdirected but good intentions, equally as it overtakes crime, the Nemesis of extravagant affections, emotions, actions, passions, thoughts, expressions—the assertion of a law and order in all things, as inexorable as the Fate of the Greek dramatistwhich none can break and escape punishment-the world as God made it, and not as men's passions, partiality, righteousness or unrighteousness would have it-the sun and the rain for the unjust as well as the just-innocence foiled as well as guilt at the moment of its triumph-mirth turned into sorrow—laughter in the midst of tears -light checkered with darkness everywhere-wisdom defeated by folly-manhood corrupted by youthful dissipationthe comic hand in hand with the tragic; - he drunken porter and the murdered king-the convulsive fool and the heartbroken father—earth gibbering whilst heaven is rent with "sulphurous and thought-executing fires"-fools and wits, innocent and guilty, high and low, kings and pickpockets, the proud and the

mean, the noble and ignoble—this is the warp and woof—the tangled web of good and evil composing what men call the world, and set forth by Shakspeare to his contemporaries. With so broad and varied a theme as this—so terrible, pathetic, ridiculous, vulgar, and sublime, the heroic of Sidney is incompatible. Rather it shrinks into nothing on the comparison; and the life of the imaginary is less full of wonders than of the ordinary hero of every day.

One more characteristic has to be noticed which stamps Shakspeare especially as an Englishman, and an Englishman of the reign of Elizabeth: and this is the prominence given by him to his female characters, their variety, and the important part assigned to them in his dramas. It has been said that, if Shakspeare paints no heroes, the women are heroines. If in Spenser the knights fail to accomplish those enterprises which are accomplished for them by the other sex; if Una and Britomart and Belphæbe are the guides and the advisers of their different champions; if male courage is unsexed except it be regulated by purest devotion to women; in Shakspeare, Imogen, Hermione, and Desdemona stand forth in shining contrast to their faithless, wavering, and suspicious consorts. But in Spenser woman is little else than ideal; she is too good for human nature's daily food and daily infirmities. Shakspeare's women are strictly real; their very infirmities, like the tears of Achilles, are not a foil, but an ornament to their perfections; their failings spring from the root of their virtues. The criticism which condemns Desdemona and Juliet is as monstrous as it is mistaken, The women in Shakspeare suffer as they suffer in the world and in real life, because, in following the true instincts of true nature, they fall sacrifices to the experience, the selfishness, the caprices of the stronger sex. If parents are careless and imperious like Brabantio, or impure and worldly like old Capulet and Polonius, Shakspeare saw too well that such muddy cisterns, hide their corruptions as they will, cannot prevent the subtle contagion of their own ill-doings from staining the pure fountains of their household. Youth pierces through their flimsy disguisings with a sharp and divine instinct wholly hidden from their purblind vision. With the exception of Lady Macbeth, there is no female character in Shakspeare which comes near the atrocities of Iago or Richard III. The fierce natural affection of the injured Constance excuses her occasional excesses; the weakness of Ann, like the palpitating bird, is not proof against the basilisklike power and fascination of Richard III.; Miranda falls in love at first sight with a being she has dressed up in her own perfections; even Lady Macbeth has steeled her nature above that of her sex in admiration and devotion to her husband. Look out upon the world, and the same is going on every day: woman complying with the law of her creation, and man transgressing his.

And as Shakspeare differs from previous dramatists in his conception and representation of the real, not the colorless ideal, of woman, he equally differs from Ben Jonson, from Beaumont and Fletcher, with their mere animal instincts and their coarser delineation of the purpose and destiny of woman. Nor is it merely in the purity, refinement, and feminine grace of his female characters that the great dramatist so far surpasses his contemporaries; for "The Virgin Martyr" of Massinger, and "The Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher, though rare and unusual, have something of the same excellence; but the woman's nature and instincts are never lost sight of by the poet. If faith, love, constancy, purity, are beautiful even in the abstract, they are more beautiful still in the concrete; and the hardness of the abstract is rounded off when they are presented to us not as fixed and isolated qualities or all-absorbing influences, but in the tenderness, weakness, and alternations of flesh and blood. The heroism of strength may delight the hero-worshipper; but the heroism of weakness is far more human and attractive. The faint resolve, springing forth as a tiny blade from unpromising ground-now seemingly contending unequally against the blast—now gaining unseen strength and vigor from the contest ;-the moral purpose exposed to the storm of passion and the inveiglement of temptation; like a frail craft at sea-now hidden by the waves-now apparently foundering hopelessly—then rising to the storm—creating in the spectator the contending tumults of pity, hope, and fear-appealing to the strongest and inexhaustible sympathies in the hearts of men—these are the triumphs of the dramatic poet. And it is in this exhibition of mortal strength and weakness, whether in man or woman, that Shakspeare excels, even in his less complex characters; whilst in the impersonation of a character of more complex elements, such as Cleopatra, any comparison of the great master with any writer of fiction, in ancient or in modern times, would be altogether absurd. What must that imagination have been that could conceive, or that power which could so perfectly delineate, three such types of womankind as Juliet, Desdemona, and Cleopatra? Whose but his, who, without losing his own personality, seeing with other men's eyes, and feeling with other men's feelings, understood the universal heart of man, and has become the tongue and voice of universal humanity?

But we must forbear. If there be one omission in the great dramatist, if we have one cause of complaint against him, it is his almost rigid, his Baconian, resolution not to look beyond the region of human experience: for to this remark we cannot consider his fairies, witches, and ghosts, his Ariel or his Caliban, as forming any exception. In his days, at all events, popular faith in these ultra-human creations accepted them as beings of this world. But, when we compare Shakspeare with Spenser; when we consider how brief is the interval separating him from Luther; how deeply and how recently the religious heart of England had been stirred; how all her noblest sons had associated trust in God with loyalty to their nation and their sovereign; we wonder why the poet should never have exhibited the influences of religious faith and resignation, or so cursorily or so coldly as scarcely to deserve the name. Men and women are made to drain the cup of misery to the dregs; but as from the depths into which they have fallen by their own weakness or the wickedness of others, the poet never raises them, in violation of the inexorable laws of nature, so neither does he "put a new song" into their mouths, or any expression of confidence in God's righteous dealing. With as precise and hard a hand as Lord Bacon did he sunder the celestial from the terrestrial globe, the things of earth from those of heaven; resolutely and sternly refusing to look beyond the limits of this world, to borrow comfort in suffering and injustice from the life to come. Such expressions

of faith might be out of place in "Macbeth," or "Cordelia," or "Lear;" but we should have expected them in Richard II. and his queen, in Desdemona, and still more in Hamlet, who had been a student at Wittenberg. Yet Hamlet, who had pondered more than most men on the great questions of life and the destiny of man, when unexpectedly overtaken by death, has nothing more to say than those ominous words, "The rest is silence!" Even the vindication of God's order and judgment, of which he is made the instrument, leaves him as darkling as it finds him. Must we then think that the godly spirit and faith of Luther had departed? that Protestantism had failed as well as Romanism? or that Shakspeare, in thus ignoring the great central truth, like Bacon, was, like Bacon, unconsciously exhibiting the Calvinistic tendency, the downward and disorganizing progress of his age, by substituting man for God as the great centre of this universe, as the sole and engrossing subject of human interest?

Saturday Review.

FRENCH FINANCE.

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, who has few equals as an authority on all French financial questions, has submitted to his countrymen in the columns of the Débats what he considers to be a precise statement of the annual amount that must be provided for payment of interest on the national debt, when all the expenditure attributable to the late war has been taken into account. The conclusion at which he arrives is startling enough. The France of the future—that is, France after 1874 -will have to provide by annual taxation for the payment of interest on debt a milliard of francs, or forty millions sterling. This is an enormous sum, and largely beyond what those who have hitherto published calculations on behalf of the Government have suggested as probable or possible. But M. Chevalier, under the veil of a polite suggestion that the Government published its calculations before some of the items of expenditure were known, tells his official friends that they have, consciously or unconsciously, hoodwinked the credulous French public. He himself thinks it desirable before all things that France should know the worst. He thinks that the knowledge of what she has got to bear, far from dispiriting her, will only excite her energies and develop her force. Whether, if M. Chevalier were now in office, he would take such a sanguine view of his countrymen, and would hold that the best thing for them is to tell them everything, must remain doubtful, as no one can say how far M. Chevalier, if he were an official, would be totally unlike every other French official known to Frenchmen. At any rate he has published his calculations, and his countrymen have now a full opportunity of realizing what, if he is right, lies before them. At present, however, it is not probable that they will be either encouraged or discouraged by learning that in three years the annual interest on their debt will reach a milliard. The great bulk of Frenchmen know nothing and care nothing just now about their future financial prospects. They have not as yet felt the pressure of new taxation. They think that the success of their new loan shows that they have surprising and inexhaustible resources; and they are largely animated by a secret persuasion that, by some sudden and unaccountable stroke of fortune, things in the next year or so will turn against the Prussians, and that France will escape paying the last three milliards of the indemnity. But the few reflecting Frenchmen who, like M. Chevalier, have no belief in sudden turns of fortune coming to the aid of vanquished nations, and who are capable of looking forward, naturally regard the question of finance as above all other questions important to their country. If it is true that France will have to pay several millions more annually than was thought probable to meet the interest of the debt, this means that new taxes to the amount of so many millions must be devised, voted, and endured. This is where the shoe pinches. The financial difficulty is a political one, or at least after a certain stage will almost necessarily become one. The primary question is not whether France could bear the burden of forty millions sterling interest on the public

debt. There is very little doubt that she could bear it, not indeed without great inconvenience and suffering, but still she could bear it. The question is whether any Government that is likely to exist in the next few years can invent taxes to the requisite amount that the nation will patiently endure. It does not follow that, even if the burden of new taxation provoked dissatisfaction or revolution, France would repudiate or become bankrupt. The natural wish to keep faith with the public creditor may be so strong as to arm some Government with power sufficient to get in the necessary money. But Frenchmen who attempt to judge what is the probable future lying before them and their children see that in the possibility of burdensome taxation leading to revolution there is a new source of danger opened before their unhappy and distracted country, and therefore it is of the utmost importance to them to examine what the total cost of their ruinous war has really

Before the war the interest of the public debt reached the annual figure of fourteen millions sterling and a half. Since the war broke out there have been three new loans-that made in the last days of the Empire, the Gambetta loan, and the recent loan for the payment of the first portion of the German indemnity. M. Chevalier puts the interest on these loans at a little short of eight millions sterling. The remainder of the indemnity, if borrowed on the same terms as the last loan, will involve a further annual charge of a little over eight millions. So that sixteen millions are to be added to the fourteen and a-half of the previous debt. M. Chevalier also, for some reason which he does not explain, estimates that nearly three-quarters of a million will be needed as the interest on the sum due to the Eastern Railway Company. The value of the lines taken over by the Germans is to be deducted from the indemnity, and M. Chevalier has already reckoned the interest on the full amount of the indemnity. Probably, however, a sum equal to that which the French Government subtracts from the payment of the indemnity on account of the railways has been consumed by it for its temporary needs. Then twenty millions sterling are to be expended in aiding the sufferers by the war in the provinces; and twenty

millions at least more will be needed to repair the damage done to roads and canals, to buy new stores for the army, and to make good the deficiencies in the budgets of the present year and of the next two or three years. The interest on these forty millions is put down by M. Chevalier at very nearly two millions and three-quarters. This, with the interest on the sum due to the Eastern Railway Company, makes three millions and a-half to be added to the thirty and a-half at which he had previously arrived that is, thirty-four millions in all. But then there is to be added a sum of two millions which represents pensions and annuities granted by the State, and sums due as guarantees to Railway Companies. This is nothing new; and if it is now reckoned as part of the sum to be met yearly on account of the public debt, it ought also to have been reckoned as part of that which had to be found annually before the war; so that if France will hereafter have to meet, as M. Chevalier calculates, an annual charge of forty millions sterling, the increase due to the war must be reckoned at the difference between sixteen millions and a-half sterling and forty millions sterling. This is twentythree millions and a-half sterling, and this will be the permanent burden inflicted on France for the future, on account of a war which lasted nearly as possible six months. Assuming that the sum due to the Eastern Railway Company may be properly taken twice over on account of the present pressing needs of the French Government obliging it to spend a sum equal to that due to the Railway Company, then M. Chevalier's figures seem to be right, unless future loans can be made on better terms than the last loan. He discusses the question whether more favorable terms are to be expected, and he urges that while there are some reasons why the terms of future loans may be expected to be more favorable, there are others why they may be expected to be less favorable, and that therefore it is safer to take the standard of the last loan than to speculate on unknown contingencies. It may be observed that M. Chevalier says plainly that his chief reason for feeling uncer-tain as to what will be the terms on which the State can borrow hereafter is that he does not feel sure that the borrowing Government will be a Government that can show itself capable of lates that the interest of the money so So many persons, however, think favorably of French finance that they will be inclined to impugn the calculations of M. Chevalier on the head of the terms of future loans. If it is to be supposed that the French Government could get out a loan twice and a half the size of the recent loan at the price at which that loan stands now, which surely is a very favorable supposition for France, the ultimate burden would be about a million sterling less. So far, therefore, as M. Chevalier has hitherto carried us, the public burden may be reckoned at thirty-six millions of annual payment if he is right as to the terms on which future loans can be issued, or at thirty-five millions if a much more favorable estimate on this head is adopted.

But then this is not all. The Government of France has incurred another debt in consequence of the war besides those represented in these thirty-six or thirtyfive millions. It has borrowed, and still continues to borrow, enormous sums from the Bank of France. "The dictatorial Government of Tours and Bordeaux, if it can be called a Government," M. Chevalier says, "forced the Bank to make very large advances, in spite of the principles adopted by the Bank and the laws ruling it." The result is that the Bank, the whole capital of which is a little over seven millions sterling, is owed by the State upwards of fifty-three millions sterling, and is going to advance it eight millions more. M. Thiers, it will be remembered, proposed to pay off this sum by annual instalments spread through a series of years, which would have rendered necessary during that time additional taxation to the amount of eight millions sterling a year. M. Chevalier does not even notice this proposal. He takes for granted that, if the State wants to pay off its debt to the Bank, its only way of doing so will be to borrow the money; and he calcu-

holding down the revolutionary party. borrowed would reach four millions sterling, thus bringing up his thirty-six millions to forty. We much wish that M. Chevalier had discussed more fully the position of the State and of the Bank with reference to this loan. M. Thiers stated that for the greater part of the sixty odd millions due to the Bank the State would henceforth be paying interest at only one per cent.; and even if he was wrong in thinking that France would find the money to pay off the loan in eight years, it seems as if some better management must be possible for the country than to borrow at over six per cent. to redeem a debt that only bears interest at one per cent. The larger part of the advances made by the Bank were made in the shape of a greatly increased issue of notes which were declared inconvertible into gold. But this enormous addition to the paper currency of France has been made without depreciating the value of the notes in gold. This would seem to show that there is room in France for a much larger paper currency than existed previously to the war. If this be so, it will probably not be found necessary to withdraw all the notes issued since the war in order to return to a metallic currency. So far as the authorized issue of the Bank can be permanently enlarged with safety, it will be unnecessary to borrow gold to retire the notes issued to the Government in the advances made by the Bank. A considerable sum must undoubtedly be paid in gold to the Bank, or its position would be compromised. and it would no longer have the resources it requires to facilitate the trade of the country. But until M. Chevalier has furnished further explanations, it certainly appears as if he had committed an error in supposing that the only thing the State has to do is to borrow over sixty millions at about six per cent. in order to place itself right with the Bank.

TINTORETTO AT HOME.

It is impossible for a sojourner in with that wonderful man-without longing Venice to have spent hours in front of for some details of the sort of life passed those colossal canvases of Tintoretto- by him in that small, but not inelegant hours which have gradually brought him dwelling, which may still be discovered into something like personal acquaintance by the curious in a distant and out-of-theway quarter of the strangely beautiful sea

But little can be found to gratify this desire. But some fragments may be gathered by a careful searcher for them. And as this gathering has never yet been done, as far as the present writer is aware, and no English inquirer is likely to have the time and means needed for doing it for himself, it may perhaps be not unacceptable, that it should be done for him here.

The house in which the painter passed the latter years of his life, and in which he died, has been described, and its whereabouts indicated. The contract of purchase, bearing date the 8th of June, 1574, -executed by Pietro Episcopi, his father-in-law, on his behalf-is still extant. There is also extant a return made by him of his property for the purpose of taxation, in which the rent of the house is stated at twenty ducats a month, subject to deduction on account of a mortgage to the amount of five hundred ducats, bearing interest at six per cent., due to the person from whom the property was bought. The above estimate of the value of the house at twenty ducats a month is a startling one. The ducat was about equal to ten shillings, and it is generally held that the nominal value of money at the beginning of the sixteenth century must be multiplied at least by ten, in order to find its worth in the nominal value of our own day. And thus calculating it, we should have the rent of Tintoretto's small house stated at £1,200 a year in our present money-which is of course utterly out of the question. It is true that the return states the rent at twenty ducats, without any such word as "monthly" or "annually." And if, as to our notions would seem a matter of course, the annual value were intended, the rent of the house would have been equivalent to £100 of our money, which is quite as much as one would have supposed. But there is this difficulty. How could a mortgage, the annual interest of which was thirty ducats, be secured on a property the annual rent of which was twenty ducats? And that in a country where mortgages are never permitted to approach so nearly to the limit of the value of the property mortgaged as they often do with us. It is clear that this could not be. In my difficulty on the subject I carried the passage of

the return to my friend Signor Velludo, the able and always obliging librarian of St. Mark's library. And he at once declared that the twenty ducats named in the return must be understood to be the monthly value, and that such a manner of speaking was quite in accordance with Venetian habitudes. Still it is totally impossible to suppose that the small house in question in a distant quarter of Venice was worth the equivalent of £1,200 a year! And we can only come to the conclusion, either that the return was a fictitious one, or that whatever may have been the case in other communities where money was scarcer, the rule of multiplying nominal amounts of the sixteenth century by ten, in order to find the equivalent value in the money of our own day, must be wholly fallacious as regards the wealthy commercial city of Venice. Nevertheless the former explanation seems to be the more probable one. And other facts relative to the methods in use at that period for rating property for the purpose of taxation seem to show that such is likely to have been the case. I believe upon the whole that the value of the house stated at twenty ducats was meant to be the yearly value; but that that sum was very far below the real value, probably to the extent of being only a third part of it. And it is to be observed that this undervaluation could not have been at all events altogether fraudulent, inasmuch as the return contains on the face of it the statement, that a mortgage of which the annual interest was thirty ducats was secured on the property. We must conclude, therefore, that it was systematical and recognized that the return for rating was in all cases very much below the real value.

Tintoretto returns himself as the possessor also of a small farm situated in the immediate neighborhood of Mestre, of which the produce (payable from the farmer to the landlord) was seventeen quarters of wheat and fourteen tuns of wine, and as honoraries due from the farmer according to custom, one goose, fifty eggs, two pairs of hens, two pairs of chickens, and one ham. On this farm there was also a mortgage of four hundred ducats at six per cent.

Tintoretto left his property to his wife for her life, and then to his children generally, with, as it should seem, certain powers of appointment by the widow. The painter had two sons, Domenico and Marco, and five daughters, Marietta, two named Ottavia, Perinna, and Laura. Domenico, well known as a more than respectable artist, who worked with and assisted his father in several of his later works, especially in the great "Paradiso," in the Sala del Maggiore Consiglio, eventually became the owner and occupier of the house in Venice. Marco seems to have been a ne'er-do-weel. And his mother exercised in respect to him the right of "conditioning"-as the phrase in her will has it-his share of his father's property. He is left in fact in a sort of tutelage to the discretion of his brother Domenico. Nothing further is heard of him.

Marietta, whom we shall have occasion to return to again, died before her father, in 1590, at the age of thirty. She was married to one Mario Augusta, a jeweller (reckoned in those days as much entitled to rank as an artist as a painter), but she does not seem to have left any offspring.

Perinna and one of the Ottavias became nuns in the convent of St. Ann, in Venice. They are by the widow's will recommended to the care of their brother Domenico. These two poor women piously worked in silk embroidery a copy of their father's great picture of the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, for an altar-covering for the chapel of their convent. And there remained a constant tradition among the sisterhood that one of them became blind (as may well be believed) from laboring in that truly tremendous task. Zabeo saw this embroidery in 1813. Of Laura nothing is known save that she survivedbut probably not for many years-her father and her mother.

The other Ottavia was married to a German painter of the name of Casser; and she became ultimately the possessor of the family property. Domenico had intended to bequeath the house in which his father had lived and labored, together with the large, and at that day important, collection of casts from the antique and from the works of Michael Angelo, as an academy for the painters of Venice. But he was led to change his mind; and by will, dated 20th of October, 1630, left the entire property to his sister Ottavia, the wife of Sebastian Casser. Domenico died in 1637. Ottavia outlived all her brothers and sisters, and by a will, dated 8th October, 1645, bequeathed everything to her husband. And by their lineal descendants the house was possessed and inhabited up to the year 1835, and a year or two longer. In that year it was occupied by two brothers, Angelo and Andrea Casser. But very shortly afterwards it passed to persons of another name and family. It would seem, however, either that Sebastian Casser, the German painter, had relatives of the same name settled in Venice in the fifteenth century, or that there are still many descendants of Tintoretto living. For Casser is at the present day by no means an uncommon name in Venice.

The long room at the top of the house, which tradition declares to have been the studio of the painter, is still pointed out, though the great changes which the interior of the house has evidently undergone render one rather sceptical as to any very accurate certainty on this subject. We hear much from the contemporaries of the great painter, or more immediately from those who came after them in the succeeding generation, of the solitariness of Tintoretto's habits in his studio, of the jealousy with which he excluded visitors, and of the secrecy he maintained with respect to the processes used by him. All this was entirely in accordance with the common notions and practices of that day, not only as regarded the art of painting, but as regarded every other art and even handicraft. It was an age when artisans and artists had to discover processes and methods for themselves; and when they had succeeded in doing so, it is intelligible that they should have been anxious to reap the whole advantage of their discoveries. And of course the next thing that occurred in natural sequence was, that an immense amount of humbug mixed itself up with the matter. Tintoretto did employ novel processes-unfortunately, as has been explained in a former article-and they were processes (adopted with a view to increased speed in execution) which he may well have been unwilling that others should spy the secret of. It were to be wished much that the secret had remained one, and had died with him! We should not then have been vexed by all the black canvases of the school of the tenebrosi! The genius, the creative imagination, the power that did die with him, no spying into the secrets of his workshop could have made the spyers any the better for.

And, after all, Tintoretto may have had abundance of other reasons than jealousy of his secrets to make a stern rule against intrusion beyond the sacred threshold of his studio. He was wont to spend many hours there, even when not at work, in solitary meditation. And many anecdotes were current, which show that he could ill brook the importunity of blockheads, when his mind and fancy were busy with the work of creation. When he was painting the great picture of the "Paradiso," a work which could not be executed in any ordinary studio, it was impossible to prevent, at all events, the senators of the Republic from coming to look at the progress of the work. Upon one occasion a knot of these grandees, after watching him at work for a while, ventured to ask why he made such large sweeps of the brush, when it was well known that Titian, Bellini, etc., had been content to work with comparatively minute touches. must be," said the over-taxed artist, looking up from his work into the face of his persecutors, "because those lucky fellows had not so many visitors to drive them nearly out of their senses!"

Nevertheless, the elegant little home at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was by no means a cheerless or dull abode. The life within it offered a very striking and favorable contrast to that which might have been observed in the home that poor unhappy Andrea del Sarto made for him-Tintoretto's home life was essentially, we learn from Ridolfi, and may glean from other sources, a sober, dignified, and staid one. It was an age when cakes and ale were abundant, especially at Venice -an age of license and much riotous liv-But from all such roistering Tintoretto held himself entirely aloof. But none the less, as has been said, were there happy home hours of genial intercourse and cheerful pleasure in Tintoretto's home. Music formed a leading feature of those pleasant hours. The old man was himself a performer, and had invented sundry improvements in various instruments.

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But doubtless the great centre of attraction and the animating soul of those happy evenings was the painter's gifted daughter Marietta. Marietta was born in 1560, and was therefore fourteen years old when the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was purchased. And sixteen years after that purchase she died, as we

know, a wife. But it would seem that notwithstanding her marriage she remained an inmate of her father's house. There are many indications of her having been, at all events, an habitual frequenter of it; and we know that she died in it.

Laura also was doubtless an inmate of her father's house, and a member of the pleasant society to be found there. Ottavia, the German artist's wife, was naturally often there with her husband. The two other daughters—the two poor nuns were of course in their convent.

But Marietta was, as has been said, the soul and leading spirit of the artistic gathering in her father's house. great a promise she had already given in her father's art-nay, how much she had already achieved—when snatched away by an early death, is well known to all students of the history of art. But Marietta was also highly gifted as a musician. She was a player on the lute, and on the gravicemba.i. Giulio Zacchino, a Neapolitan, had been her master in music. musician of much higher name than he was an habitual frequenter of the musical evenings at Tintoretto's house. This was Giuseppe Zarlino, of Chioggia, who from 1565 to 1590 was chapel-master at St. Mark's. Zarlino, in the language of those who insist upon carrying the idea of a "renaissance" into every department of human culture, is reckoned among the great restorers of music. It is not very easy to see what there was to restore. And perhaps it would be more to the purpose to say that he was one of the fathers and creators of modern music.

But, be this as it may, there was the old chapel-master to be found enjoying probably some of the happiest hours of his life. Another noted judge and lover of good music, who frequented these pleasant gatherings, was the painter Jacopo da Ponti, more generally known by the nick-name Bassano; for he and Tintoretto were excellent good friends, despite the skits that the mighty idealist would sometimes indulge in at the expense of his friend's realism. "You had better go to Bassano!" he said once to a silly fellow, who came to him to have his portrait painted, saying, "I am a fool, you know -una bestia-and you must paint me as one!"-" Oh! una bestia, are you? Well in that case you had better go to Bassano; he will paint you to the very life!" And the blockhead went away with this recommendation to Bassano. But Bassano came none the less for his feast of music to the house of his old rival and friend.

Alexandro Vittoria, the sculptor, whose works may still be seen almost in every parish of Venice, was a frequent visitor. The sculptor was a great lover of gardening, and would come fresh from his garden in the Calle di Picta, where he had been at work for an evening hour or two. And there were two other guests of the house, who must not be left unmentioned, if only for the strange contrast they presented to each other—a contrast so violent that the sense of it would not unfrequently deter one of the two from presenting himself in Tintoretto's well-ordered home.

Every sort of propriety requires that in mentioning this contrasted pair the precedence should be given to the magnificent Paolo Cagliari, better known, at least in England, as Paolo Veronese. The man im this case answers very accurately to the ideas that might be formed of him from his pictures. He was in every point of view magnificent; yet he was withal a thrifty man, and far more eager about the money value of his works than was our Tintoretto. He, too, was a man of a great and gorgeous imagination; but he was not lavishly prodigal of this creative wealth, as was Tintoretto; nor was his wealth of imagination of the same kind. Gorgeous palaces, with vast distances of colonnaded perspectives, the bravery of courts, cloth of silver and cloth of gold, satins, brocades, pearls and jewels, and splendor of all kinds seem to have formed the world in which his imagination best loved to expatiate. Would his imagination have ever been excited to creative activity at all, if he had been placed in circumstances where none of these things had been accessible to him? It may, perhaps, be doubted. Would any combination of exterior circumstances have availed to quench the fire of creative faculty in the other? There can hardly be any doubt as to the fitting reply. There had at one time been a feeling of no slight rivalry between Tintoretto and the younger aspirant, who was taking the suffrages of the Venetians by storm, whose tastes and idiosyncrasies were so curiously analogous to his own. Paul Veronese was twenty-six years younger than Tintoretto; and he had shot up into a reputation and position of the first order with

much greater rapidity than Tintoretto had done. There had been wherewithal to excite jealousy; but it is pleasant to think that nothing had ever passed between them which prevented the younger man from frequenting the house of the elder as a guest. Paolo, we are told, especially affected splendor of attire. It is specially mentioned that he always wore velvet breeches. His manners, too, were courtly and magnificent. Perhaps it may be allowable to conjecture that the liveliest and pleasantest evenings in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori were not those when the gorgeous Paolo honored the assembly with his presence.

At all events, there was one who sometimes ventured to count so far on the tolerance of fellow-artists towards a brother of the brush of undeniable talent and merit, as to show himself half-shamefacedly in the circle at Tintoretto's house, but who could never dare to do so if he knew that the magnificent Paolo, with his velvet breeches, was to be present. This was poor Andrea Schiavoni, a veritable Bohemian of the Bohemians. How could the magnificence of velvet breeches assort with raggedness, which sometimes approached the point of having none at all! What sort of society could there be between the frequenter of the lordliest palaces of Venice, the caressed associate of proud patricians and noble dames, and the poor Bohemian reeking from the society of a miserable pot-house? I do not find any special delinquencies charged against this unfortunate Andrea Schiavoni as the cause of the miserable life he led. And assuredly his talent was of a quality that ought to have secured to him a comfortable maintenance and an honorable position in society. But have we not all, alas ! known men who seem inevitably predestined to be and to remain to the bitter end poor devils? Andrea Schiavoni was one of these; incurably from his cradle to his grave a poor devil! He was never seen otherwise than ragged, patched, dirty, and disreputable looking. Sometimes he was on the verge of starvation. His pictures were ill-paid, -not in proportion to their merit, but in proportion to his recognized position as a poor devil. Nevertheless the poor devil liked, when he could achieve some comparative degree of decency, and when he knew that Veronese the magnificent with his too imposing velvet breeches was not to be there, to find, as an oasis in his troubled life, a few hours of tranquil enjoyment beneath the hospita- ing as quickly as might be into some narble roof of Tintoretto. The dreaded presence of the superb Paolo would, doubtless, be indicated by his gondola moored under the wall of the canal, and waiting for its master in front of Tintoretto's house. Of course Veronese came in his gondola. Perhaps also the old chapel-master came in his. The others would more probably walk. Certainly Alexandro, the sculptor, came afoot from his garden in the Calle di Picta. The small hours, doubtless, had begun to be chimed from the neighboring convent of the Madonna dell' Orto before the party separated. Hours were always late in Venice (as they are to the present day), the old Venetian life having been curiously and characteristically contrasted in this respect with the life in thrifty, saveall Florence.

What a pity it is that the old chroniclers and biographers and letter-writers did not tell us a few more of the things we should so much like to be told, in the place of the masses of fact that do not interest us at all. At all events our posterity can make no such complaint of us. knowing exactly what may most interest them, we leave everything on record for their curiosity. The pleasant little picture of these noctes canaque deum in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori is a glimpse, a fleeting peep into the phantasmagoric lantern of the past, constructed out of mere words dropped here and there by chance, slight indications which fell from the writer's pen when he was intent on recording far other matters, and rendered possible only by assiduous and careful gleaning and piecing together, eked out by somewhat of guess-work. But we know at least what sort of moonlight it was-at least we who have "swum in a gondola" on the moonlit lagune knowwhat a moonlight it was that lighted the little party home, and poured its flood of silver on the white Istrian marble of the canal front of the old artist's house. The three-arched gothic windows of the large saloon had, no doubt, all its three casements opened to the sweet night air, and was garnished each by a gracious head, as the daughters of the host bade their guests "Good night!" Old Giuseppe Zarlino, the chapel-master, 1 think, offered a place in his gondola to Ser Jacopo da Ponte as

a recognized lover and intendante di musica. Schiavoni slunk off alone, turnrow calle that hid him from the too-peering moonlight.

"What think you, Messer Giuseppe, of our old friend's scheme for adding to the sonority of the mandoline?" says Bassano, as he takes his place by the side of the old maestro in the gondola.

"Hum!" returns the old man doubtfully, "there is not much in it, mi pare, one way or the other! It may be an improvement on the old form. But I have reached a time of life, Jacopo mio, when one thinks more of old practice than of new-fangled inventions.

"But did not La Marietta give us that last toccata in a manner that was perfectly heavenly; such a grace of touch, such an expression! I could not help thinking of one of those angels of old Bellini in the chapel at the Frari as I looked at her and listened to her!"

"Ay, indeed, you may say so! Marietta is a phoenix, rara avis in terris-in truth a nonsuch!" replies the old chapelmaster with enthusiasm. "I expect great things from Marietta; and you, Jacopo mio, must expect great things too; you in your art and I in mine. I don't know another case of such a mastery as Marietta Robusti has in both arts at once."

There was many a competent authority in Venice then who expected great things from Marietta. But, alas! all such expectations were fated to be disappointed; and the last of those pleasant evenings in the little house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was at hand, Marietta Robusti was doomed, as the reader already knows, to an early death. She fell into ill health and died at the age of thirty, in 1590, just four years before the death of her bereaved old father. But before she died there occurred in that house one of the most moving and saddest scenes that its walls can ever have been witnesses to in all the four or five centuries of its existence. On her death-bed, when it became certain that her life would not be spared, the despairing father determined to possess such a portrait of his daughter as his all but octogenarian hand could still well execute. And the old man painted the portrait of his gifted child, with whom so many hopes were extinguished, as she lay there dying. Surely never was so sad a picture painted!

Marietta was buried in the noble church of the neighboring monastery of Madonna dell' Orto, where, after the lapse of four more years, her father rejoined her. They were buried in the vault belonging to the Episcopi family, to which Tintoretto's wife belonged, which was under the choir. The church, which had fallen so much into decay that it was threatened with complete ruin, has recently been restored, not injudiciously or unsuccessfully, at the

cost of the Italian Government. The works are not yet quite completed, but when they are, they will include a fitting monument to the extraordinary man whose dust rests-between the two wonderful pictures with which the first youthful ardor of his genius covered the huge side walls of the choir, that was to receive his remains when his matchless career should have been run.

T. A. TROLLOPE.

Chambers's Journal.

LITERARY REMUNERATION.

LITERATURE has been described as a good walking-stick, but a bad crutch; but the examples of literary remuneration we shall give in the present paper show that some, at least, have found it a very good crutch indeed. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and we think a few carefully selected examples of the prices some of the masterpieces of our literature have brought their authors cannot fail to be in-

teresting to our readers.

It seems almost incredible that Shakspeare and Milton only received five pounds each for such works as Hamlet and Paradise Lost; but in those days an author labored under many disadvantages, which were obviated as time went on and the reading circle increased. Persons who wrote for a living generally wrote for the stage, though the remuneration was small. Thomas Heywood, who is said to have written more than two hundred plays, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles 1., only had three pounds, in 1602, for A Woman killed with Kindness, from Henslowe. The Diary of the latter, published by the Shakspeare Society, contains a great deal of information respecting the prices paid for plays. The dresses seem to cost a great deal more, in proportion, than the cost of the copyright of the play. More was paid, for example, when A Woman killed with Kindness was acted, for a gown for the heroine than for the play itself. Henslowe paid Ben Jonson and Dekker, for a play called The Page of Plymouth, in 1599, eleven pounds; for Dekker's Medicine for a Curst Wife, in 1602, ten pounds; and, three years before, £,9 10s. for Patient Grissill. On one occato prevent the printing of the latter play.

No wonder few old plays have been preserved. On August 3, 1613, we find Daborne, the dramatic author, complaining that from twenty pounds a play he had come to twelve pounds; so that it appears, if he had received the former sum, prices had risen since 1602. Henslowe agreed to give him the latter sum for the Bellman

of London.

Afterwards, authors shared the profits of a play, for it is said that Shadwell (1640 -1692) cleared one hundred and thirty pounds by a single representation of the Squire of Alsatia; and Southern (1660-1746) made seven hundred pounds by one play. In the Isabella of the latter author, Mrs. Siddons made her début at Drury Lane in 1782. Dryden does not seem to have made so much by his plays; and thought himself lucky if one brought him one hundred pounds. Tonson published his translation of Virgil, which gained Dryden twelve hundred pounds; but for his Fables, his last work, containing about twelve thousand lines, and including Alexander's Feast, he only had two hundred and fifty pounds. The second edition was not required till ten years after his death. Pope, altogether, had £5,320 for his translations of Homer. Gay received four hundred pounds for the first part of his Beggars' Opera, and eleven hundred pounds for the second part. Dean Swift was paid by Motte three hundred pounds for Gulliver's Travels.

Dekker, for a play called *The Page of Plymouth*, in 1599, eleven pounds; for Dekker's *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, in 1602, ten pounds; and, three years before, £9 loss for *Patient Grissill*. On one occasion (1599), two pounds was paid a printer to prevent the printing of the latter play.

over. Messrs. Strahan, Dodsley, and another purchased it for one hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pounds more, when a second edition was called for. He had two hundred and ten pounds

for his Lives of the Poets.

For his History of England, Hume had about five thousand two hundred pounds; and Smollett, for his, two thousand pounds, and yet he died in great poverty. Six thousand pounds was the pecuniary remuneration received by Gibbon for his immortal Decline and Fall. Goldsmith had eight hundred pounds from Newberry for three abridged Histories of England. It is interesting to note that for his Vicar of Wakefield he had sixty pounds; for his Deserted Village, one hundred pounds; Selections of English Poetry, two hundred pounds; and for the Traveller, only twenty guineas. The History of Animated Nature brought him eight hundred and fifty pounds.

Dr. Burney, the learned author of the History of Music, had one thousand pounds for the musical articles which he contributed to Rees's Cyclopadia; and his gifted daughter, Frances (Madame d'Arblay), received for Evelina, a work which created a great sensation at the time, the same sum which Milton had for

Paradise Lost-five pounds.

Fielding did not attempt fiction till he had tried the drama. His first comedy, Love in several Masques, was favorably received; and was aftewrards published, and dedicated to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who thought highly of the production. Between 1728 and 1737, he wrote twenty-three plays. Richardson's novel, Pamela, appeared three years after; and Fielding determined to produce a work of fiction. Joseph Andrews appeared in 1742, and was very successful. Seven years after, *Tom Jones* was written; and for this novel he received seven hundred pounds. Sir Walter Scott says of this :- "Even Richardson's novels are but a step from the old romance, approaching, indeed, more nearly to the ordinary course of events, but still dealing in improbable incidents, and in characters swelled out beyond the ordinary merits of humanity. The History of a Foundling is truth and human nature itself; and there lies the inestimable advantage which it possesses over all previous fictions of this particular kind." For Amelia, published in 1751, Fielding had one thousand pounds. It is said to have been "the only work published in England for which a second edition was called for on the evening of the day on which the first was issued."

For the Mysteries of Udolpho, Mrs. Radcliffe was paid five hundred pounds by George Robinson, and eight hundred pounds for the Italian; the latter, a very successful work, was published in 1793. Lackington gave Richard Cumberland five hundred pounds for his Memoirs. have mentioned the sums Hume, Smollett, and Gibbon received for their histories. It is interesting to note that their contemporary, Dr. Robertson, had six hundred pounds for his History of Scotland, and no less than four thousand five hundred pounds for his *History of Charles V*. Burns received about seven hundred pounds from the subscription and sale of the copy-right of the second edition of his volume of poems. David Mallet (1700-1765) had one hundred and twenty pounds from Vaillant for his Amynta and Theodora; George Colman, senior (1733-1794), the dramatic author, one hundred and fifty pounds each for the Poor Gentleman and Who wants a Guinea? T. Holcroft (1744-1809), twelve hundred pounds for his translation of the king of Prussia's works. For two years' contributions to the London Magazine, Charles Lamb had one hundred and seventy pounds; and sixty guineas were paid to himself and sister for the Tales from Shakspeare.

Crabbe (1754-1832) had three thousand pounds from Murray for his poems; Campbell one thousand guineas for the Pleasures of Hope, and fifteen hundred guineas for Gertrude of Wyoming. By the kindness of Charles James Fox, the latter poet was placed on the pension list for two hundred pounds a year early in life, and so had not to endure the depressing effects of poverty. Moore had five hundred pounds a year for his Irish Melodies, three thousand guineas for Lalla Rookh, two thousand guineas for Life of Byron. Byron received two thousand guineas for the fourth canto of Childe Harold, while for his whole poetical works, Murray did not pay less than fifteen thou-sand pounds. Colburn gave Hook six hundred pounds for the first series of Sayings and Doings, one thousand guineas for the second series, and the same for the

third. He also received six hundred pounds for Births, Marriages, and Deaths, and four hundred pounds a year as editor of Colburn's New Monthly. Charles Mathews paid James Smith one thousand pounds for Country Cousins, A Trip to Paris, Air Ballooning, and A Trip to America, written for his entertainments. sums of money Sir Walter Scott received for his works are unparalleled. His share of the first work, Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, was but £87 10s., or half the clear profits; but he sold the copyright afterwards for five hundred pounds. share in the Lay of the Last Minstrel was £769 6s. Longman gave him one hundred pounds for Lyrical Pieces, suggested by the popularity of the last. Constable offered one thousand guineas for Marmion very shortly after it was begun, and without having seen one line of it; and the price was paid long before the poem was published. It was first printed in quarto, price one guinea and a half. In less than a month, the 2,000 copies were sold, then 3,000 octavo copies followed. By 1825, 31,000 copies of this poem had been sold. For the Lady of the Lake, Sir Walter had two thousand guineas; and by 1836, 50,000 copies had been sold. Constable gave fifteen hundred guineas for one half the copyright of the Lord of the Isles. Of Rokeby, more than 3,000 were sold at two guineas by the second day of publication. For his edition of Dryden's works, in eighteen volumes, he had seven hundred and fifty-six pounds; fifteen hundred pounds for an edition of Swift; and for the articles

on Chivalry, the Drama, and Romance, in the Encyclopadia Britannica, one hundred pounds each. But what a mine of wealth he discovered when he first thought of embodying the thoughts and feelings of the olden time in works of fiction! Waverley was an anonymous novel put forth at the dead season. Constable refused to give one thousand pounds for the copyright; but 1,000 copies were sold in five weeks, and on his share, Constable netted one thousand pounds in the first year. Constable agreed in 1821 to give for the remaining copyright of the four novels published between December, 1819, and January, 1821-namely, Ivanhoe, the Monastery, the Abbot, and Kenilworth-the sum of five thousand guineas. By these four novels, the fruits of not more than a year's labor, Scott cleared ten thousand pounds before the bargain was completed. But all this (and much more) was of no avail, when Sir Walter, at the age of fifty-five, found himself involved in the failure of Constable & Co. to an enormous extent. The debts exceeded one hundred and This was in twenty thousand pounds. 1825; and in a year and a half, this indefatigable author had reduced the amount by twenty-eight thousand pounds. The Life of Napoleon produced eighteen thousand pounds, which was at the rate of more than thirty-six pounds a day for his time. Woodstock realized eight thousand six hundred pounds. By the republication of his novels, etc., he reduced the debt by fiftyfour thousand pounds.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Few of the eminent names in modern English literature are more familiar to the readers of the ECLECTIC than that of John Tyndall, F.R.S., and there is no scientific man perhaps whose work is better known to them. Every one of our recent volumes has contained one or more articles from his pen, and in our literary department we have kept our readers advised of what he has been doing from time to time in the field of general literature.

His life has been an uneventful one, as is generally the case with a student, and the details which are accessible to the public are few; but we give below the substance of an excellent sketch which appeared in one of the early numbers of *Appleton's Journal*.

Professor John Tyndall, the successor of Faraday in the chair of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, was born in the village of Leighlin Bridge, Ireland, in 1820. He is descended from the old English family of Tyndales, some members of which emigrated, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to Ireland, on the eastern or Saxon fringe of which a few of their descendants are still scattered.

The father of Professor Tyndall was a

man in lowly circumstances, but of marked character, in which intellectual power and personal courage, combined with delicacy of mind and feeling, were distinguished traits. From his forefathers he inherited a taste for religious controversy, as far as related to the Churches of Rome and England; and thus the earliest intel-lectual discipline of his son consisted in exercises on the doctrines of infallibility, purgatory, and transubstantiation, while his early text-books were the theological works of Tyndale, Chillingworth, and Tillotson. By the silent operation of his character-by example as well as by precept-this remarkable man inspired the intellect of his boy, and taught him to love, above all things, a life of manly independence. He died in May, 1847, quoting to his son a little before his death the words of Wolsey to Cromwell,-"Be just, and fear nothing."

Of his early education, received at a school in his native village, nothing is noteworthy, except that he there cultivated and acquired a taste for mathematics, and especially pure geometry. In 1839, Mr. Tyndall quitted school to join the branch of the Ordnance Survey which was stationed in his native town, in the capacity of "civil assistant." He quickly acquired a practical knowledge of the business, becoming in turn draughtsman, computer, surveyor, and trigonometrical observer.

A simple circumstance, which occurred to Mr. Tyndall in 1841, formed a turningpoint in his career. While stationed at Cork, he worked at mapping in the same room with an intelligent gentleman, Mr. Lawrence Ivers, who became interested in his companion's work. One day he asked Tyndall how his leisure hours were employed, and the answer not being quite satisfactory, he rejoined: - "You have five hours a day at your disposal, and this time ought to be devoted to systematic study. Had I," he continued, "when I was your age, had a friend to advise me as I now advise you, instead of being in my present subordinate position, I should be the equal of Colby" (Director of the Survey). Next morning, Tyndall was at his books before five o'clock, and for twelve years never swerved from the practice.

In 1844, seeing no definite prospect before him, Mr. Tyndall resolved to come to America, some members of his father's family having emigrated to this country in the early part of the present century. He

was, however, dissuaded from this, and, turning his attention to railway engineering, he was engaged by a firm in Manchester. In 1845—the period of the "railway mania"—in the Yorkshire office of the company, he first met Mr. T. A. Hirst, an articled pupil, who became one of his most intimate friends, and is now professor of mathematics in University College, London.

Thus five years were spent on the Ordnance Survey, and three on railroads. His character, at this period, is thus described

by one who knew him well:-

"Extreme caution and accuracy, together with dauntless perseverance under difficulties, characterized then, as now, the performance of every piece of work he took in hand. Habitually, indeed, he pushed verification beyond the limits of all ordinary prudence, and, on returning from a hard day's work, he has been known to retrace his steps for miles, in order to assure himself of the security of some 'bench-mark,' upon whose permanence the accuracy of his levels depended. Previous to one of those unpostponable thirtieths of November, when all railway plans and sections had to be deposited at the Board of Works, a series of levels had to be completed near Keithley, in Yorkshire, and Manchester reached before midnight. The day was stormy beyond description; levelling-staves snapped in twain before the violent gusts of wind; and level and leveller were in constant peril of being overturned by the force of the hurricane. Assistants grumbled 'impossible,' and were only shamed into submissive persistence by that stern resolution which, before night-fall, triumphed over all obstacles.

In 1847, he accepted an appointment as teacher at Queenwood College, in Hampshire, a new institution, devoted partly to junior instruction, and partly to the preliminary technical education of agriculturists and engineers. It was surrounded by eight hundred acres of land, upon which, besides farming, surveying, levelling, and other engineering operations were to be practically taught. Professor Tyndall here developed remarkable tact and resources in the management of insubordinate students, declining all harsh expedients, and depending for influence upon pure force of character. In the laboratory of this institution he found Mr. Frankland, now the distinguished professor in the Royal School of Chemistry, in London. Desirous of pursuing their scientific studies under more favorable circumstances, the two friends left England together in 1848, and repaired to the University of Marburg, to study under the celebrated chemist and physicist Bunsen. Professor Tyndall attended his lectures, and worked in his laboratory. He also attended the physical lectures of Professors Gerling and Knoblauch, and the mathematical lectures of Stegmann. His first scientific paper was prepared here, and was a mathematical essay on "Screw Surfaces." But the investigation which first made him known to the scientific world was one "On the Magneto-optic Properties of Crystals, and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement."

In 1851, Professor Tyndall went to Berlin, and continued his researches on the newly-discovered force of diamagnetism, and on the magnetic properties of crystals, in the laboratory of Professor Magnus. After making the acquaintance and securing the friendship of many eminent men in Berlin, he returned to London, where, during the same year, he first became personally known to Professor He became a member of the Faraday. Royal Society in 1852, lectured first before the Royal Institution in February, 1853, and was elected professor of natural philosophy to that establishment in June of the same year.

The first three years of Mr. Tyndall's residence in London were devoted to an exhaustive investigation of diamagnetic polarity, and the general phenomena of the diamagnetic force—magne-crystallic action included. In the *Philosophical Transactions* and *Philosophical Magazine* he published various memoirs on these subjects, all of which were received with favor by the scientific world.

The scientific researches for which Professor Tyndall is chiefly distinguished relate to the molecular constitution of matter. Beginning with his magneto-optical and diamagnetic investigations, he has pursued this train of inquiry into the field of the radiant forces with the most interesting results. His researches on the relations of radiant heat to the constitution of vapors are embodied in his able work entitled "Heat as a Mode of Motion," published in 1863, and have subsequently been still further and very brilliantly pursued.

As a thinker, Professor Tyndall's position is a unique and commanding one. He is not only thoroughly disciplined in the methods of science, a consummate and indefatigable experimenter, full of new devices, both for the exploration and the illustration of phenomena, but he is also a man of enlarged and independent views, to which his high scientific position gives weight and force with the public. As it is more and more perceived that the mind in all its modes of movement is one, and that its scientific action is its most perfect action, the opinions of men of thorough scientific culture upon all questions involving truth and error, will meet with constantly-increasing consideration. This is shown in the general interest that is taken in whatever Professor Tyndall has to say to the public, and whatever the subject upon which he speaks. Of his character as a writer, it is perhaps superfluous to speak; but it may be remarked that the same extraordinary power of vivid imagination which he carries into his experimental researches, and which is tasked to its highest in grasping the conception of complex molecular phenomena, is equally manifested in those bold and striking images with which he enriches his descriptions and narrations. Professor Tyndall is also a man of quick and ardent feeling, which constantly kindles his intellect into poetic action. His is the rare gift to give us the poetry of science without impairing the quality of science itself. As a lecturer, Professor Tyndall is vigorous, racy, and impressive. Although neither fluent nor eloquent in the current rhetorical sense, he carries his audience completely with him by the clearness and freshness of his expositions and the brilliancy and boldness of his illustrations. Of a highly-vitalized and restless temperament, and a wiry, elastic physique, which is superbly adapted to Alpine climbing, his movements upon the platform are rapid and decisive, and hardly conform to those ideal curves of grace which are so prized in declamatory art. But of his characteristics in this respect we need not speak, as he has pledged himself to come to this country and lecture, when the public will be able to judge for themselves. Socially, Professor Tyndall is free, genial, and interesting—a man of the world, at home in all relations, and, although a favorite of the ladies, is still a bachelor.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Swinburne is in poor health, and has gone to Scotland to recuperate.

It is announced that a second volume of poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti may be looked for this winter.

Mr. Darwin has a new work nearly ready, in which he discusses "The Facial Expression of Animals."

Mr. Froude has relinquished the editorship of Fraser's Magazine, and his place will be filled by Dr. Dasent.

A volume of ghostly stories and speculation, by Mr. R. Dale Owen, entitled "The Debatable Land between the Two Worlds," will be published immediately.

According to the Canada Bookseller, Prof. Goldwin Smith has undertaken the editorship of a new magazine that will, before long, be started in the Dominion.

Mr. Swinburne is about to send to the press the "Prelude" to his unfinished poem, "Tristram and Iseult," itself a poem of considerable length and importance, being several hundred lines long.

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Roscoe, the editor of Lanzi's "History of Italian Painting," and the son of the author of the "Life of Leo the Tenth."

M. Romek, of Prague, has just brought out the second volume of his history of that city, which is brought down to the fifteenth century. The first volume appeared as far back as 1856. Both are in Czech.

Mr. R. Somers, who made a six months' tour in the southern portion of the United States last winter and spring, will soon publish a volume containing the results of his travels, under the title of "The Southern States since the War."

The Rev. Dr. Richard Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence," which gives in a condensed form, for the use of schools, the results of his many years' study of Early English and Anglo-Saxon, will be published shortly.

The long expected novel by George Eliot is to be published by the Blackwoods in December. Like most of her previous efforts in this field, it is a story of provincial life in England. It will be presented first to the American public through the pages of Every Saturday.

The Rev. A. B. Grosart is compiling a volume of contemporary judgments on great poets, like those of Gower, Occleve, and Lydgate, on Chaucer; Raleigh, etc., on Spenser; Ben Jonson, Milton, etc., on Shakspeare; Marvel, etc., on Milton.

The Academy states that a new translation of Byron is announced from Prague. Professor Durdik, of that city, to whom literature is already indebted for a valuable essay on that poet, is about to translate his complete works into the Bohemian language.

M. Bedarrides, a French artillery officer who served in the Crimean War, and wrote an interesting work on that war, has written a very able brochure, entitled "Réorganization de l'Armée

Française, ou Morale de l'Invasion Prussienne," founded on his observations during the campaign of 1870 in the Army of the Rhine.

Foseph Skipsey, a heaver of coal, a genuine pitman of thirty-seven, who has been at work in the pit since he was five years old, and who taught himself to read, has just published a small volume of poems at Blyth, "printed by William Alder," which contains a few touching pieces on the accidents that a pitman is liable to—Athenaum.

According to a Report on the libraries of Switzerland, read at the recent Congress of the Swiss Statistical Society at Basle, Switzerland possesses 25 public libraries, with 920,520 volumes; and no less than 1,629 popular and educational libraries, with 687,939 volumes. The largest libraries are those of Zurich, with 100,000 volumes; Basle, with 94,000; Lucerne, with 80,000.

Rights of Editor.—In an action lately brought against the Editor of the "Echo," for the value of an article sent unsolicited, the judge decided that articles so sent were at the disposal of the editor, who had the liberty of accepting or refusing; and that, if he gave notice to that effect, he had the right to destroy those which he did not accept.

The first and fifth volumes of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" are out of print, and the other volumes nearly so. In the first volume of the uniform octavo edition of his works now in preparation, Mr. Ruskin has declared his intention to reprint very little of his "Modern Painters," as his opinions have changed so much since the days in which he wrote that book.

Herr Berthold Auerbach has published a German translation of Spinoza's collected works in two volumes, under the title of "B. de Spinoza's Sämmtliche Werke." Some thirty years ago, Herr Auerbach published his first translation of Spinoza's works. The present work contains the later discovered works of Spinoza and a new biography.

We understand that the new volume of Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest" is entirely taken up with the reign of William the Conqueror. The fifth and last volume will carry on the narrative in the form of a sketch to the period to which Mr. Freeman originally designed that his history should extend—the reign of Edward the First.

A new edition of Low's "Handbook to the Charities of London" is in preparation, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Mackeson, who will be glad to receive additions and corrections at the publishers'. It is intended to show, as far as possible, the working expenses of each charity, in addition to the usual information as to the work done during the year, the income, and the names of the officials.

The revision of Luther's Bible, undertaken by delegates from Prussia, Würtemberg, and Saxony, is proceeding much more rapidly than might have been expected from the incorrectness of the translation. The New Testament has been ready for some time, and has been introduced by authority

in the churches of Prussia. The alterations are neither very numerous nor important, as far as can be judged from a cursory examination of the part already published.

The first volume of the unpublished memoirs of the celebrated Polish poet Jean Ursin Niemcewicz has just been published at Posen (Zupanski). Niemcewicz was the friend and fellow-laborer of Kosciuszko, and took part in the revolution of 1831. After this he lived successively in Italy, France, Germany, and America. He was member of the Diet of Poland, and one of the most brilliant writers of the period preceding Mickiewicz. The memoirs are full of interest, both in a literary and political point of view.

An English Quarterly is about to be published in Berlin, to be called the German Quarterly Magazine. It is proposed to translate those lectures by Virchow, Haeckel, Gneist, and other celebrities of Berlin, which have appeared and are in the course of publication in a series edited by Virchow and Holtzendorff, on science, history, and art, which may be interesting to English readers. One-half of them are on scientific subjects, treated in a popular style; the other half relate to history and art, and each quarterly part will contain essays only of a similar character.

The Catalogue of all French publications during the twenty-five years 1840 to 1865, compiled by the German bookseller Lorenz, settled in Paris, is at last completed, having been interrupted by the involuntary flight of the editor from Paris, about a year ago. In the absence of any comprehensive catalogue since Quérard, which reaches only to 1839, this is a great boon to librarians, booksellers, and persons who desire to refer to the publications of French authors. The arrangement is alphabetical, under the name of the author; in anonymous works, under the first substantive of the title. Each author's list is preceded by a short biographical notice.

An extensive work on the History of Mary Stuart of Scotland, by Prof. Petit, of Beauvais, is, we understand, nearly ready for publication. The Professor has been engaged upon it for the last ten years, and has spared neither money nor labor in order to lay before the world such an accumulation of evidence relative to the unfortunate Queen of Scots as has never yet been made public. The work is intended by the author to prove a complete justification of the Queen from the charges brought against her. It will be in two large quarto volumes, an English translation of which will be published before the original in French. M. Charles de Flandre, of Edinburgh, is the translator.

The Saturday Review,—The editorial writers of the London Saturday Review have no reason for fault-finding with the proprietors, so far as hospitality is concerned. It is the agreeable custom of the owners of that journal to give an annual dinner to the writers; and at the one given three or four weeks ago nearly fifty gentlemen were present. The editor, Mr. Harwood, was in the chair, Mr. Beresford Hope being on one side, and Mr. Venables on the other. Among the company were Sir R. Maine, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. E. Pigott, Mr. C. H. Fyffe, Mr. Oxenford, and others eminent as writers.

There were no speeches. Many of the diners looked like country clergymen fresh from their rectories, and it was curious to imagine which part of the *Review* was in their charge.

Darwinism. - In a reprint of an article in the last number of the North American Review by Mr. Chauncey Wright, the author ably defends Mr. Darwin from some of Mr. St. George Mivart's attacks; and clearly points out the nature and extent of the variations suitable for the efficient action of natural selection-a point on which Mr. Mivart, like so many other critics, has misunderstood, and to some extent misrepresented, the theory. Several of Mr. Mivart's special difficulties are very ingeniously overcome, but others of equal or greater weight are left unnoticed. The discussion of the theological bearings of the subject is somewhat obscure; and though the article must be considered to be a criticism of, rather than an answer to Mr. Mivart's book, it exhibits much originality of thought and a very accurate conception of the essential features of the theory of natural selection, and is therefore a real contribution to the literature of the subject .- The Academy.

Awork by Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, is announced in our list of publications, containing the History of Assurbanipal, king of Assyria, B.C. 668 to 626. The cuneiform texts are given of all the historical inscriptions of the reign of Assurbanipal, the most important in Assyrian history. Each text is accompanied by an interlinear translation (in English), and the whole book is divided into sections, according to the various campaigns of the king. The long inscription on the decagon cylinder of Assurbanipal, now in the British Museum, is taken as the standard text. This document alone contains 1,200 lines of cuneiform writing. The annals of Assurbanipal mention the conquest of Egypt by the Assyrians under Esarhaddon and Assurbanipal; in this part we have the Assyrian account of Tirhakah, Necho I., and Psammitichus I. In the affairs of Asia Minor, Gyges and Ardys, kings of Lydia, come in; and there are numerous wars and other events, including the conquests of Babylonia, Susiana, and Arabia.

Public Libraries in Italy. - From a return of the statistics of public libraries in Italy for 1870, presented to the Minister of Public Instruction, it appears that Italy possesses 28 of these instructions, which were resorted to last year by 723, 359 readers. Naples, the most populous of Italian cities, with five public libraries, has also the largest number of readers, being 192,992. Turin, with one public library, has 115,000 readers; Florence, with three, 92,000. The library most frequented in proportion to the population was that of Catania, with 18,641 readers. Nine only of the libraries are open in the evening; the number of visits made at that time was 104,000. Works in general literature and philology were most largely in request; after these, treatises on jurisprudence and legislation; and in the third place, works on physical science. The proportion of novels issued was very small, which may perhaps be owing to works of this description being but sparingly admitted into the libraries. The total number of works added to all these institutions during the year was 11,706.

Literary Progress in Spain .- If the Revolution has done nothing else for Spain, it has given a wonderful impetus to the book trade. by the increase in the number of booksellers' shops in Madrid,-to say nothing of the open-air stalls, whose well-garnished shelves would put to shame many a similar establishment in Oxford street, every man in Madrid must spend his entire day in reading. But a few years ago, two or three booksellers sufficed for Madrid; now, you find half-adozen in every street. The books exposed in the windows are not, indeed, of the highest order of literature, but in many cases are very interesting, as showing the comparative infancy of the nation in such matters. Elementary treatises on political economy, philosophy, and various social subjects, occupy prominent positions, and little labels asserting their novelty recommend them to the attention of the buyer. These windows are generally thronged with spectators, as much so as the print and photograph shops of Paris. Translations of every possible French work, good or bad-more usually the latter-also abound, and Florey and Maldonado are in great request; but the novelty of the day is an edition of the complete works of Plato, translated for the first time into Spanish, by Don Patricio Azcárate. A certain number of violently revolutionary and infidel publications are to be seen in most of the shops; but, by way of a counterpoise, we may add, that the Bible Society of London has no less than two large shops at Madrid, which have been established, we understand, with the most complete success. - Athe-

Mr. Richard Bentley .- It is with great regret that we announce the decease of Mr. Richard Bentley, the well-known publisher. Mr. Bentley commenced business in 1829, in conjunction with the late Mr. Colburn, from whom he separated in the year 1832. The authors with whom Mr. Bentley became associated in the early portion of his career were, Morier, the author of "Hajji Baba," Horace Smith, Colley Grattan, G. P. R. James, Lord Lytton, Dr. Maginn, Father Prout, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and Charles Dickens. About the year 1835 Mr. Bentley began the publication of the "Standard Novels," a series which extended to 127 volumes, comprising many of the bestknown fictions of the time. In the year 1837 Mr. Bentley started that well-known magazine, Bent-ley's Miscellany, and commenced the famous Miscellany dinners in the Red Room in Burlington street. They were attended by Tom Moore, Dickens, Thackeray, Luttrell, Maxwell, Albert Smith, Tom Campbell, Barham ("Ingoldsby"), and Sir Edward Creasy. In the Red Room Charles Dickens drew up the prospectus of Bentley's Miscellany; and the manuscript, in Mr. Dickens's handwriting, was framed, and may be still seen at New Burlington street. In 1857 Mr. Bentley, by the decision of the House of Lords, reversing the right hitherto supposed to be possessed by American authors of copyright in this country, lost 16,000. to 17,000. This decision was again reversed within a recent period; but the mischief the first verdict inflicted affected Mr. Bentley to the last. In the year 1859 he commenced, in conjunction with Mr. Douglas Cooke, Bentley's Quarterly Review, to which Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury, lent his aid. This Review

reached, however, but four numbers; and probably it failed from the absence in its pages of any dis-tinct political bias. The more recent publications of the house are too well known to require mention,-Athenœum.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Commune of Paris. By W. M. FETTRIDGE. New York: Harper & Bros.

A GENUINE history of the Paris Commune, which would enter upon the causes and the obscure but (as the result proved) powerful social forces which underlay and brought about the tremendous explosion of last Spring, would no doubt be very acceptable to the world just now. It would also be an invaluable contribution toward the solving of the most difficult and threatening problem which European civilization is at present called upon to confront, -- the problem, namely, of the proper relations between Labor and Capital, between the upper and lower classes of society. Such a history we might perhaps expect from the writer of A History of the Commune in Paris, an article from Blackwood, which was reprinted in the September number of the ECLECTIC; or from Mr. Frederic Harrison, the ablest English champion of the Comtist Philosophy and of the Communistic principle in politics. We certainly shall not get it from Mr. Fettridge, who commences his volume with the actual revolt of the National Guards, who sees nothing in the movement apparently except its purely military aspects, and the first and most important part of whose narrative is confused, unintelligible, and in fact utterly bewildering. reader who confines his investigations to this volume will obtain but a meagre idea of what the Commune really was, or even of what it did, for Mr. Fettridge writes of those terrible days, of the "Ruin which stalked red-handed" through the streets of Paris, with the singular mildness of a man of little imagination, writing at a distance in point of time from his theme, and for a public which has "supped full of horrors." He was in Paris "during the entire siege," and was therefore, it may be supposed, a personal witness of the catastrophe; yet there is not a page in his book which might not have been written by any tolerably industrious compiler who had never seen Paris, or a fight, or a fire.

This much may be said for it, however, that it

is more interesting and more nearly approaches completeness than any narrative of the insurrection yet written by an American. The most valuable feature of the volume are the engravings, which are twenty in number, and which give an excellent and probably trustworthy portrait of every prominent member of the Commune, besides M. Thiers, Marshal McMahon, and others. The map appended is finely engraved and useful for travellers, but it is of very little service in tracing the stra-

tegic movements of the campaign.

Art in Greece. By HENRI TAINE. Translated by JOHN DURAND. New York: Holt, Williams & Co. 1871.

THE perusal of M. Taine's other works has only fortified the opinion which we expressed in review ing his masterly volumes on Italy, that he is the greatest art-critic living,-the clearest, the most comprehensive, the most satisfying, the one who above all others makes us feel that criticism is no mere fortuitous concourse of vagrant and arbitrary impressions, but a science based on sound and well-defined mental laws. The cultured reader must always admire Ruskin, and he will never fail to find in his pages most valuable suggestions concerning art, as well as the loftiest inspiration; but Ruskin is dominated by his emotions, he is without method, and his theory is vague and intangible even to himself. M. Taine, on the other hand, with artistic perceptions and sensibilities not less keen, is always master of himself, always cool, clear, and precise, notwithstanding the fervid eloquence of many of his pages, and has a theory of art and a method of criticism as systematic and logical as a proposition in geometry.

Art in Greece is a good illustration of this method, and it is certainly the most satisfactory analysis of Grecian art and of the reasons which made sculpture, noblest of arts, so glorious and incomparable in that distant age that we have ever read. And it is more. It gives a clearer and better insight into Greek character, into the circumstances which shaped their destiny as a people, into their genius, customs, and points of contrast to the modern world, than can be gotten from Grote, Curtius, Mitford, and all the historians combined.

Commencing with the physical aspects of Greece, M. Taine concentrates our attention successively on the Race, the Period, and the Institutions. At the end we are surprised to find that though little has been written on Art proper, we have been brought so near to Phidias and his brother-artists, have so clear a perception of the principles and causes which underlay the aspect of Art which they illustrate, that though we could wish a few more of those brilliant glimpses at Athens and the Athenians, we have scarcely a question that remains unanswered.

It would give us much pleasure to explain what M. Taine considers the "philosophy of art," by copious citations from the text; but it is better perhaps to recommend our readers to study the little volume in its entirety. The whole series, moreover, of which it forms the concluding volume, is about as valuable an addition as a man could make to his library.

East and West Poems. By BRET HARTE. New York: James R. Osgood & Co.

SEVERAL years ago Bret Harte published a volume of poems entitled "The Lost Galleon." This was before he had become famous and could command attention for anything he chooses to lay before the public, so the modest little volume made but small noise in the world of literature and its very existence had been forgotten by those who first associated the name of Bret Harte as an author with the Luck of Roaring Camp and the marvellously fine stories which followed it in the pages of the Overland Monthly. These poems, together with those which he has written since the appearance of his last book, make up the contents of East and West Poems, and are submitted once more to the judgment of the public. They are of unequal merit, most of the older ones causing only a mild surprise that they failed to make a name for their author; but there are others, such as The

Greyport Legend, The Newport Romance, His Answer to Her Letter, The Second Review of the Grand Army, and a half-dozen more, which fulfil better than anything he has yet written the promise of the unrhymed poetry of his earlier stories, and which prevent our acquiescing in the opinion of the Blackwood reviewer, that the time has been in any degree misspent that Mr. Harte has given to the cultivation of the Muse.

It is a somewhat dubious experiment for a writer who has achieved fame to challenge the public with his earlier and cruder efforts, but East and West Poems will fully maintain, even if they do not advance, Mr. Harte's reputation as a poet, and his admirers at least will be glad to have them.

Miss Columbia's Public School. By a Cosmopolitan. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. New York: F. B. Felt & Co.

THE chief attractions of this amusing little brochure are of course the seventy-two illustrations by Nast. The letter-press itself is very well done altogether better to our mind than the Dame Europa's School on which it is founded. It deals in a pointed and spirited way with the general outlines of American history, tells of the various difficulties which "Miss Columbia" has had, first with Johnny Bull, and then with slavery and civil war in her own dominions,—devoting special at-tention to the new "irrepressible conflict" which the Irish element in our population and the aggressive policy of the Roman Catholic sect is slowly forcing upon the country. Many good hits are made, and the whole is unusually free from the exaggeration and vulgar raillery into which such satire is too likely to betray its author; but, as we have said, the liveliest part of the book are the caricatures by Nast. These are crude in execution, but excellent in design, and are made to do good service in the present fight with Tammany corruptionists. Tweed, Hall, Sweeny, and Connolly figure conspicuously in all the pictures which illustrate the "Irish difficulty;" and the artist proves here, as he has already proved in Harper's Weekly, that "custom cannot stale their infinite variety. There is something like Fate in the cool, relent-less way in which Nast follows up these fellows,—dragging them before a tribunal which is more terrible to them doubtless than the dubious menace of the local courts. Mr. Nast wields a tremendous power, -a power which is unique in America, -and it is fortunate for the country that he wields it always in the interest of public virtue.

SCIENCE.

The Arctic Regions.—North-polar voyaging assumes a new aspect this summer, for not only are there more than a dozen expeditions, greater and smaller, besieging the icy fastnesses of the arctic region at almost every point in the circle of its unknown area, but the whole of these, with two exceptions, are independent of any public aid, and have been undertaken at individual risk, in the hope of direct mercantile as well as scientific gain.

Two very important expeditions are under German leadership (*Petermann's Mittheilungen*, ix.). The Rosenthal expedition of this year sailed on the 25th of June from Bremerhafen, and is directed by the veteran traveller von Heuglin. One of

the two vessels belonging to it is the Germania, the steamer in which the second German voyage to East Greenland was made. The ships are prepared for a fifteen months' cruise of discovery in the Siberian seas, and the route which it is intended to follow passes through the strait of Novaia Zemlia, and across the Kara Sea; thence an attempt will be made to double the North Cape of Asia and to reach the islands of New Siberia. A few determinations of longitude, alone, in this region, would be of the greatest service to geography. Payer and Weyprecht's expedition, which left Tromsö also in June, is directed to the region east of Spitzbergen, where the land named after King Karl of Würtemberg has been dimly seen, and is now to be the special object of exploration.

A Swedish expedition in two war vessels provided by government, led by Professor Nordenskjöld, left Carlscrona on the 11th of May, for the more complete examination of the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen. Several Norwegian vessels, under well-tried arctic commanders, and thoroughly equipped with scientific instruments lent by the government, have sailed for the seas between Spitzbergen and Novaia Zemlia.

From Scotland Mr. Lamont has gone with his steam-yacht to revisit the scene of last year's German expedition on the East Greenland coast in high latitudes; and an enterprising Englishman, Mr. Leigh Smith, has bought and manned a vessel at Tromsö to sail for the Spitzbergen seas.

The well-considered American expedition of Captain Hall in the Polaris steamer left New York in the end of June. Supplies of coal await the vessel at Disco, in West Greenland, and it is intended to purchase a supply of sledge-dogs at Upernavik, the northernmost settlement on that coast; thence the Polaris will cross Melville Bay, and Captain Hall has chosen to follow Jones Sound as the most promising entrance to the circumpolar region.

France is also represented this year in the person of a gentleman named Octave Pavy, formerly a resident in North America, who has prepared an expedition at his own cost, to carry out, in its main features, the plan proposed by his own countryman, Lambert, a few years ago. He proposes to cross the Pacific from San Francisco to Japan, and there to charter a ship for Kamtchatka. In Petropaulovsk he will purchase 200 reindeer and 50 dogs, and will travel thence in deer-sledges by Anadyrsk to Cape Jakan. There, one-half of the number of reindeer will provide a supply of fresh provision for the further part of the journey, and the remainder will be left in charge of the native Chukchees. Should solid toe be found extending northward from the cape te the unvisited Wrangell Land, the dog-sledges will be put in action; if there is open water a "modified monitor raft," constructed specially for this use, will be fitted up and launched on the polar waters.—The Academy.

Ultimate Fate of Our Globe.—We have had so many speculations lately on the origin of life upon this globe that Mr. Hercules Ellis, of Dublin, enjoys a certain singularity in directing attention to the subject of its ultimate destruction. His own theory is startling; but happily for us it will take a good many thousands of years to work it out. He tells us that this earth is destined in its turn to take the place of the sun in the solar system. The sun

is slowly burning away and melting into gases; as these cool down there will be winter in the sun, and our globe will supply the missing heat. Commencing at the equator, an increasing fire will diffuse itself over the whole earth, scorching up life and vegetation, and melting the earth's crust into a gasosphere. Throughout this period the moon, which is now an ice-bound planet, will bask in vivifying rays, and enjoy the genial warmth which at present belongs to us. Gradually our globe will once more cool down, but unless a larger faculty of accommodation to altered circumstances shall have taken place, animal life will be represented solely by a race of salamanders. Mr. Ellis bids us use our eyes and observe how at the present time Mercury is burning and Mars is passing from the red into the white stage of incandescence; the sun is in flames, which can be seen at every eclipse, and the earth is becoming sensibly warmer every year. Men of science may, if they choose, admit the theory of planetary cremation; but the notion that the seasons are becoming warmer is not likely to be popular this autumn.—Pall Mall Gasette,

What is Coal?—This question is answered in a very able paper by Professor Dawson, LL.D., in the "Monthly Microscopical Journal" for August. He says that-1. The mineral charcoal or "mother coal" is obviously woody tissue and fibres of bark: the structure of the varieties of which and the plants to which it probably belongs, he has discussed in another paper. 2. The coarser layers of coal show under the microscope a confused mass of fragments of vegetable matter belonging to various descriptions of plants, and including, but not usually largely, sporangites. 3. The more bril-liant layers of the coal are seen, when separated by thin laminæ of clay, to have on their surfaces the markings of Sigillariæ and other trees, of which they evidently represent flattened specimens, or rather the bark of such specimens. Under the microscope, when their structures are preserved, these layers show cortical tissues more abundantly than any others. 4. Some thin layers of coal consist mainly of flattened layers of leaves of Cordaites or Pychnophyllum. 5. The Stigmaria underclays and the stumps of Sigillaria in the coal The Stigmaria roofs equally testify to the accumulation of coal by the growth of successive forests, more especially of Sigillarize. There is, on the other hand, no necessary connection of sporangite beds with Stigmarian soils. Such beds are more likely to be accumulated in water, and consequently to constitute bituminous shales and cannels. 6. Lepidodendron and its allies, to which the spore-cases in question appear to belong, are evidently much less important to coal accumulation than Sigillaria, which cannot be affirmed to have produced spore-cases similar to those in question, even though the observation of Goldenberg as to their fruit can be relied on; the accuracy of which, however, he is inclined to doubt.

A Grand Dredging Exploration.—Professor Agassiz has accepted an invitation extended to him by the American Coast Survey Bureau to take passage on the iron coast-survey steamer, which has recently been built at Wilmington, Delaware, and which was to sail for the Pacific coast in September. The expedition will take deep-sea soundings all the way, and extensive collections of spe-

cimens will be made for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. Secretary Boutwell has written to the Secretaries of State and the Navy, asking that naval and other officers may be instructed to afford such courtesy and assistance to the exploring party as may be desirable. We learn also that Count Pourtales, of the Coast Survey, and Dr. Hill accompany the expedition.— Popular Science Review.

Discovery of Another Asteroid.—Another asteroid, the 115th, has been discovered by Mr. Watson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who bids fair to rival the most successful asteroid-seekers.

The Maninfacture of Steel.—Mr. David Forbes' usual quarterly report on the mining and metallurgical resources of the several States of Europe gives us most valuable information. In fact, it gives in a condensed and thoroughly comprehensive form, everything that has been done for the quarter. We find it stated that M. Aristide Berard has recently introduced into practical operation, at Givors, in France, a process for the direct conversion of pig-iron into steel, for which, among other advantages, he claims that it effects a partial purification of the iron, by eliminating the sulphur, phosphorus, arsenic, etc.; at least, to such an extent, that commoner brands of pig-iron, which by no process at present known could be used, may be employed for making steel suitable for the manufacture of rails, tires, etc.; and that, by the combined action of air and gas, alternate oxidizing or reducing effects may be obtained at pleasure, so that the decarbonization or recarbonization, and consequent uniform nature of the product may be regulated, whilst at the same time the waste is reduced to a minimum. The main features of the process are—the conversion of the fuel employed into a gaseous state, the use of a jet of superheated steam in so doing, and the employment of a peculiarly-shaped converting furnace, in which from three to five tons of cast-iron is treated at a time, the charge being run into the movable bed of the furnace, in the molten state, direct from the blast furnace or cupola. Spiegeleisen is added in the operation, and the waste is stated to be not more than from seven to eight per cent., whilst the operation is said to require only from one hour to one hour and a half.

Proposal for a Series of Surveys of the Star Depths.—Mr. Proctor, in a communication to the Royal Astronomical Society, indicates the necessity of a series of systematic surveys of the heavens on a principle quite different from that on which the Herschels gauged the star depths. A series of telescopes of gradually increasing aperture should be employed to gauge every portion of the celestial sphere, the series of gauges for the several apertures being then charted isographically. His opinion of the value of such surveys is founded on the interesting results which are established by the isographic charting of all Argelander's series of 40 full-sheet charts, showing the places of 324,198 stars. It would not be necessary, however, to mark in every star separately, with careful reference to position and size, as in the isographic copy of Argelander's charts; all that would be necessary would be to mark in the observed number of stars (as determined by the gauges) in the corresponding spaces in the chart. The gauge fields should not

be circular, but square (except close by the poles), so as to leave no ungauged spaces, and to avoid overlaps. By taking apertures of 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 12, and 18 inches, or even to 2 ft. and 4 ft., a progressive series of charts would be obtained, which would throw great light on the laws of stellar distribution.

Darwin's Theory Applied to Plants.—An excellent paper on this subject has been reproduced from the German in the "American Naturalist" for July. It is a very lengthy paper, and is abundantly supplied with notes. It is translated by Mr. Packard, Jr., whose name is so well known in America and England. The original authors are Dr. E. Müller and Professor F. Delpino. It is the most important botanical contribution which has appeared for years.

A Terrible Disease. - A disease in which the whole of the human body becomes infested with minute worms has long been known in Germany, where the habit of eating raw ham and half-cooked sausage widely prevails. This flesh-worm disease has made its appearance in England, as is said, for the first time. At a farmhouse in Cumberland, the mistress, her daughter, and a man-servant were taken ill, and suffered acute pains, described as worse than rheumatic pains, in their limbs. Dr. Cobbold, in a lecture delivered at the Society of Arts, states that the pains were occasioned by thousands, perhaps millions, of trichina burrowing and eating their way from one part of the body to another. The man was the most afflicted of the three, probably because he had eaten most of the "old sow" from which the disease was "caught." In this case the meat had been grown on the farm; every one knows that home-fed bacon is regarded as wholesome; and the question arises; -Is the disease spreading, and What is the remedy? To the latter query the answer is:—Cook the meat thoroughly; let it be as well done inside as outside, and the trichina will be all killed. the spread of the disease, further evidence is want-In some quarters, a disposition prevails to trace the origin of the worm-disease in animals to sewage irrigation. But, as our readers will remember, a scientific committee have reported that the crops on a sewage-irrigated farm show no signs of parasites,

The Theory of Ocean Currents.—The dredging expeditions to the deep sea within the past three years have given rise to a grand theory of oceanic currents, in which are included the various phenomena of temperature, density, and animal life brought to light by those expeditions. Animals native to the arctic seas have been found in southerly latitudes, and to account for their presence in these regions, the existence has been assumed of a cold current far below the surface, in which the animals were drifted down. Under-currents and up-and-down currents are supposed to be the means by which the equilibrium of the ocean is maintained; but Captain Spratt of the royal navy, who has had much experience in marine surveying, contends that the theory recently put forth has no foundation in fact, and that no currents prevail in the deep parts of the sea. He shows that the conclusions arrived at are based on a mistaken interpretation of surface-current phenomena, and that the mistake originated in faulty methods of observation. Captain Spratt's views and arguments are printed at length in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society, and may therefore be discussed by all interested in the question; and will doubtless be duly weighed by Dr. Carpenter, who is about to make another exploration in the Mediterranean.

About Petroleum,-Where does petroleum come from? is a question which has excited much discussion among geologists in America. Dr. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S., of Montreal, answers, that while certain limestones throughout the United States are so largely oleiferous as at present, it seems unphilosophical to search elsewhere for the origin of the oil, or to imagine it to be derived by some unexplained process from rocks which are destitute of the substance. In the neighborhood of Chicago there are enormous deposits of this oilbearing limestone; some of the houses in the city are built of it, and after a while present a smeary appearance from exudation of the oil. The least thickness of the mass is thirty-five feet, and it has been estimated from experiment that each square mile of it contains seven and three-quarter million barrels, each of forty gallons, of petroleum. As a means of comparison, we mention that the total produce of the great Pennsylvania oil-region from 1860 to 1870 was twenty-eight million gallons. Four square miles of the Chicago limestone contain a greater quantity.

The Mouth of the Mississippi,—The coastsurveyors are kept in continual anxious work by the aever-ceasing deposits of mud at the outlets of the Mississippi. The bar advances seawards about three hundred and thirty-eight feet every year, and this movement and the growth of mud-lumps heighten the difficulty of keeping the channels open. With all concerned in the navigation of the river, a strong desire now prevails that the mouths should advance so far into the deep water of the gulf as to put a stop to the formation of bars. The mouth known as the South-west Pass appears to be the most advanced towards the desired condition; and if the other outlets could be closed, the mouth of the Mississippi would become within the present generation similar to that of the Amazon or Orinoco.

Land Drainage. - Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert, whose names are known to agriculturists every where, have made a long series of experiments to determine how much of the nitrogen supplied to a field is lost. There was reason to believe that some of the nitrogen passed away with the drainage-water, that some remained shut up in the soil, while another portion was lost by evolution from the leaves of the growing plants. The experiments above referred to showed that a considerable portion of the nitrogen did remain in the soil, not having contributed to increase of crop; but still there was a large amount unaccounted for, and this, on further investigation, was proved to have been lost in drainage. Ont his, Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert remark that, it being established beyond all question that land-drainage may carry off as nitrites and nitrates large quantities of the nitrogen supplied as manure, it becomes a matter of great practical importance to consider the power of different descriptions of soil to retain the nitrogen supplied to them, to estimate approximately the

probable average proportion of the rainfall which may pass from them as drainage-water, and to determine, accordingly, the best modes, and the best periods of the year, for the application of nitrogenous manures. From this it will be understood that farmers will more and more find their advantage in scientific knowledge; and in the acquisition of this knowledge, their daily life will become more and more interesting.

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ART.

Statues of Statesmen at Westminster .- It has been proposed to erect at Westminster, by means of funds subscribed, statues of the late Sir Robert Peel, Viscount Palmerston, and the Earl of Derby, and the Treasury fequested Mr. Barry and Mr. Weekes, together with Mr. Fergusson, to report upon the subject. These gentlemen state that the two gardens opposite the gateways of New Palace Yard are the only open-air spaces at present available for the statues of statesmen in the neighborhood of the Houses of Parliament; and that if the central avenue between these gardens were widened to twenty-eight feet, ten statues could be accommodated, five on each side of it, so as to form a pleasing and appropriate approach to the Houses While some of the pedestals would of Parliament. be unoccupied, they might be temporarily surmounted by vases to contain flowers, The four truncated angles of the square would afford suitable positions for eight more statues, and suggestions are made to prevent any incongruity or unpleasing effect while the number may be incomplete. three gentlemen consulted are of opinion that the statues should, as a general rule, be one-half larger than life-size, inclusive of the plinth of about five inches, and that they should not all be of an uniform height, but that the same variety of height as exists in life should be, approximately at least, re-The pedestals should be uniform in dimensions and in design, and in accordance with the architecture of the surrounding buildings. It is considered that eight feet will be the best height for the pedestals. After the eighteen statues have been erected, which can be placed in Parliament Square Gardens, other sites may be available, after the clearances in Old Palace Yard and Abingdon street .- Leisure Hour.

Engraving by Electricity.—The efforts which have been made from time to time, with but poor encouragement, to engrave on metals by means of electricity, seem at last to have resulted in the attainment of practical results. An ingenious French mechanic has produced an invention by which a metal plate, upon which a design is drawn with a chemical ink of some kind, is slowly rotated with its face vertical, and several other similar plates, graded in size, are also slowly rotated by appropriate mechanism. The object of the invention is to engrave on the smaller plates the design traced upon the largest, on different scales of magnitude, which is accomplished by applying a cutting point to the face of each plate, and which is pressed against it by means of an electric current whenever a blunt point, applied to the large plate, encounters the ink in which the design is traced,-the cutting points being at other times withdrawn. The point presented to the first plate is merely a "feeler," which determines by electrical agency whether the ink is beneath it or not. If it is, the points are pressed into the surface of the other plates; if not, they are withdrawn and prevented from cutting. The feeler and the bruins must, of course, all follow a spiral track. This is crude, and can be made applicable to the reproduction of certain kinds of designs only, but it is considered a long step in the direction of practical success.

Cheap Photography .- There is no art undergoing more rapid improvement just now than photography. An Antwerp photographer has lately discovered a means superseding the costly chemicals which hitherto have been indispensable. He uses a thick ink and obtains impressions very much in the same way as by ordinary lithography. A Frenchman has invented a photographic apparatus which can be carried in the pocket, and costs under £5. With this apparatus there is no necessity to submit the negatives to a chemical process immediately. It is enough that they shall be kept in the dark, and they need not be manipulated for a year. Photography by this apparatus is a most rapid process. Four minutes suffice to set up the instrument, three to get the picture, and four to take the instrument down. So that in less than a quarter of an hour a photograph of any object can be taken.

The Builder says it is intended to erect in Urbino a menorial worthy of Raffaelle, and to establish a museum of art in the house in which he was born. The great point of attraction in this house is the fresco painted by Raffaelle's father. This house and the precious fresco are now for sale; and the Count Gherardi, president of the Academy, is anxious to secure them for the town. The sum demanded is 25,000 f., and a subscription has been opened to raise this amount.

Mr. Ruskin has founded a separate mastership for teaching drawing in connection with the Slade endowment of an Art Professorship at Oxford. Mr. Ruskin proposes to open elementary schools in the course of next month, in the University galleries, Oxford. Here, it appears, the author of "Modern Painters" will instruct his pupils in accordance with his latest views, and, as we presume, in some respects with reference to his "land-scheme," or St. George's Fund.

With the second number of the Paris Autographe a supplement is given which contains, amongst the interesting historical documents of the day, an unpublished drawing by M. Gustave Courbet, drawn by him on coming out from a sitting of the Council of War at Versailles, and dedicated to Maître Léon Bigot.

A bust of Mr. Grote is to be placed in Poet's-corner, Westminster Abbey. The commission has been intrusted to Mr. Charles Bacon. The model is finished, and has been pronounced by Mrs. Grote, Lady Eastlake, Professor Robertson, and other friends of the deceased, to be a perfect likeness.

The work of reconstructing the Vendome Column has been begun at Paris, under the supervision of M. Renard, the famous contractor.

VARIETIES.

The Revolt against Tammany Hall.—If there be any bone and muscle in the American Democ-

racy after it has passed through the fiery ordeal of corruption in great cities, now is the time for it to show itself and prove its worth. In a place like New York, where the wealth of two worlds rolls in at full tide, where magnificent natural advantages have fixed a commerce which hardly any of the crimes or follies of the people can injure, men are for the most part too busy making money to trouble themselves about petty thefts and swindles, A New York merchant or Wall-street speculator does not, in ordinary cases, think it worth his while to waste time-which is money, in a very real sense, to him-to incur annoyance, or, haps, to expose himself to serious risk, in the difficult task of exposing a fraud on the city taxpayers. It would be about as idle as to expect a speculator on the Stock Exchange, during some time of crisis, to run after a pickpocket in the labyrinths of the city and to spend precious hours in the fruitless chase. A prosperous New-Yorker calculates that though fraudulent civic administration may plunder him in common with the rest of his fellow-citizens, the loss is distributed among so many who are all hastening to grow rich, that each one will feel it but slightly. On the other hand, an exhibition of public spirit may draw down on those who attempt to vindicate public justice and honor the vengeance of the scoundrels who are in possession of The Chiefs of the Tammany Ring who now govern New York have shown how unpleasant they can make the position of any man who dares to oppose their sovereign will. If a citizen shows public spirit, he is punished by being assessed at an extravagant rate; or if a spirited and able newspaper like the New York Times courageously exposes official malpractices, its property is attacked by the Corporation in a frivolous and vexatious suit, Again, the fact that the Tammany Ring, with its organized machinery for electoral frauds, and its command of vast sums of money, has been at the disposal of the Democratic party for political purposes, had induced hitherto even respectable Democrats to wink at its plunderings. For all these reasons, public spirit and readiness to make sacrifices for the general interest have been fatally wanting among the decent classes in New York; they have shrunk from encountering rowdyism at the polls, from insisting on the responsibility of the municipal officers to the taxpayers, from demanding a strict account of the expenditure of the public money. Naturally, rowdyism has had all its own way at election, and corruption has reigned supreme in the municipal administration. cannot be astonished that the Tammany Ring, thus left to work their will with the Government and taxation of the greatest city in the New World, have robbed and mulcted the citizens on a scale never paralleled anywhere, and almost surpassing belief. - Spectator.

General Washington's Private Accounts.—Some curious records of General Washington have come to light. The Treasury officials, in making arrangements for the better preservation of the valuable papers, have lately removed from a vault, in which they have lain for more than half a century, the accounts of General George Washington while he was commander-in-chief of the American army during the Revolutionary war. The accounts are stated to be in General Washington's own handwriting, are written in clear and

bold characters, and arranged with systematic accuracy. The title-page of the accounts bears the following inscription:—"Account of G. Washington with the United States, commencing June, 1775, and ending June, 1783." Entries are made of every item of his household expenses, and for all moneys used in transport of troops, and, in fact, every disbursement incidental to the Revolutionary war. These accounts show that Washington repeatedly declined to accept compensation offered to him while serving as commander-in-chief. His determination not to cover up or take advantage of the oversight of other Government officers is illustrated by the following entry and the marginal note in explanation of the same:—"By cash, £133 16s. Note. This sum stands in my account as a credit to the public, but I can find no charge of it against me in any of the public offices where the mistake *lyes*. Know it, but wish it could be ascertained, as I have no desire to injure or be injured." Washington also submitted a table giving the amount of money received at different times, with its nominal value and value by depreciation, from which it appears that in October, 1777, 1,000 dols, was worth 911 dols.; in January, 1778, 2,000 dols. was worth 1,370 dols. The market value of money continued to depreciate, so that in March, 1779, 2,000 dols. was quoted at 200 dols, and 500 dols. at 50 dols. The final note at the end of his statement is as follows:—"I received moneys on private account in 1777, and since which, except such sums that I had occasion now and then to apply to private uses, were all expended in the public service, and through hurry, I suppose, and the perplexity of business, for I know not how else to account for the deficiency, I have omitted to charge, while every debit against me is here credited. July 1, 1783."

California's New Poet .- The new California poet is an Oregonian, and his real name is C. Hiner Miller. His father, Hulins Miller, settled with his family-wife, four sons, and one daughter -near the town of Eugene City, in Lane county, Oregon, nearly twenty years ago, when the subject of this sketch was a boy. Hiner went to California probably in 1858, and spent a short time in the mines near Yreka, where it was reported that he got into a difficulty and shot at the Sheriff of Siskiyou county. On returning home he attended school in Eugene City till late in 1860, and was in the same class as the writer of this article. He then spent about a year in Eastern Oregon, and what is now Idaho, running a pony express and carrying letters and papers from the nearest post-office, a distance of two or three hundred miles over the mountains, and through the Indian country, to the miners. Again he returned home, and after a short time during the early part of the war of the rebellion, he edited the Eugene City Review, a Democratic paper, and as the writer of this was editing the Republican paper there at the time, he has a distinct recollection of a fierce war of words. Soon after this he married Miss Minnie Myrtle, a young lady who had acquired a reputation as a writer of verses. He then went east of the Cascade Mountains with his young wife, and settled in the gold mining camp of "Canyon City," on John Day's River, in the new county of Grant, where he put out his shingle as an "attorney-at-

law." He was soon afterward elected County Judge of Grant county by the Democrats, and re mained there till the Spring of 1870, during which time he accumulated considerable money, and published in the local newspaper, from time to time, a part of the poems which he has collected and published in London. Last Spring he came back to his old home at Eugene City, separated from his wife, leaving her and two children provided for, and on June 6th, 1870, the day of our State election, he left the Willamette Valley for Europe, and was, I believe, the Paris correspondent of a leading New York paper during the Franco-German war. His last production before leaving the shores of the Pacific was a parting farewell to his wife, entitled "Myrr," and addressed to "M. M. (Minnie Myrtle Miller). It was published over his signature, on the 11th of June, a few days after his departure (he carrying away an advance proof-sheet), in the Oregon State Journal, which, although Republican, was the paper he selected as the medium of most of his publications, as his father, brothers, and nearly all of his warmest personal friends were of that school of politics. this production his wife published a reply in verse soon after his departure, in which she criticised him in severe terms. One of his brothers, Dr. John D. Miller, left Oregon to serve in the Union Army in Virginia, and is now residing in Easton (Penn.). His brothers and parents are still residing near Eugene City, in the beautiful valley of the Willamette, and his only sister, Ella, died in that place a few months ago. It was reported that he became acquainted with Miss Myrtle by seeing her verses in print, and commenced corresponding with her before they had seen each other. called at her home, on Coos Bay. The first time another gentleman, who was paying his addresses to Miss M., happened to be in the house, whereupon Hiner introduced himself by drawing a revolver and driving his rival from the room. were then married and went to Eugene City. Perhaps there is some truth in this, because in her reply, Mrs. M. M. M. reproaches him for coldness and neglect, after having driven her lover from her presence and separated them forever. He is as impulsive and reckless as Byron, but is a true and noble friend. In his farewell he predicted that he would have "a name among the princely few," which may yet be verified.

Circassian Women .- The Circassian women, concerning whom we have read such marvels, in prose and verse, are declared by Mrs. Harvey to be not generally good-looking (though very great beauties are sometimes seen among them), and those of the Abasian province are decidedly plain. "The national dress," says the writer, "does not They usually wear loose heighten their charms. Turkish trousers, made of white cotton, and a peculiarly frightful upper garment of some dark cloth, made precisely like the coats worn by High Church clergymen-tight and strait, and buttoned from the throat to the feet. A striped shawl is sometimes twisted round them like an apron. A blue gauze veil is thrown over the head, and their hair, which is generally long and thick, is worn in two heavy plaits that hang down behind. The beauties who obtain such great reputation in Constantinople and the West almost invariably come from Georgia and the valleys near El Berouz, In those districts the women have magnificent eyes

and fair complexions."

It has an odd effect to find Mrs. Harvey lamenting that they had "arrived too late in the season to see the good-looking girls;" and a still more odd

effect when she explains this vexatious circumstance in the simple words, they have all been sold. Early in the year, the traders arrive from time to time, and Circassian parents do not object to dispose of their daughters for a consideration; they only do it with more candor and less cant than Belgravian parents. It is said that the "mooneyed" beauties themselves, far from making things unpleasant, are delighted to escape from the tedium of house-life, and to take their chance of being

purchased by a rich pacha,

An Eminent American Naturalist .- America has lost one of her greatest naturalists. Dr. John Edwards Holbrook, one of the most eminent zoologists and comparative anatomists of the United States, has recently died at Wrentham, in Massachusetts. One who knew him intimately favors us with the following details :- Dr. Holbrook, born at Beaufort in South Carolina in 1795, educated in New England, and graduated at Brown University, in Rhode Island, subsequently studied in Philadelphia, Edinburgh, and London. In 1842 he published a large work on the reptiles of the United States, with costly plates (mostly at his own expense), which at that period were only rivalled by Audu-bon, in another department. In 1824 he was chosen Professor of Anatomy in the University of South Carolina, and in later years he was engaged upon a work on the Ichthyology of the United States, which promised to be one of the greatest scientific achievements of his country. But the re-cent war broke in upon his labors. His beautiful estate, near Charleston, where so many European savans have been hospitably entertained, was no longer a habitation for culture and the resort of science. Amid the ravages, however, of civil war, his library was spared; and if his oaks were cut down-those "live oaks" of great age and beauty, of which he was so proud and fond— his unpublished plates were saved, and will be valued by the coming student. Dr. Holbrook was extensively known upon this side of the water, and was a member of many foreign academies. In his own home the close companion of Agassiz, the friend of Peirce, of Treadwell, of Bancroft, his name will not be forgotten in London, where eminent names are always best remembered.-The Spectator.

The German Weakness.—The Pall Mall's Bonn correspondent tells an admirable story of a German General who, on inspecting his troops not long ago, addressed them thus,—"Now, my children, we can once more get seriously to work. The pastime of war is at an end, and drill mist go on regularly as heretofore." The great Hohenzollern drill-sergeant must have got his system well into the very heart of the people, before that speech could have been even imagined. It is too much the German weakness, evenly in purely intellectual departments of thought, to make a thorough and elaborate mastery of the preliminaries so much an end in itself, that when the moment for practical application comes, it almost seems to be unworthy of the preparation, to be an inadequate occasion for the display of the powers

gained. The prolegomena bring the book to shame; the drill is more scientific than the battle; the actual enemy is a disappointment after the theoretic enemy for whom preparation was made. The German finds School bigger and completer than Life, it teaches him so much more than he can ever make use of in life. This is his strength, but also his weakness. If he cannot use his elaborated methods, he is in danger of collapse.—Spectator.

THROUGH LIFE.

WE slight the gifts that every season bears, And let them fall unheeded from our grasp, In our great eagerness to reach and clasp The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away, And, in the shadow of our grief shut in, Refuse the lesser good we yet might win, The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh, "For evermore."

Some New Historical Documents .- In the Allgemeine Zeitung of March 19, G. M. Thomas gives an account of a collection of Italian MSS, presented lately to the Munich Library. They mostly illustrate the history of Europe during the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries; but though almost all European kingdoms are represented, Venice and Rome have the largest share, and the collection was probably made in the former place. There are a number of the famous Reports of Venetian Ambassadors, made like the reports on the state of the country contributed by our foreign agents to the Blue One relates to the war of Cyprus with Sultan Selim, 1570; another to that with Sultan Soliman, 1537-9; another to the Hungarian war of 1661. Much light is thrown on the history of the Cardinals and of the Conclave during the period -the satire and epigram which have their native home in Rome not being wanting. A biography of Sixtus V., and memoirs about Clement XI. in 21 books, are specially noteworthy. The Papal and French intervention in Germany during the Thirty Years' War occupies much room; the plan of breaking up the Empire is distinctly visible on all sides. The anxiety of Rome to get the control of the new art of printing into its own hands, and the watch kept on the Sorbonne, are char-The Bavarian archduke Maximilian is acteristic. shown to have early manifested that desire to absorb the Palatinate which had such a disastrous effect on German history, and separated Bavaria from the national feeling of Germany for ages. The history of the Palatinate, as introductory to the Bohemian war, has a special bearing on the English history of the Stuart age. There is much the Jesuits and the Inquisition, something against the Pope's infallibility and superiority to General Councils, and considerable reference to France in the times from Henri IV, to Louis XIV. and during the Seven Years' War with Frederic the Great. Lastly, there are MSS, of Sarpi, Campanella, and G. Capponi. The collector must have had a special taste for historical studies.

